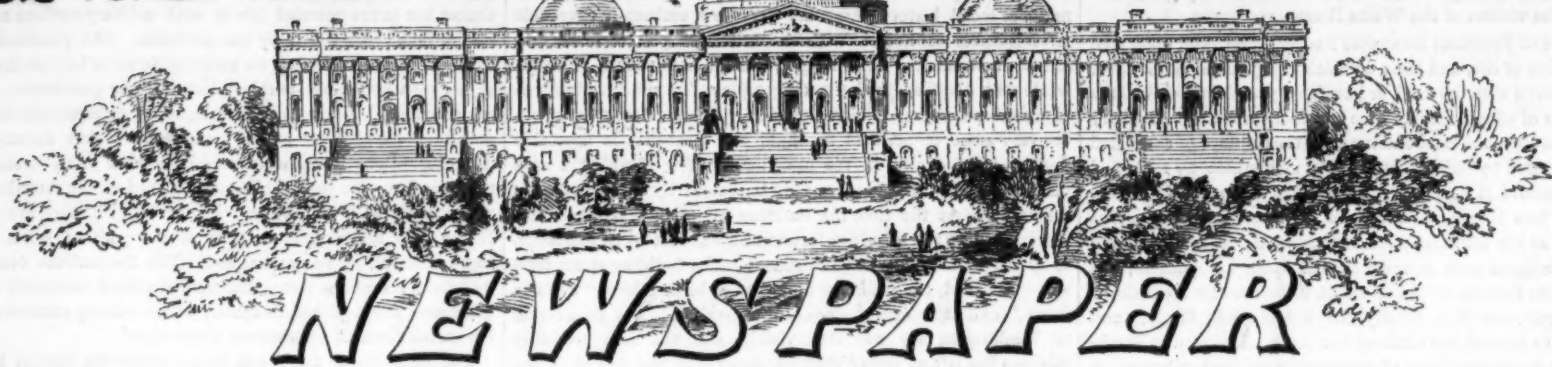


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MRS. JESSIE FREMONT.

A FEELING of interest has been thrown around the person whose name we give at the head of this article, not only from the fact that she is young and the wife of a prominent candidate for the Presidency, but more especially because the somewhat romantic incidents of her marriage, joined with her decidedly superior

merits as a lady, have entered largely into the *materiel* of the present campaign. "Jessie" has long been among our people a synonym for character and for force, and in times of heated political excitement, when a word of unusual meaning may be caught up and adopted by the nation, it is no wonder that "Jessie," already expressive of the idea of power, should, as the

given name of Mrs. Fremont, bear peculiar significance, and become a household word throughout the land. The accomplishments and beauty of a wife, and her devotion to her husband, are things which cause universal admiration, and upon the platform of these qualities Mrs. Fremont finds sympathy and warm partisans beyond the dividing lines which excite political warfare.



JOHN S. GILES, TREASURER NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.
PHILIP W. ENGEL, PRESIDENT OF THE EXEMPT ASSOCIATION

JOHN S. DELCHER, PRESIDENT OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

EDWARD MILLS, TRUSTEE OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.
EDWARD BROWN, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF FIRE COMMISSIONERS.

GROUP OF PORTRAITS OF THE HEADS OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT. AMBROTYPE BY BRADY. (SEE PAGE 310.)

Standing beside her husband in the present contest, she is necessarily thought of as the possible mistress of the White House; and it is not surprising that those persons who may not aid in the development of events to create such a result, should feel some glow of pride that a lady so accomplished, so feminine, so attractive as a woman, so devoted as a wife, may perhaps shed about the mansion of our chief magistrate a benign social influence, and, for a while, restore the hospitalities and gaieties which, by a long train of singular events, have for so many years been denied to the visitors of the White House.

The office of President heretofore has been bestowed upon men in the decline of life, and their domestic companions have either been numbered with the dead, or have been past the time when the excitements of official station were agreeable, when the sanctuary of retirement has had more charms than the displays of cultivated society, adorned by fashion, and made memorable by rank and station. Should it be the destiny of Mrs. Fremont to preside over the White House, we may look for a new era of glory, at least so far as her administration is concerned; and she may not only be calculated upon as one who will adorn her position, but we doubt not that she would do much to soften the asperities of sectional strife, and thus quietly, but not the less firmly, exert her influence beyond the circle of her home. Educated at Washington, the daughter of one of the most prominent statesmen of our country, and necessarily acquainted with the details of courtly life, there cannot be a doubt but that in her sphere she would be unrivalled, in her province without a compeer. While indulging in such possibilities in reference to this estimable lady, it may not be amiss to glance at the associations of the White House, so far as its domestic character is concerned, through each succeeding administration to the present time, and, at a glance learn what has been the social life of the uneasy heads that wear a crown.

It was reserved for George Washington, the first President of the United States, not only to be eminently perfect himself as an individual, but it was also his rare good fortune to have those about his person remarkable for every qualification which adorns human nature; and beautifully eminent of all these associated stars was his accomplished wife Martha. Had Washington been less successful, less happy in his choice, the moral effect even upon his exalted nature might have been most disastrous. To Martha Washington, therefore, is the world indebted, if not for the successes of her husband, at least for the benign influence she shed over the dark days of his many trials; and perhaps, if we could lift the veil that surrounded the inner life of the "Father of his country," we might find that Martha came to the rescue, as other noble wives have done before and since, by presenting hope and final success, when even Washington, but for this assistance, might have sunk disheartened under the mighty responsibilities of leading our Revolution. As Washington set a perfect example as a soldier and statesman for his successors to imitate, so did his wife, in her sphere, equally adorn her station, for she equally well performed her duties, and if the sphere of her action was more limited, it was none the less beautifully and transcendently complete.

Mrs. Washington was born of a good family, and was the heiress of a liberal fortune. As Martha Dandridge (her maiden name) she had troops of suitors, and it is not surprising, therefore, that we learn that she married at the early age of seventeen. A few years after, as Mrs. Daniel Park Custis, she was the richest and handsomest widow in Virginia; the beauty, the wealth, and the widow all seeming to be excellent—artificial, natural and moral qualities, from which was finally to develop the first lady that presided over the American Presidential mansion. In this latter capacity, in which it is alone our purpose to speak, we find that everything about her house had an air of simplicity; the table was good but not ostentatious, and no departure was ever seen from studied regularity and careful domestic economy. She superintended the whole, and joined the qualities of an excellent housewife with the simple dignity which ought to characterize a woman whose husband had acted the greatest part on the theatre of human affairs, at the same time possessing that amiability, and manifesting that attention to strangers, which render all hospitality doubly charming. The Presidential mansion was, therefore, under her administration, perfectly adorned; and it is unfortunate that it was impossible that the tone of manners she introduced could not have ever been maintained under succeeding administrations in the White House.

Mrs. Washington, however, had many advantages. The tone of American society in her day was grave, the principal actors were still impressed with the fearful, the solemn, the glorious events which preceded our national birth, and those things chastened even the younger portions of society. Although her levees were numerously attended by all that was fashionable, elegant and refined in society, there were no places (as in our day) for the intrusion of the rabble in crowds, for the mere coarse and boisterous partisan, the vulgar electioneerer, or the impudent place hunter, with heavy boots and frock coats or roundabouts, or with patched knees and holes at the elbows. On the contrary, they were select, and more courtly than have been given by any of Washington's successors. Proud of her husband's exalted fame, and jealous of the honors due, not only to his own lofty character, but to the dignified station to which a grateful country had called him, Mrs. Washington was careful in her drawing-room to exact those courtesies to which she knew he was entitled, as well on account of personal merit as of official consideration. Fortunately, moreover, the prevailing rudeness of the present time had not then so far gained the ascendancy as to banish good manners; and the charms of social intercourse were heightened by a reasonable attention, in the best circles, to those forms and usages which indicate the well-bred assemblage, and fling around it an air of elegance and grace, which the envious only affect to decry, and the innately vulgar only ridicule and condemn. None,

therefore, were admitted to the levees but those who came not only in full dress, but were also possessed of either a right by official station to be there, or entitled to the privilege by established merit and character.

It is not generally remembered that the scene of Washington's triumphs were located at New York and Philadelphia; the "White House," as we now understand that designation, had no existence until the election of John Adams, second President. And we feel justified in here remarking the fact, that in our national social history there are very few eminently agreeable reminiscences connected with the miserable pile of brick and mortar in which our chief magistrates are condemned to reside while they dispense justice to the people. To the imaginations of ardent politicians, the designation "White House" suggests the very acme of political triumph, but most that is agreeable finds no place except in the imagination; few think of it as a place of friendly greeting, none are impressed by its architectural splendors. At the time the building was first erected, it was surrounded by the primitive forests, and was first taken possession of by the wife of our second President. The building at the time was unfinished, the walls are described as having been "awfully damp," and the rooms as singularly cheerless. Not an avenue of Washington city was then visible, and the then presiding mistress has left on record that for many days she found it impossible to get a sufficient quantity of fuel to be comfortable, although surrounded with trees and fallen timber.

The maiden name of Mrs. John Adams was Abigail Smith; she was a native of Massachusetts, and was unquestionably one of the most remarkable women of her time. Her letters still extant, written before the Revolution, breathe the very spirit of patriotism, and are also admirable for their grasp of thought and purity of style. Under her benign influence the White House finally assumed something like a comfortable residence. She received company and presided at her table with dignity and simplicity, and in many respects resembled Mrs. Washington, the society and tone of the people about her being much the same.

Thos. Jefferson married Martha Skelton, widow of J. Wayles; she died before the Revolution. In the marriage certificate, in the handwriting of Mr. Jefferson, and which is still preserved, he wrote Martha Skelton, *spinster*, and then crossed the maidenly designation off, and added the magic word of "widow." The hospitalities of the "White House," therefore, under Mr. Jefferson's term of office were administered by his daughters, assisted by the lady who was destined to appear as its mistress in the succeeding administration.

A more benign era was opened under Mr. Madison. His wife was Dolly Payne, "the pretty Quakeress," a young lady who, upon losing her first husband, a Mr. Todd, of Philadelphia, threw off drab silks and plain laces, (mourning as a friend she never wore,) and became the gayest and most fascinating woman of her day, and remarkable for her repartee, many anecdotes illustrative of which are still remembered. She was a great peace-maker among politicians, and in that respect surpassed Mrs. Adams, and of course eclipsed Mrs. Washington, who, in spite of her husband's remonstrances, did not conceal her dislike for her husband's opponents. As a native of Virginia she prided herself on the hospitality of her table, expressing her belief "that she thought abundance preferable to elegance." Mr. Madison's administration included the stormy times of our second war with Great Britain, and partisanship was violent and vindictive, yet always in her presence the spirit of discord was hushed. Mr. Madison was cold and reserved, his integrity of character was respected, but the popularity he enjoyed was won by the mildness and gentle virtues of his wife.

No record familiar with the public seems to be left of the White House under the administration of James Munroe.

John Quincy Adams married Catherine Johnson, a native of Maryland, but a resident of London, her father having been an extensive merchant in that city. Mrs. Adams was celebrated for her great personal beauty, and marked liberality of feelings; she bestowed equal attentions upon her husband's opponents as upon his friends. While mistress of the White House she found time to write amusing and highly interesting letters to ex-President John Adams, keeping him fully informed of matters and things most interesting at the national capital. She lived with her husband long enough to celebrate the "golden wedding," and when she died, which event took place in Washington city, Congress adjourned upon the announcement, and attended her funeral, an honor never paid any other woman in this country.

During the eight years Gen. Jackson was President, the hospitalities of the White House were gracefully dispensed by Mrs. A. J. Donelson, niece of Mrs. Jackson, which lady died a few hours after her husband received the news that he was elected to the Presidency.

Mr. Van Buren was a widower. Under his administration the White House was "renovated"—the walls were hung over with tawdry tapestry, and the floors were loaded with incongruous furniture. Independent of these reminiscences there was nothing to attract attention or mark the era of Mr. Van Buren's administration.

Mrs. Harrison never visited Washington. Under the administration of his successor, John Tyler, the receptions of the White House were presided over by the wife of one of his sons, until, we believe, the last year, when "the President" married a lady quite remarkable in the society of Washington for her fine appearance and knowledge of fashionable society. The character of Mr. Tyler's administration stripped his position of an especial dignity, and rendered it impossible to throw around the levees of the President, even under the sway of a beautiful and accomplished lady, anything like a feeling of interest.

Mrs. Polk, who still lives, while mistress of the White House was celebrated for her dignity of manners, and, within the immediate circle of her personal friends, was regarded with the most

sincere admiration, and respected for her elegant manners. The antecedents of preceding administrations had the effect to render the White House, so far as the President's family was concerned, nothing more than a *private residence*, and but little was expected. Aside from this fact, Mrs. Polk was sincerely religious, and though entirely without bigotry, naturally shed a subdued character over her acknowledged accomplishments.

Mrs. Taylor was a native of Maryland, and up to the time of the election of General Taylor to the Presidency, had passed almost her entire married life at such military stations as were for the time commanded by her husband. She possessed great domestic virtues, and had no ambition to shine beyond the circle of her own household, within which all was perfection. Upon her arrival at Washington she resigned the responsible duties of presiding over the "official" residence to her accomplished daughter "Betty," wife of Colonel Bliss, who justly became distinguished for the genial influence she shed on the short-lived administration of Gen. Taylor. Under Mr. Fillmore the White House was remarkable, in spite of the political storm which raged without, for its great repose. The hospitalities demanded by official receptions were administered almost constantly by Mr. Fillmore's accomplished daughter, whose retiring manners made her shrink from all unnecessary observation.

The social life of the White House under the present incumbent, Gen. Pierce, was clouded by the death of an only son by a railroad accident, just as the President's family was about to take possession. This sad event naturally shed a gloom over the White House, which has never been entirely dispelled.

Our engraving of Mrs. Fremont is from a photograph by Brady, from a portrait by T. Buchanan Read, taken in the month of June last, and has been pronounced the best likeness of the lady ever painted. It was drawn upon the wood by Wallin, and engraved by Brightly, the result being obtained by the united genius of four of the best artists in the country, each celebrated in his peculiar department. We have thus endeavored to do some little justice to the fair original, not only as a compliment to her own merits, but also to the sex she so nobly represents.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS. EUROPE.

By the arrival of the steamship Persia at this port Oct. 14, we have one week's later intelligence from Europe. A Russian circular despatch, in which reference is made to the affairs of Naples, had been read to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. The fact had caused some sensation, coupled with the rumor that Russia was about to send a fleet to the Bay of Naples. The latter may or may not be well founded; but as this question will be submitted, with other complications, to the consideration of the Paris Congress, which is about to reassemble for the organization of the government of the Danubian Principalities, we hardly think it probable that Russia has decided on such a step. Negotiations for the settlement of the Neuchâtel difficulty will also be opened at the Paris Congress. It is stated that England has addressed rather a peremptory note to the Russian government in relation to the Isle of Serpents, and that considerable irritation has been created thereby. From Spain there is no news of interest. It is not true that the state of siege was to be raised on the 10th of October. The project of creating a Colonial Department has been revived. Some of the English vessels of war destined for the demonstration against Naples had arrived at Ajaccio, the port of rendezvous. Austria was making strong efforts to induce England and France to await the result of Baron Hubner's mission. The Paris and London money markets were both greatly agitated by rumors that the Bank of France was about to suspend specie payments. The British coast had been visited by terrific gales, inflicting a large amount of damage on shipping.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

We have news from Central America dated at Costa Rica on the 16th of September, and at San Juan del Norte on the 10th of same month. All business was completely suspended in Costa Rica, and a social disorganization prevails generally all over the republic. The soil lay uncultivated to a great extent, and it was thought the next harvest would not produce the tenth of the yield of former years. Mora's administration was very unpopular, but the people were still firm in their hatred towards Walker, and General Canas had five hundred soldiers at Guanacaste ready to oppose any invasion by the President of Nicaragua. Walker had about eight hundred men in Granada, and it was reported, but not believed, that he would soon make a descent on Greytown. The British fleet still lay in the harbor. Chris. Lilly, who was banished from California by the Vigilance Committee, had entered into a contract to supply the Nicaraguan army with provisions and a gun boat. The allied Central American States had two war schooners cruising on the coast, and Rivas had still twenty-five hundred men in Leon, with which force he expected to attack Walker in November. The detachments sent by the latter against the Chontales natives had been repulsed three times, and retired to Granada in great confusion. A man from Walker's army, who had arrived in San Francisco, gives a grievous account of the military rule of the General. He left one hundred men in hospital, and of one hundred and twenty-five he has companions from California only forty remained alive. Extensive confiscations of property were taking place.

Calvo had been elected Governor of Panama without bloodshed, but peace was only insured by the presence of a United States Naval force. This event ensures a peaceful condition of things on the Isthmus for some time to come. There seems to be a growing feeling in favor of annexation to the United States.

WEST INDIES.

Our files from the West Indies are up to Sept. 27th. The general trade of Jamaica was wretchedly dull and crime prevalent. From the mines there is a favorable report. In Granada, St. Vincent, Demarara and Trinidad, the political and commercial aspect of affairs was gloomy. From Kingston, J., there is nothing of special interest. By way of Charleston we have dates from Havana to Oct. 10th. A rumor was current that a Spanish fleet would again be despatched to Vera Cruz.

MEXICO.

We have late and important advices from Mexico. Large sales of confiscated church property had been made, and it was expected that the treasury would soon be replenished. Attempts to subvert the government, and a conspiracy to assassinate President Comonfort, had been detected and frustrated. The government had suspended payment on the Vera Cruz Custom House. Accounts from the North departments confirm the news of the defeat of Vidaurri's partisans at San Luis Potosi, at Mier and at Villahermosa. His prospects of success are completely destroyed. The difficulty between Great Britain and the republic seems to be rapidly approaching a crisis. The British Legation was closed on the 2nd of Sept., the Mexican government failing to comply with the requisition respecting the Tepic affair. The British Chargé had removed to Tacubaya, there to await further instructions from his government. In the meantime British squadrons are to be in readiness to act both on the Gulf and west coasts of Mexico, should it be decided to push matters to that extremity in enforcing reclamations. The cause of the rupture is the delay in the settlement of the old affair of Barron, Forbes & Co., and the unwillingness or inability of the Mexicans to pay their indebtedness to British subjects. Mexico is also in peril of an attack from a Spanish squadron, and, what with internal feuds and external assaults, she bids fair to be pretty thoroughly shaken. To say the least, the Mexican Republic appears to be on its last legs.

EAST INDIES.

We have advices from Hong Kong to the 31st of July. United States Consul Keenan had had another difficulty with the magistrates. The Shanghai revolutionists dreaded the interference of our Commissioner between themselves and the imperialists. An heir to the imperial throne had been born at Peking, but not of the Empress. His mother had, however, been elevated to a noble rank by the Emperor, and his legitimacy decreed. Foo-chow had been visited by a severe fire. Severe typhoons had raged along the Amoy coast, and the beach at Whampoa had suffered from a waterspout.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Our correspondent at Lima, writing on the 12th of September, states that the project of the confederation of the South American States against what is termed the encroachments of the Yankees was freely discussed in the papers. Gen. Castilla had suppressed the *Heraldo*, its political sentiments being regarded as obnoxious. There were reports that Echenique had revolutionized some of the southern provinces, and that an insurrectionary attempt in the North, set on foot by the partisans of Castilla, had been defeated. The government had issued a decree requiring an examination and authentication of "vales de consolidación" and "billetes de manumisión" by the President of the Republic or the Peruvian Minister at Washington and London, otherwise they would be repudiated. This step has been rendered necessary in consequence of the documents alluded to having been counterfeited to an amount estimated at several millions of dollars.

DOMESTIC.

THE steamship George Law arrived at this port Oct. 12, with the California mails to September 20th, nearly two millions dollars in treasure, and advices from New Granada, the South Pacific, Jamaica and Australia. The general intelligence from California is unimportant. Politics occupied the public mind to the exclusion of other subjects. In San Francisco there was a movement on foot to unite the various elements in opposition to the democrats, who are the bitter enemies of the Vigilance Committee. It was somewhat doubtful, however, whether the project would succeed, and in the event of failure the triumph of the democrats was regarded as certain. The democrats have nominated Charles L. Scott and Jos. C. McKibben for Congress. They are of the Gwin or anti-Broderick faction. Messrs. John L. Durkee and Charles E. Rand had been tried on a charge of piracy, for assisting in the removal of the State arms from on board the schooner Julia, in the harbor of San Francisco, during the reign of the Vigilantes. The jury rendered a verdict of acquittal, after but five minutes' deliberation. A suit had been brought against the Panama Railroad Company, to recover \$20,000 damages for injuries received by the accident of the 6th of May last. A number of other parties were awaiting the result of the action. Judge Terry had resumed his seat upon the bench. Trade was dull in San Francisco, but with the removal of social disorders a return of business activity was confidently looked for.

NAVY.

THE United States steam frigate Wabash arrived at Annapolis, Oct. 14. The United States steam frigate Wabash has been an object of much admiration at Southampton. Her armament and general fitting up attracted the attention of the highest naval officers of England.

The United States steamship Arctic, Captain Berriman, employed in taking soundings between St. Johns, Newfoundland, and Queenstown, Ireland, arrived Oct. 14, from Queenstown, via St. Johns, Newfoundland, and anchored off the Navy Yard.

A naval correspondent on board the United States ship Savannah, at Rio Janeiro, sends a letter, with news from that port, dated to the 1st of September. A report having reached the crew to the effect that the Secretary of the Navy had said the Savannah would not be relieved until December, the men were much excited, as over three hundred of them have exceeded the term of their engagement, and demand release from service. Many expressions ominous of a mutiny, or at least riot, were heard in the ship. Some French, English, and Russian vessels were in port. The United States ship Germantown was ready to sail for Montevideo, with officers and crew well. Several theatrical stars were performing on shore, and American politics were daily discussed. The Savannah looked like a museum, it was so full of tropical animals and other curiosities collected for home presents. Rio was healthy. A revolution was hourly expected.

OBITUARY.

CITY MORTALITY.—The report of the City Inspector exhibits a further improvement in the public health. The list of deaths during the past week shows a decrease of forty-four, as compared with the week previous. Of diseases of the stomach, bowels, and other digestive organs alone, the decrease is thirty-six. In other respects there is no change of importance to note.

DEATH OF A PRINTER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.—We observe in the obituary notices of Oct. 14, the death of Mr. George A. Steele, long connected with the firm of John T. White & Co., type foundry, and one of the "originals" of the New York Typographical Society. In life he always sustained the reputation of an honest, upright man:

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

The Newburyport Mercury announces the death of Henry Barber, who worked in the Mercury office sixty-five years, and died at the age of seventy-six. During the whole of his life Mr. Barber was never five miles distant from his home, and never saw a railroad or steamboat except from the windows of the office in which he worked.

FINANCIAL.

FRIDAY, Oct. 17th.

THERE was a general reaction in the Stock market Wednesday, Oct. 15, which was the natural result of the late decline, which has brought in some outside buyers, and also a portion of the bears to cover their shorts. The suspension of specie payments by the Bank of France, which is looked upon as very probable, is considered in the street as a favorable feature, as it would, it is supposed, cause a cessation of the drain of gold from England and react favorably upon this country. This impression had some effect in inducing a more hopeful feeling in the market.

Money affairs are generally quiet. The wants of the Stock Brokers appear to be comparatively light. For mercantile paper the demand from outside money-lenders is fair on the terms quoted earlier in the week, say 8½ @ 9 for 60 days to 4 months and 9 @ 10 for longer dates, tip-top names; fair signatures 1 @ 2½ cent. worse. The foreign financial news, properly digested, strikes business people as not particularly unfavorable for this side. Opinions differ as to the correctness of the rumors about the Bank of France, while in the main there is but one sentiment, and that of indifference, as to the solution of the question. Some of the Continental Houses regard the event of a temporary suspension of payment in Paris as likely to relieve rather than embarrass the money market here and in London. At the election of New York and Erie Directors, October 14, the following gentlemen were chosen—being, with the exception of Mr. Gelpcke, who takes the place of Mr. C. Moran, now in Europe, the old board: Homer Ramdell, William E. Dodge, Marshall O. Roberts, John Arnot, D. A. Cushman, Louis Van Hoffman, Richard Lathers, Edwin Brown, Hermann Gelpcke, Samuel Marsh, Cornelius Smith, Daniel Drew, Ambrose S. Murray, William B. Skidmore, Ralph Mead, Dudley S. Gregory, Theodore T. Moran.

The Bank statement of the week shows a continuance of contraction, which is, however, smaller than was anticipated. The loss of specie is, not so large as was expected. The nominal decline in deposits is \$2,650,000, but in consequence of the decreased amount of exchanges at the Clearing House the actual decline is only \$1,074,340. The largest lots of deposits has been by the Merchants' American Exchange and Metropolitan. The Commerce shows a considerable increase. The comparison with last week is as follows:

	Loans & Dis.	Specie.	Circulation.	Deposits.
Oct. 4.....	\$107,931,707	\$11,015,184	\$6,830,628	\$88,730,804
Oct. 11.....	107,147,392	10,582,761	8,748,980	86,075,144

Decrease... \$784,316 \$632,183 \$85,698 \$2,650,000

The announcement of the George Law from Aspinwall, with the California mails of the 20th September, and \$1,686,233 in gold on freight, improved the tone on money affairs, and confidence was further strengthened by the dull demand for Bullion for export, and the liberal supply and flat rates for Foreign Bills.

The Foreign Trade at this port the past week was less active by nearly a million of dollars in the business of Importation than the corresponding week of last year. The entries are \$3,568,534, against \$4,430,626 for the same week in October, 1885. The falling off in the two weeks of the month is \$1,300,531. The Exports of Domestic Produce and Miscellaneous Goods during the week were \$1,530,798, against \$1,507,708 same week last year.

An example illustrative of the influence of the market value of share property has just occurred in London. After the failure of the Royal British Bank, the speculators on the Stock Exchange sold down the shares of the London and Paris Joint Stock Bank to £22 for £30 paid in. The concern is a new one—scarcely under way. It has made nothing and lost nothing, so the Directors scarcely determined to return the capital to the stockholders and abandon the organization. They were unwilling to subject their constituents to the loss or apprehension, which would be sure, in many instances of timidity, to follow the low quotation of the Stock. They were not content to rest on what they knew to be the intrinsic worth of the shares, without giving practical evidence to the public and the stockholders, that while they had not time to make and declare a dividend, they could and would pay back the principal, rather than have it quoted 25 or 30 per cent. below par. The London Times remarks:

"In the case of all banking institutions the current prices of the shares form the most important point to which the public should be encouraged to direct their attention. It constitutes, in fact, the only general admonition that can be furnished, since such is the sensitiveness of credits that no persons can venture to publish even a hint to induce caution without incurring the danger of ruining an establishment that may possibly have been perfectly sound, or of having precipitated a calamity that might otherwise, by private efforts, have been averted. Let the fluctuations in the daily list therefore, be always a subject of open discussion. In every honest concern the directors and managers will recognize its value equally with the shareholders, since it will enable them to explain accidents or to correct misapprehensions."

THE LAST STRAW.—"It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back" is a trite and common expression, and how often it is seen exemplified in all the walks of life. "Why, what have I said to make you feel so bad?" exclaimed a husband, at seeing the tear-filled eyes of his wife at some trifling reproach. "Nothing," she said, striving to smile, and wiping the tears away—but it was the last straw, that trifling exclamation, though the husband did not know it—the trial too many that had made her sensitive heart run over. A neighbor had complained to her in the morning. A letter had borne her bad news at noon. A wild child had tried her patience and her temper almost beyond endurance, a dozen things had occurred, trivial in themselves, but swelling to an aggregate that was almost overwhelming, and now when she needed comfort and sympathy so much, to hear one little word unkindly spoken by the one she loved best, it overcame her, and she suffered her anguish all over again. Ah! how little we know sometimes of the trials endured with stinging nerves and aching brain, when we thoughtlessly give vent to our feelings in impatient words or actions, thus laying on the burdened soul the one straw that breaks it down utterly. How cautious should we be in our intercourse with those who have many cares and many trials that we wot not of and never may—to maintain a kindly, gentle demeanor and to conquer our irritable passions, that our lots of unkindness may not swell the sorrows under which they bend!

MUSIC.

SIGISMUND THALBERG.—The all-absorbing topic of conversation in the musical circles at the present time is the appearance of Sigismund Thalberg, the greatest living pianist, on Monday evening next, 20th inst. The most intense excitement is evidenced and the result will be crowded and brilliant audiences as long as he continues to give his concerts in New York. We sincerely rejoice in the existence of this excitement, for it is legitimate, and is due to the wonderful man who has raised it, and does honor to the musical taste which is becoming so wide-spread in our metropolitan city. We are repeatedly asked in what respect Thalberg differs from other great pianists who have played here, for our people remember Wallace and Miro in times gone by, and Henri Herz, De Meyer, and the exquisite Gottschalk are fresh and strong in the memory of all. We can only reply to these frequent questions that we in America have never heard the piano played as Thalberg plays it; that none of his many imitators have foreshadowed in the faintest degree that style and method, which, indicated in the largeness of his compositions, have won the homage of the civilized world and have built up a reputation which has lasted a quarter of a century and will last as long as the master minds of the musical art shall be remembered. To us the playing of Thalberg is the incarnation of grandeur and majesty. His grasp of the instrument is Titanic, but it is not the crushing grasp of De Meyer nor the changeful yet mighty control of Liszt; it is the calm dignity, the breadth of manner, the conscious power which spring from a well-balanced intellect, interpreted through a mechanism so un-failing, so faultless, that is perfect. Where the well-balanced intellect governs the executive power, no isolated points of excellence present themselves for special wonder; when force is wanted, it is there without effort; delicacy, brilliancy, passion, sentiment, meditation, mirth and all the thousand points, the connecting links in the tone-poem spring forth from the finger and become revealed to our sense with a clear and palpable distinctness. De Meyer was the pianist of contrasts, now indulging in the most fairy-like delicacy, anon thundering over the keys like the tramp of a brigade of heavy cavalry; Liszt touches the height and depth of every emotion, sings with the angels and revels with the devils, roams through the region of romance, pauses in the academic groves, then wanders off on an eccentric course into the Cimmerian darkness of Schumann's mysticism or Liszt's rhapsodomantic. But Thalberg, with the power of Jove, has the wisdom of Minerva, and is endowed with all the beautiful sensibilities that belong to the highest musical organization, and we listen to him as to the teachings of an inspired prophet, and we worship Truth when we bow to him. We would not be understood to say that Thalberg preaches music; we wish to convey the idea that his playing is so straightforward and simple, yet withal so incomparably exquisite, so free from all trickery or charlatanism and yet so wonderful in its executive greatness, that it can be felt and understood by all; that while he fascinates the mind it is with the clear light of beauty and not with the magic of mysticism; that while he subdues the feelings it is with a true and manly pathos and not with the exaggerated maudlin of false sentiment. We could enlarge much upon this subject were it the proper time, but it is not; we have said thus much in answer to the many inquiries put to us, and shall reserve our further remarks until after Thalberg's public appearance. We have no fear of the result, being fully satisfied that our readers will realize the unvarnished truth of all that we have said.

MILLINERY TO THE RESCUE! THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC SAFE!—The merchant princes and the banker millionaires having failed with all their discriminating liberality and boundless wealth to establish Italian opera in our city, it becomes our pleasing duty to record that the shopkeepers are about to try their hand. The first effort was made by a large hearted milliner in Broadway, who offers her cheque for one hundred dollars to help out the means of the wealthy stockholders, and invites all others in the millinery and dry-goods trade to follow her example. Is not this public spirited? Who shall say that a true love of art does not exist among us? While recording this public spirited act, we regret to be obliged to add, that it is not purely disinterested. Like the stockholders who built the house that they might have perpetual free seats in addition to a fair percentage for their investment, our fair patroness of the opera gives as a reason for her donation, the falling off of her sales in opera cloaks, white gloves and other essentials of an evening costume, since the opera has ceased to be. We like the honesty of the lady in not disguising her real meaning under the cloak of a "love for art," and could wish to see such honesty more generally followed. Still we must repeat the caption of our article. The Academy of Music is safe when the milliners come to the rescue of the stockholders.

GERMAN OPERA AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The production of Lortzing's pleasant opera "Undine," has considerably lightened the prospects of the German Opera Company. There is much in the opera that might well be omitted, but the two last acts fully redeemed all that preceded them, being replete with charming music, at once melodious and effective. All the singers acquitted themselves to the best of their ability, and gave more satisfaction than they have hitherto given, but Messrs. Beutler and Weidlich deserve particular and favorable mention.

A report was in circulation last week that this company was about to close its performances almost immediately, but the business managers, Messrs. Berkel & Co., have issued a card, in which they state that the contemplated season, of forty nights we believe, will be faithfully carried out; that now and constant endeavors will be made to add to the efficiency of the company; and that superior principal artists are daily expected from Europe, who will take their places among the troupe. We are unfeignedly glad to hear this, for we have earnestly advocated the necessity for the establishment of a German Opera in this city. We desire its establishment because there is so much fine music that we can never hear unless through its medium, and we will do all that lays in our power to forward it to a successful issue. But we want German operas by German singers, and not German translations of French and Italian works.

It is folly to suppose that Germans alone will support a German opera; the great body of people who support all kinds of music are our own people and the French and English, so that the enterprise is by no means sectional, and for that reason, with a good company, its success is certain. We look for the advent of the new singers with great interest, and if they only come up to our very moderate expectations, the German opera will assuredly become a settled fact among us.

PARODI, STRAKOSCH AND PAUL JULIEN.—It is with much pleasure that we announce the coming concert of Parodi and Strakosch. It is more than a year since these celebrated artists appeared publicly in New York. At that time their several concerts were most brilliantly successful, and the concert givers and the audience parted with mutual regret. Since then they have made the tour of the States, and their success has been beyond all precedent, realizing to the enterprising artists a profit of over fifty thousand dollars. We have heard of them in the various cities and towns, and the tone of the press has been one of universal praise and admiration. Their concert company now presents great strength. It consists of Madlle. Teresa Parodi, Signor Tiberini, Paul Julien, Signor Bernadi and Maurice Strakosch. The first concert of this distinguished party will take place at Niblo's saloon on Wednesday evening next, October 22nd, on which occasion all the artists will appear. The magnificent Parodi will again delight her thousands of admirers and young Paul Julien will receive the greetings of his countless friends, while Tiberini, Bernadi and the universal favorite Maurice Strakosch will be heartily welcomed by all.

GOTTSCALK.—The concert given by Gottschalk with Mlle. La Grange at Brooklyn this week was a great success. These admirable artists gave a concert together at Philadelphia last week and created the utmost enthusiasm among the brilliant audience which was assembled to greet them. Gottschalk's exquisitely sympathetic playing and his marvels of execution delighted and astonished all, and won that genuine outbursting applause which is the unfailing test of thorough appreciative admiration. We have not yet heard when his popular and charming soirees will be resumed.

Gottschalk's classes are arousing an emulative excitement among the amateur piano-players. Several classes have been formed and the number of applications received enables Mr. Gottschalk to arrange the pupils according to ability, and renders his mode of instruction much more thorough. The classes formed have already performed two great symphonic works with marked effect and are about to commence the "Eroica" of Beethoven. The pupils take great interest in the oral instruction of the intelligent Gottschalk, and evince much delight at the excitement of reading the music in concert with others. Fresh classes are formed and new pupils are received, so that if any one who has not applied desires to join, there is still a possibility.

Madame Cora de Wilhorm is at present in Boston. She gives a concert there this evening, and we learn that it promises to be a brilliant affair, as there was a great rush for tickets and seats the day the sale commenced.

THE DRAMA.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—In addition to other attractive performances at this popular establishment, a new piece—new to New York—from the pen of Mr. Bourcicault, was produced on Monday evening last, and met with entire suc-

cess. The following sketch of the plot, which we borrow from a contemporary, will prove interesting to our readers.

Dr. Holbein is a Swiss physician whose charity reduces him to poverty; he has two children; the oldest, an adopted child—once a beggar girl—is Stella, who, having discovered in herself a voice of great sweetness, enters the profession of the stage, to repair the fortunes of her benefactor and his other child, Margaret Holbein. Margaret falls into a strange wasting malady, and being reduced to the verge of the grave, Stella is sent for by her father to take a last farewell of her sister. As she bends over the dying girl, Margaret murmurs a whispered confession that she is possessed with a wild passion for a stranger who saved her life at the risk of his own. This is the malady which has been eating into her heart and wasting her to the grave. At this moment Eric, the lover, and affianced husband of Stella, enters, and with a faint cry the dying girl recognizes the same stranger who saved her life, but in the sensation of surprise and joy she faints. Believing her sister to be on the brink of death, Stella persuades Eric to foster the romantic idea of Margaret, that he has loved her as she loves him, and has come to ask her hand in marriage. To render happy the last few hours of her life, the fraud is practised and succeeds. It succeeds but too well. Margaret lingers, recovers, and, under the blisful sense of reciprocated love, her health is re-established. Eric is obliged to remain and pursue the deception, while Stella returns to Milan to fulfil her engagement at the opera. The result is embarrassing. Margaret actually wins her sister's lover's heart without knowledge of her treachery. Eric, bound by honorable feelings, flies from Dr. Holbein's house and seeks Stella, and implores her to release him from his embarrassing position. Stella discovers the altered state of her lover's heart, and bursts into a torrent of reproach; but her better nature rises up, and, as she recalls the debt of gratitude she owes to her benefactor, she yields up her love to her adopted sister, who throughout remains in ignorance of the sacrifice.

The drama is well written, and the thread of the design effectively carried out. The two sisters were exquisitely played by Agnes Robertson and Mrs. Hoey. The characters were contrasted with admirable ability, and delineated with womanly grace and artistic skill by the two ladies, who were frequently and loudly applauded. Messrs. Lester, Sothorn, and Barnet rendered full justice to the well defined characters entrusted to their care. The present engagement of Agnes Robertson and Dion Bourcicault ends this week, but they will, we hope, return soon. The performances of next week will be of a highly attractive character, in keeping with the high reputation of the establishment.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—There has been no novelty at this favorite place of amusement during the past week. The fairy romantic pantomime "Blanche, or the Rival Fairies," continues to run a course of rare success, attracting brilliant audiences and affording all who witness it the most unqualified delight. Mademoiselle Robert and the celebrated tight-rope dancer young Hengler, appear every evening. The Ravens, we understand, will not remain with us much longer, so their admirers should crowd, more than usual, to witness their remaining performances.

BROUGHAM'S BOWERY THEATRE.—A new drama, adapted from the French by Sterling Coyne, was produced here on Monday evening last. The story is not new, but it is worked skilfully into a drama of much interest and striking effect. An old man with a young wife, a young lover and an arch villain, form the staple of the plot; the villain shoots the old man instead of the lover, and the old man leaves his wife and property to the young one. A comic under-plot enlivens the course of the piece, which was received with much applause and must be considered as a good success. The piece was well acted by Madame Ponisi, Miss Kate Reigolds, and Messrs. Brougham, Morton, Whiting and McDonough, and was put upon the stage most carefully. The other entertainments are of the usual entertaining character, and delight the large audience assembled to witness them.

BROADWAY VARIETIES.—The clever little children of the Wood and Marsh company of juvenile comedians continue to support their well-earned reputation by the production of successive novelties. The piquant and charming comedietta of the "Invincibles" has proved not only highly successful in an acting point of view, but in its pecuniary sense; for its attractive qualities are attested by the large audiences which nightly visit the "Varieties." "Little George" continues to improve, and promises to be the greatest low comedian of the age. The capital little piece of "The Broom-maker" affords excellent opportunities for the display of the varied talents of the company. A number of novelties are announced as in preparation, and a rare treat is being concocted for Christmas holidays and Christmas visitors.

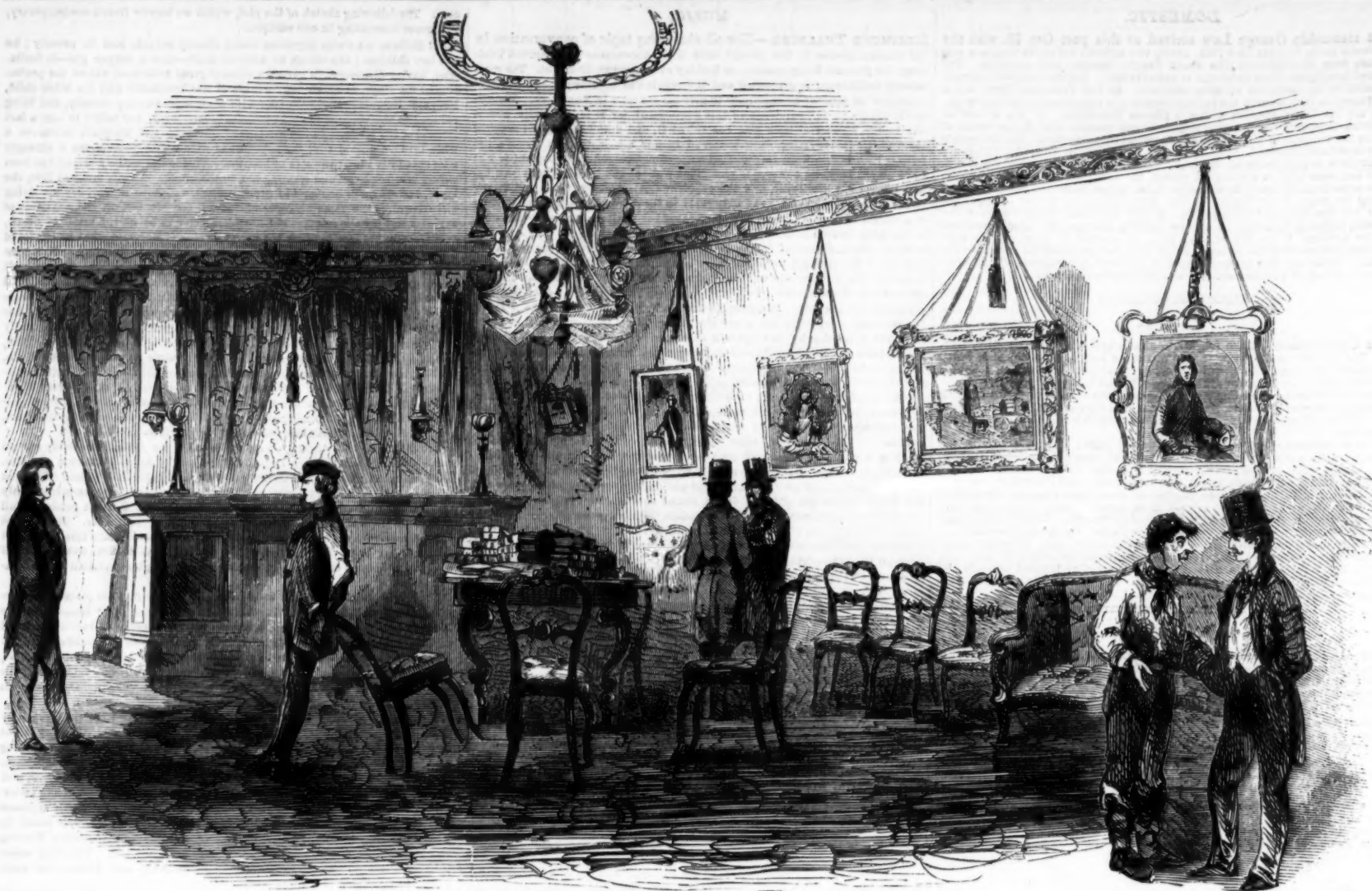
BUCKLEY'S SKEKNADERS.—The visitors to this establishment, and their name is legion, have been introduced to the moon for some nights past, and to judge of the roars of laughter which issue from two thousand pairs of lungs nightly, they must enjoy their introduction exceedingly. George and Bishop Buckley have gone so far as to "annex" the moon to the earth, but how they do it, and how it is done, we do not intend to tell. People must go and learn the secret themselves, and when they have learned it, they will thank us, if they care for laughing, for directing them where they could get the information. Buckley's is decidedly an institution.

ITEMS OF ALL SORTS.

THE talented Miss Emma Stanley is giving her charming entertainments in the neighboring cities of Albany, Troy, Rochester, Utica, etc. Mr. Robert Stoepel directs the music. **PHILADELPHIA.**—National Circus and Theatre opens for the regular season on Monday evening, 20th inst. In addition to the circus troupe, the following are engaged for the dramatic company: Messrs. G. J. Arnold, H. C. Ryner, H. Thompson, W. France, J. Proctor, W. Wallis, C. Stafford, T. Horton, Mason, Mrs. H. C. Ryner, Mrs. Frank Drew, Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Ayling, Mrs. Nichols, Miss Kate Arnold, and Mlle. Josephine, danseuse. Ballet: Misses Magnus, Stanton, M. Wells, Rose, Archer, Myers, and A. Nichols. J. A. Johnson, scenic artist; Mrs. Vache, wardrobe; Mr. Casella, property man; Mr. Reinhart, musical director. "King John" was produced at the Arch, on Monday evening last. Forrest is at the Walnut. He will be succeeded by Miss Laura Keane and company. At the National, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with the great originals, S. E. Harris as Uncle Tom, and Rose Merrifield as Topsy. **PROVIDENCE, R. I.**—Mr. Joseph Proctor, the well known tragedian, is fulfilling a highly successful engagement here. **BOSTON, MASS.**—Max Maretzek's Italian Opera company commences a series of operatic performances at the Boston Theatre, Monday, Oct. 20.—The Fyne English Opera troupe sang "The Daughter of the Regiment," at the Howard Athenaeum, on Monday. **CHICAGO, ILL.**—Mr. and Miss Richings commenced an engagement on Monday evening, 13th inst. Mr. Collins, the Irish comedian, is the present star at Thorne's National Theatre. **COLUMBUS, OHIO.**—The Theatre here opened for the season, on Wednesday evening last, with Miss Maggie Mitchell as the star. **MOBILE.**—The theatrical season here will commence on the 10th of November. Mr. S. B. Duffell is the manager. **CINCINNATI.**—Mr. and Mrs. Conway will shortly appear and fulfil an engagement at the National Theatre. **CHARLESTON.**—Sloan's Theatre opens on the 3d of November. The early autumn season in Paris has been marked by some promising first appearances, musical and theatrical. Two new actresses at the Theatre Odéon, Mlle. Léoadie and Mlle. Jane Esler are highly commended. At the Grand Opera Mlle. Hamackers, a young lady from Louvain—remarkable for her pretty looks and pretty voice—has made her first appearance on any stage as the heroine in Signor Rossini's "Guillaume Tell." Of the appearance there of Madame Borghi-Mamo we may speak more in detail. The leading ladies at the Italian Opera during the coming winter are to be Mesdames Albani, Freszolini, Fiorentini and Mlle. Piccolomini. It has been said that Madame Albani is about to appear as Semiramide. Signor Mario is to be principal tenor at the Italian Opera; and among other artists engaged there, report makes favorable mention of Signor Solerio, whose voice, we believe, is also a tenor.—Clara Schumann, during her late visit to England, was invited to a very fashionable London house, and, being requested to play, seated herself for the purpose. Amid loud talking, she began simply to prelude, thinking to command attention; but vainly; the noise kept on. "Ladies and gentlemen," said she, "if my performance annoys you, pray tell me—I am ready to stop." Silence ensued. They listened and applauded; otherwise, they would doubtless have applauded without listening.

BUNK ROOM, DRAWN FROM HOUSE OF HOOK AND LADDER No. 1.

WE hear much of the "bunk room" of an Engine House, but except to the initiated a very vague idea prevails as to its use and style of construction. Next to personal examination, our engraving will let our readers into the mysteries of these useful rooms, sacred to all, save the active members of the company. Here the firemen, if they desire to do so, can sleep, and here they doff their citizens' dress to put on the official one adopted by the company. The bunk room we give is taken from the house of Hook and Ladder No. 1, and is a fine specimen of the care, eye to comfort, and utility peculiar to these rooms. Among the furniture will be found mattresses, quilts, blankets, sheets, and other things necessary for domestic comforts. Cleanliness is the presiding rule, comfort is the result. Many of the bachelor members of the different companies sleep there, that they may be ready in an instant to "rush to the fire."



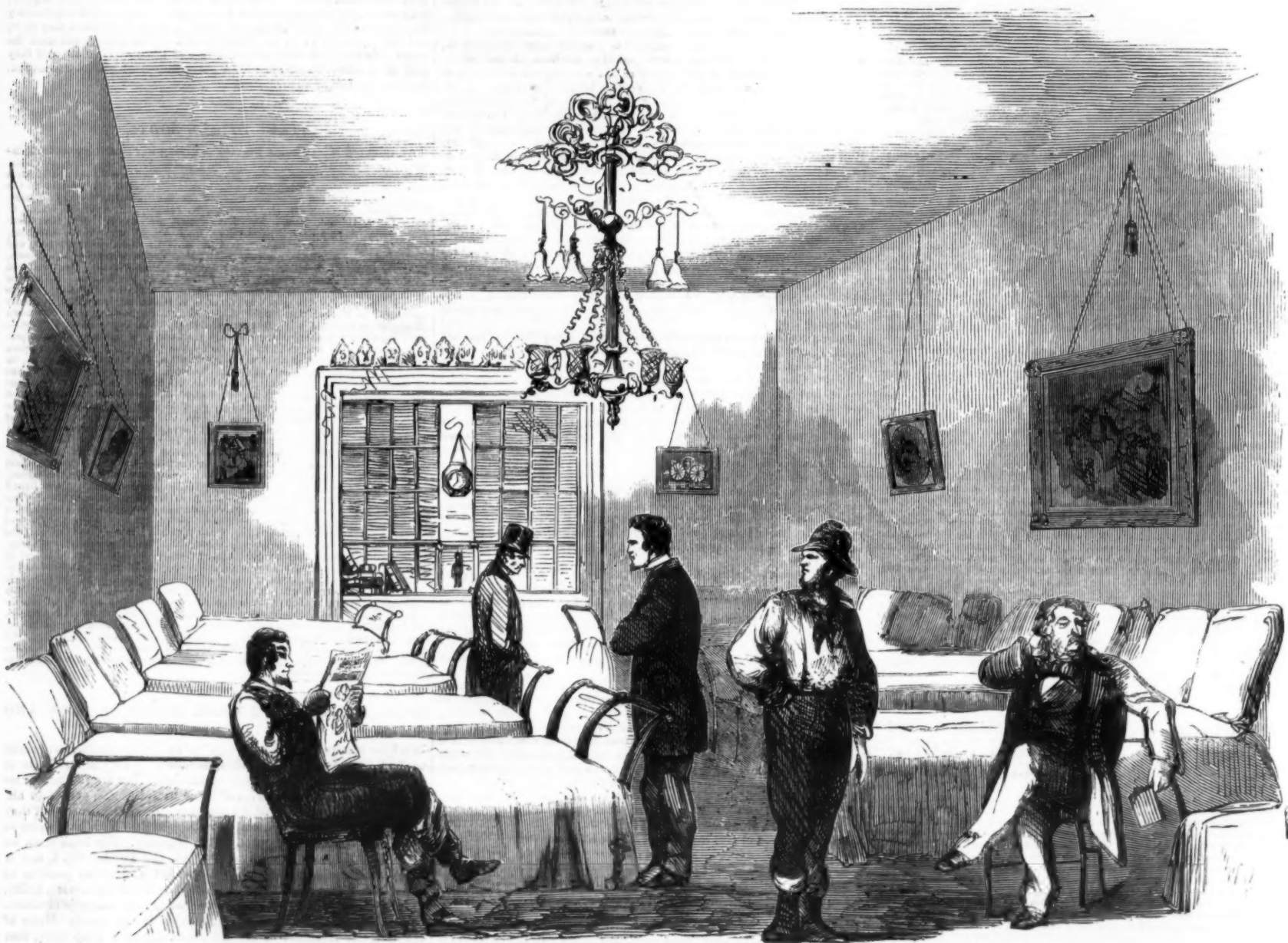
VIEW OF PARLOR BELONGING TO ENGINE HOUSE, NO. 6.

VIEW OF PARLOR BELONGING TO ENGINE No. 6.

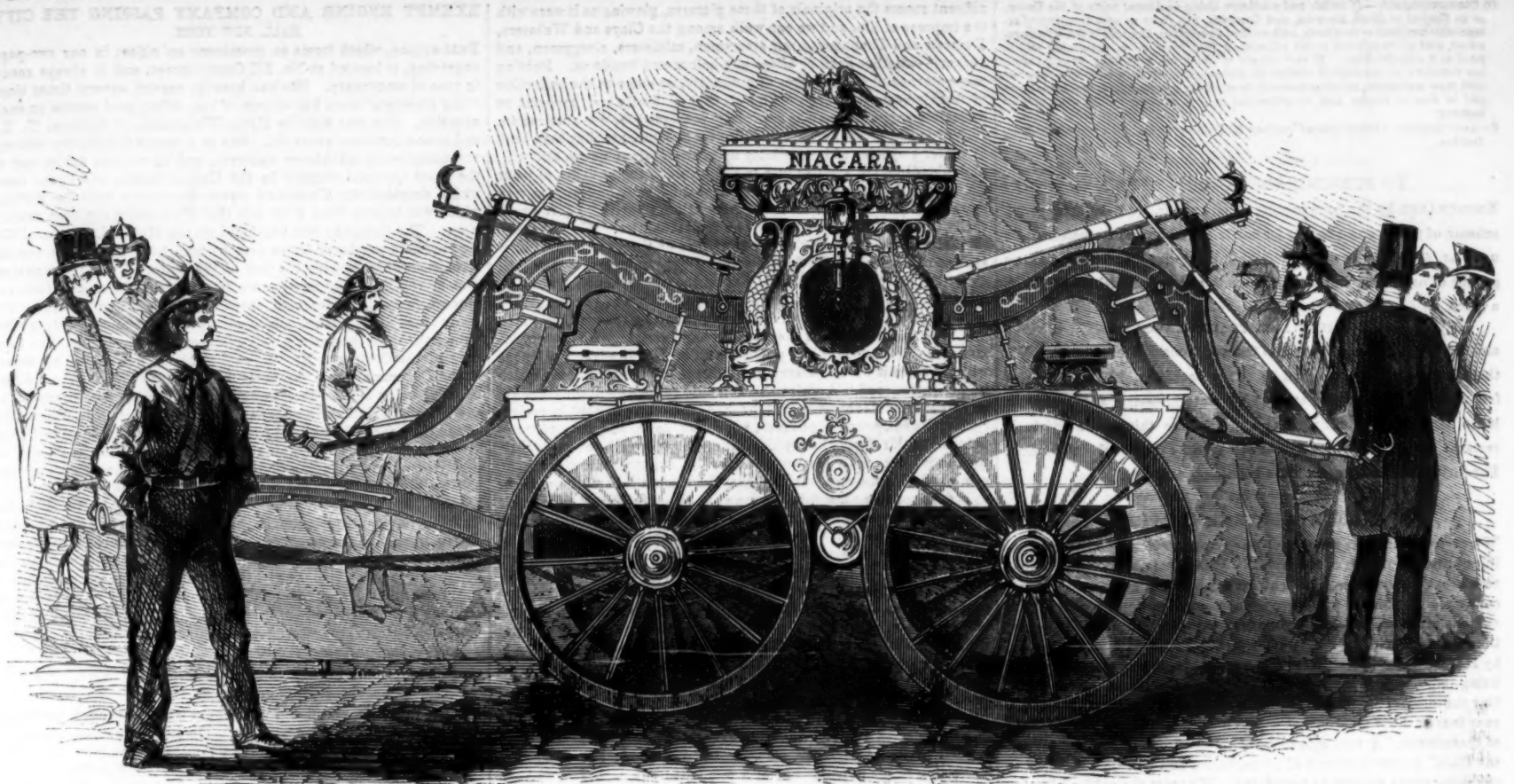
To our citizens unacquainted with the costly apartments of our engine houses, nothing perhaps would create more surprise than the elegant furniture which is characteristic of the room attached to the house known as "the parlor." The ladies particularly would be struck with the display and with the good taste everywhere exhibited in the selection of furniture and other ornaments. We

give as an illustration a literal copy of one of those "boudoirs," taken from Engine House No. 6, and which is characteristic of all similar rooms throughout the city. So far from appearing to be appropriated to the use of our hardy firemen, it suggests that you have intruded upon the sitting room of some palatial mansion. The floor is covered with heavy Brussels carpeting of most beautiful patterns, rich lace and damask shade the windows, highly orna-

mented and soft cushion-chairs, and paintings, some exquisite specimens of art, adorn the walls. Among the portraits, we noticed an excellent one of an ex-Foreman, the Hon. Wm. M. Tweed. The regular meetings of the Engine Companies are held in these beautiful rooms, and it can easily be imagined that such refined influences naturally shed over the conduct of the members an order and decorum which would not prevail in less elegantly furnished apartments.



"BUNK ROOM." DRAWN FROM HOUSE OF HOOK AND LADDER NO. 1.—(SEE PAGE 307.)



NEW YORK ENGINE NIAGARA, NO. 4, KNOWN AS THE PHILADELPHIA STYLE.—(SEE PAGE 314.)

THE NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—This exhibition the present year has proved unfortunate in a pecuniary point of view at least, which is rather mortifying to the farmers of Northern New York, at whose special benefit it was held at Watertown against the judgment of many of the older workers in the State Society. But whatever failure there has been may be wholly set down to the account of the weather, since every effort was made that could well be made, and even with cold, rainy weather, the receipts amounted to some \$7,000, or about enough to pay the premiums offered. The display of stock, implements, farm products, &c., was very good on the whole, and could Mr. Merriam or any other of the weather prophets have enabled the managers to set down the time for the Fair on any other than the worst week of the season so far as the weather was concerned, we doubt not the enterprise would have found a complete success, notwithstanding it was held so far "north of the great line of travel."

KANSAS NEWS.—The St. Louis Democrat learns from a gentleman just arrived, that on Thursday last a report having reached Platte City, Mo., that Messrs. Berry and Walker, merchants of Weston, had sold some citizens of Kansas a quantity of flour, a party of one hundred marched to arrest the parties implicated, and on arriving at Weston

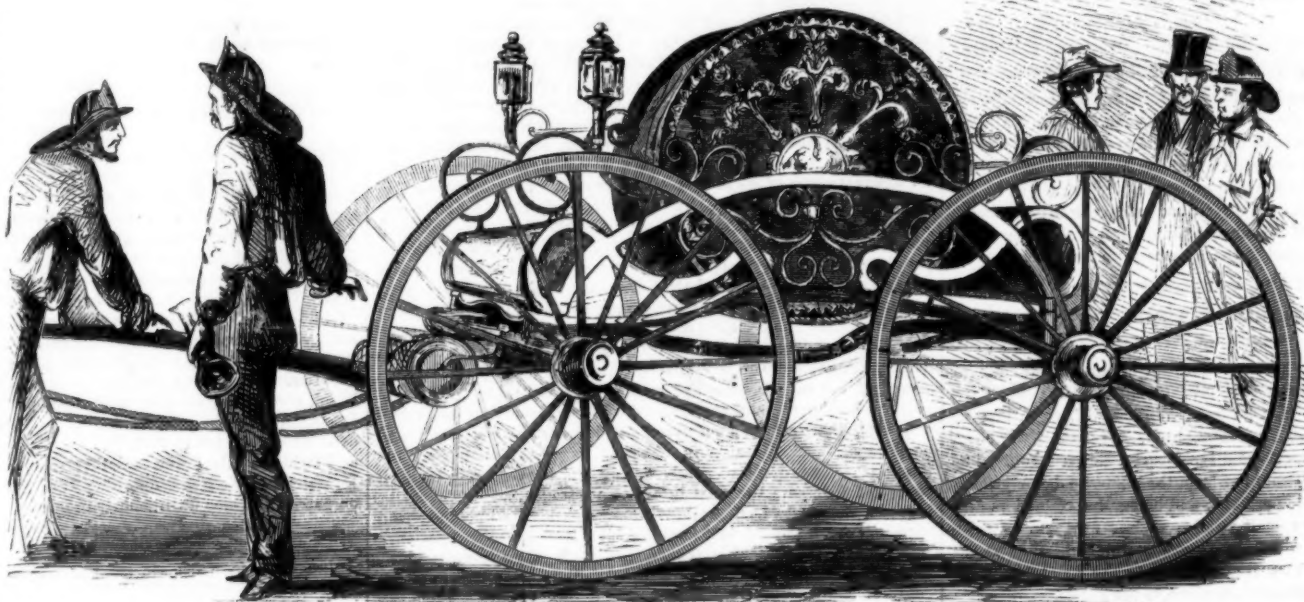
they laid the case before B. F. Stringfellow, who placed himself at their head and proceeded to the store and arrested Berry, denouncing him as an Abolitionist and threatening to hang him. Mr. Berry

they did. The people of Weston then publicly denounced Mr. Stringfellow's conduct and commanded him to leave the country in five days, or suffer the consequences.

POETRY.—Among the choice writings of Jean Paul may be found the following beautiful analysis of the subtle essence of poetry: "There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up, which bear no seed, that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers."

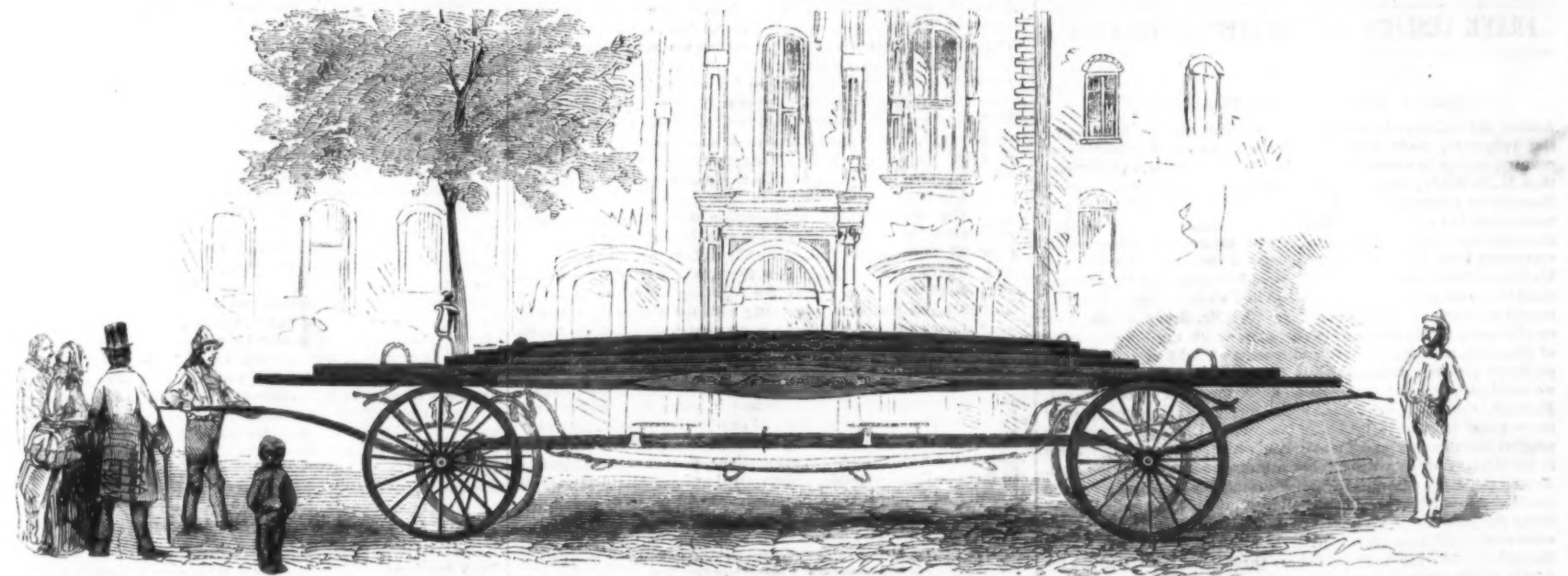
GREAT AUTHORITY OF BISHOPS.—The Bishop of Montauban, France, in a recent pamphlet which all the priests in his diocese are directed to read, advances the following claim for his order: "Heretic, though separated from the (Romish) Church, are still subject to her authority and that of her lawful pastors, as a son who rebels against his father's authority is still subject to all the duties imposed upon him. By the same title, the Bishop's authority applies to all Christians in his diocese."

GEORGE W. JOHNSON, one of the large sugar planters on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, who died recently, left an estate valued at no less than \$7,000,000. He manumitted all his slaves, 200 in number.



OCEAN HOSE CO. NO. 36, KNOWN AS "SEVENTH WARD BEAUTY."—(SEE PAGE 314.)

they laid the case before B. F. Stringfellow, who placed himself at their head and proceeded to the store and arrested Berry, denouncing him as an Abolitionist and threatening to hang him. Mr. Berry they did. The people of Weston then publicly denounced Mr. Stringfellow's conduct and commanded him to leave the country in five days, or suffer the consequences.



NO. 6 HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY.—(SEE PAGE 314.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written descriptions, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO OUR PAPER.

ENCOURAGED by the past success of our paper, we have arranged a scheme of prizes and rewards for our friends who may hereafter smile upon us, either by their individual subscriptions, or by sending us groups of names organized as "clubs." It is our wish to establish a great

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED PAPER,

and the object is paramount to the accumulation of money. We therefore are willing to return to our subscribers, in the shape of free subscriptions, costly articles of plate, jewelry and pianos, a large percentage of our profits; and as these things are "virtue's rewards," we trust no one will be offended by the novel distribution. For farther particulars see our advertising columns.

OUR SUPPLEMENT!!!

WE present with this number of our paper a splendid wood engraving of the "Monarch of the Glen." It is apparent at a glance that this is one of the finest works of art of the kind ever got up in this country. The artists who have been engaged on this great work are citizens of New York, and have grown up within the last few years, the encouragement given to wood engraving by our Illustrated paper, by Harper's New Monthly, and other magazines, giving a new and living impulse in this and in all other departments of the fine arts. Our subscribers for the next volume will receive in the course of the year four of those magnificent engravings, which will make a gallery of themselves. A very splendid fellow-picture of the "Monarch of the Glen" is now in course of preparation, and will be presented to our subscribers as soon as completed. We trust the public will give us due credit for our desire to win their good-will, and their more substantial encouragement in the shape of a liberal subscription list.

THE SLAVE SMUGGLERS.

THE above is the title of a new and original story commenced in this number. The scene is laid in the Gulf of Mexico among the haunts of *Lafitte the Pirate*, and cannot fail to create a wide-spread interest. The writer wields a vigorous pen, and describes scenes and events with unusual power.

A larger space than heretofore in our columns will be devoted to fine reading in the form of tales, novelettes, and light essays, all of which will serve to amuse the passing hour, and never offend against morality, or be otherwise than greeted with friendly welcome at our happy firesides.

A NEW STORY FOR OUR NEXT NUMBER.

WE beg to inform our readers that Mr. J. F. Smith's new tale, entitled "A Peep Behind the Scenes," will commence in No. 47 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS. The great popularity which has attended Mr. Smith's writings, is evinced by the success of "The Soldier of Fortune," and in a still more remarkable degree by that of "THE LAST OF HIS RACE." We refer our readers to the tale itself, which will be found one of the most thrilling, and at the same time, refined stories ever presented to the American public.

PORTRAITS OF FOURTEEN FIREMEN IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

WE intended this week to have given a page of portraits of eminent firemen, including Alfred Carson, Chief Engineer; John R. Platt, Augustus Hurd, William H. Charlock, William C. Lyons, Eugene Ward, Floyd S. Gregg, R. Van Houghten, Abraham L. Brewer, Hugh Curry, (with his pipe,) John H. Forman, Edward Jollie, Pop Fenton and William A. Wood, but from the immense labor attending the production of these portraits, and being determined to give them in the best style, we shall publish them NEXT WEEK, which with the present number will make a most complete history of the triennial parade of the Fire Department, for the first time illustrated, and in this magnificent form given to the public.

We shall also give, among other things, a splendid picture of the Cotton Plant, Alligator Shooting in Louisiana, Portrait of the tyrant, General Santos Guardiola, President of the Republic of Honduras, and his residence, together with numerous scenes connected with the Coronation of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, etc., etc.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 18, 1856.

BRADY AND HIS ART TRIUMPHS.

AMONG our citizens who have, by well-directed enterprise and superior judgment, made themselves honored names throughout the country, no one has more pleasing associations connected with them than M. B. Brady, Esq., so long known as the unrivalled artist in Daguerrean pictures. Under his management, a pursuit originally mechanical has risen to the dignity of the highest art; for he has succeeded in improving his pictures with so many excellencies, all emanating from his mind, that we cannot look upon the fruits of his labors otherwise than as intellectual creations, and feel towards them the same admiration that is elicited when we behold the successful productions of the pen and pencil. Mr. Brady, by the most careful study of his business, in connection with the severest rules of grouping, and the highest attainments of light and shade, has produced pictures which worthily rank as fine compositions, and we could name several that remind us of the style of Rembrandt, Raphael, Corregio, Reynolds, and Lawrence, so perfectly were these great masters disciples of nature, which Brady, with his magical instruments and mental cultivation, permanently reflects in his pictures which are so freely scattered broadcast over the land. Among the many enterprises carried through by Mr. Brady was the establishment of his "National Gallery," which has secured to the living the portraits of many of our most distinguished men, which otherwise would have been hopelessly lost. So complete has been the gallery, that the book publishers throughout the Union are indebted to him (though generally unacknowledged) for the portraits which adorn their best publications, and the public find in his mag-

nificent rooms the originals of these pictures, glowing as it were with the impress of life, and we can walk among the Clays and Websters, Everetts and Chauncys; our statesmen, ministers, clergymen, and authors—whether dead or alive—are before and beside us. Passing these sterner representatives of humanity, we come to the collection of female beauty, where we find all that is lovely and graceful so delicately portrayed, and so spiritually preserved for our admiration. Indeed it can be said of Brady's highest attainments that they tend to confer a species of immortality upon their fair subjects, and will, undoubtedly, give a better idea in the future of the beauties of "our time" than does the pencil of Kneller of the fascinating women who flourished in the reign of the "thoughtless Charles." Our age is really to be distinguished as one of individualities. We have had the natural desire to see the form and face of those we love or hear spoken of, excited by the labors of the Daguerrean art, and to such an extent has this been carried, that no book is now published treating of individuals that is considered perfect unless accompanied with engraved portraits, and for these portraits of our eminent men and distinguished women the world is indebted, in almost every instance, to the foresight and public spirit of Mr. Brady. Our space will not permit us to enlarge upon the many improvements which he has introduced. A visit to his splendid galleries will convince the most superficial observer that he has no rival, and that in *ambrotype* and *photographic pictures*, which we deem the best of "sun paintings," Mr. Brady has by his acknowledged excellence made their production especially his own, and by his superior knowledge and command of resources has brought these beautiful creations, so far as cost is concerned, within the reach of all. Mr. Brady adds to his accomplishments as an artist the high-toned manner of the gentleman, and in the often delicate associations which cluster round pictures taken as objects of affection, he has displayed the highest sense of honor. No picture has ever been surreptitiously obtained from his collection, and we know from our personal knowledge, that he has refused large sums for copies of pictures which were intrusted to his care, and which the owners or originals desired should not be duplicated. In consideration of the flow of business peculiar to the "fall season," Mr. Brady has completed the most extensive arrangements for carrying on, with unusual excellence, every department of his complicated profession, and while he will produce better pictures than were ever presented to the public, the manner of setting them will be equally remarkable for their elegance and refined taste. Altogether, we consider Mr. Brady has reached a perfection in his pursuits which, a few years ago, would have been chimerical, and that he now is entitled to the highest place in his profession, combining with the most remarkable mechanical and chemical perfection the highest mental qualities, thus deservedly dignifying his productions with the title of—WORKS OF ART.

TRIENNIAL PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THE recollection of this glorious pageant will linger long in the memories of those who participated in or witnessed it. We have hardly finished reading the details of the scenes of regal splendor which marked the coronation of Europe's Autocrat, when we are called upon to chronicle a spectacle to us far more imposing and suggestive. The day was ushered in by a murky atmosphere and the sun "disdained to shine," until the procession had fairly commenced its march, when old Sol burst forth with noon-day splendor, and continued throughout the day to illuminate the "bright work" of the beautiful machines that flashed back its golden rays. We took our position early at the corner of Munroe and Jefferson streets, and watched for two hours with intense interest the marching and counter-marching of the different companies, as they formed into line. It needs the pen of the Crimean correspondent of the *Times* to do justice to such a scene, if any language can convey an adequate idea of its brilliancy and beauty. There was none of the gorgeous magnificence that characterized the coronation—no nodding plumes, bright uniforms studded with gems and sparkling with gold and silver, none of the barbaric splendor upon which the populace of Moscow feasted their eyes when Alexander's *cortège* swept out of the Kremlin, but in its place might have been seen a parade far more beautiful than ever greeted the gaze of those who have witnessed the proudest civic or military display of any monarchical country. The heavy, measured tramp of the gallant firemen as they marched to the soul-stirring strains of martial music from scores of bands, the beautiful engines and carriages polished to spotless brightness and tastefully decked with floral wreaths and bouquets, the uniform appearance of their bright red shirts and dark caps, their smiling and exultant faces, and above all the thought of their deeds of manly daring and heroic self-denial, all conspired to create the most intense enthusiasm, and he must be indeed a sluggard whose feelings would not kindle upon such an occasion, or who would fail to catch a spark of inspiration from such a scene. As the marching thousands filed by their popular chief, silently lifting their hats in respectful salutation, we could not but contrast it with the lip-service and mouth-honor of Alexander's serfs, huzzing until their throats were sore, and we could not help envying Mr. Carson this touching mark of attachment which nothing but personal regard could have elicited from his brethren and equals. Here was no compulsion, no motives of policy or expediency, no terrorism—nothing but genuine devotion. As the chief quietly evolved order and arrangement from what was to us a chaos of confusion, and was the recipient of all this unsolicited respect and affection, he must have been a prouder man than the Czar of all the Russians. The march and incidents of the procession we have detailed elsewhere, and in writing abstractly and impersonally of the Department and the New York firemen we feel our total inadequacy to do justice to the theme. So much has been said and written of these men, and in a style of such general adulation, that the public have grown unimpressible, and unjustly receive it as unmerited glorification. Those who sleep snugly in their beds on a stormy December night, while the peal of the alarm-bell calls these men to their duty, should turn out only once and attempt to follow them in their arduous labors. Then they would feel and appreciate, without any flight of fancy or exercise of imagination, that these men indeed brave death, and battle with it as calmly and heroically as Leonidas met him in the pass at Thermopylae. Theirs is a heroism infinitely greater than that of those who mount the frowning bastion or tread the slippery deck. Continually warring with the elements, enduring cold, hunger and fatigue without a murmur, wearing their health and very lives away in their voluntary, unpaid, and unappreciated endeavors to save property and life, they present a most sublime spectacle to the moralist, the philosopher and the philanthropist. In their fierce grappling with danger in every form, without any present emolument or even hope of prospective benefit, they challenge the most profound homage and admiration of the world. Nowhere in this wide universe, in associations, sects or even religionists, can there be found so noble, disinterested and self-sacrificing a body of men. And what is the fireman's reward for all this?

And his reward, you ask? reward he spurns!
For him the father's generous bosom burns,
For him, the widow's prayer on high shall go,
For him the orphan's pearly tear drop slow.
His boon—the richest 'e'er to mortals given,
Approving conscience, and the smile of Heaven!

EXEMPT ENGINE AND COMPANY PASSING THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

THIS engine, which forms so prominent an object in our two-page engraving, is located at No. 202 Centre street, and is always ready in case of emergency. She has been in service several times since "the Exempts" have had charge of her, doing good service on each occasion. She was built by Henry Waterman, of Hudson, N. Y., and is now fourteen years old. She is a ten-inch cylinder, without any complicated machinery whatever, and is, without doubt, one of the most powerful engines in the United States, and is the same which defeated the Cincinnati steam fire-engine built for Boston, which was tried in New York City Hall Park about eighteen months since. The Company was organized on the 27th of December, 1834. Its members consist of those persons who have served the regular term in accordance with the law of the State. Upon the organization of the Company there were in rank fifteen ex-assistant engineers, forty-six ex-foremen, twenty-two ex-assistant foremen and many other distinguished members of the Department, forming altogether the most interesting body of firemen in the world. The foreman of the Company, Mr. James L. Miller, commenced his career in the Department as a volunteer thirty years ago, with the old Mechanic Engine No. 28, then located on the ground now occupied by the Firemen's Hall. He afterwards became attached to Engine 24, at the time she was removed from the old Firemen's Hall in Fulton street to the ground adjoining the Eighth Ward Station-house, recently occupied by Engine Company No. 11. Zophar Mills and himself at this time organized a volunteer corps, and were elected its officers. He next organized Hose Company No. 40, and was elected its foreman, from which position he was transferred to the Engineer Board, where he served over seven years, when business engagements compelled him to retire. Mr. Miller represented Hose Company No. 53, in Firemen's Hall, until his retirement from active duties in the Department, and, as might be supposed, is a fit person to command so noble a body of men as the Exempt Firemen of New York.

JOHN S. BELCHER, PRESIDENT OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

MR. BELCHER is prominent with the Fire Department, because of his liberality and popular manners. He joined the Department in 1849, and was soon after elected Secretary, then Vice President, and upon the death of W. D. Wade, was elected President. In the administration of his responsible duties, he is distinguished for his urbanity of manner and impartiality in the performance of his administrative duties.

JOHN S. GILES, TREASURER OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT FUND.

THIS gentleman, so properly distinguished among the honored firemen of New York, is a descendant of Revolutionary sires. For the last twenty-one years he has been connected with the Department. As a member of Hose Company No. 3, when the "Gulik difficulty" occurred, the company was almost broken up, but Mr. Giles finally succeeded in maintaining it intact, and subsequently organized it as the Atlantic Hose Company, No. 14, of which he became Foreman, and thus remained several years. As Treasurer of the Fire Department, he has shown himself a capable financier, and done much to relieve the necessities of the widow and orphan. Every relation of life Mr. Giles has adorned, whether as a private citizen or as a public man—he is, in fact, a son of New York whom all delight to honor.

ZOPHAR MILLS, TRUSTEE OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT FUND.

ZOPHAR MILLS became a member of Eagle Fire Engine Company No. 13 on the 29th of October, 1832. He was elected assistant-foreman in 1834. That year he escaped a sudden death by being buried under a brick wall, when two members of his company were killed and others wounded, at the fire in Pearl street, near Fulton. He was elected Foreman in 1835, and was with the company which rendered important service at the great fire in December of that year. He continued Foreman, except for a short period during the "Gulik War," in 1836, when the whole company resigned, until 1838, when he was elected an engineer, and was re-elected in 1839, '40 and '41. In 1842 he resigned his place on account of business. The same year he was elected a Trustee of the Fire Department Fund, and served as such until 1846, when he was elected Vice-President of the Fire Department. In 1847 he was elected President, and re-elected in 1848, '49, '50, '51, having served five years as President. Declining a further re-election, he retired from the Department, when the following testimonial, beautifully executed on parchment, was unanimously ordered:

At the Annual Meeting of the Representatives of the Fire Department of New York, held December 13, 1852, Henry M. Graham presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the able and impartial manner with which ZOPHAR MILLS, Esq., has presided over the deliberations of this body, and the energy which he has ever displayed in the fulfillment of the duties of the various responsible offices he has held in the Fire Department, eminently entitle him to an enduring manifestation of our appreciation of his worth as a man and his efficiency as an officer.

Resolved, That on his retirement from the office of President of this body, while we bear testimony to the honorable fulfillment of his duties as President, we cordially hail this opportunity of expressing our UNANIMOUS regard and esteem for him in his private and official character.

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed to set with a similar committee from the Board of Trustees of the Fire Department Fund for the purpose of procuring and presenting to him a suitable testimonial of our regard.

CHARLES McDUGAL, President.
JOHN J. FINDALL, Secretary.

The Trustees also passed some highly complimentary resolutions. In August, 1853, the Board of Representatives and Trustees having prepared the testimonial, presented Mr. Mills with a beautiful service of plate, costing nearly one thousand dollars, which was paid for by voluntary subscription. In 1854, at the disastrous fire in Broadway, near Barclay street, he was buried in the ruins by the falling of the building, when ten firemen and others were killed and many wounded, and miraculously escaped with his life. The same year he was again elected as a trustee of the Fire Department Fund, and still continues to fill that office. The interest manifested by him in the welfare of the department now is as strong as it was a quarter of a century since. He is now also Vice President of the Exempt Firemen's Association, and has been connected with it from its commencement, being one of the original founders of it about sixteen years ago. He is also an active member of the Exempt Engine Company, of which he was one of the founders. Energetic, untiring, and persevering, but few men, if any, have labored more earnestly to promote the welfare of the department than the subject of this sketch. He is deservedly one of the most popular men connected with the department. He is a man of rare intelligence and spotless character, and reflects the highest credit upon that department of which he has been so long a most honorable and useful member.

PHILIP W. ENGS, PRESIDENT OF THE EXEMPT ASSOCIATION.

THIS gentleman has perhaps been more closely identified with the New York Fire Department than any other individual. He has written its complete history, which will be published at no distant

(Continued from page 311.)

THIRD DIVISION.

Assistant Engineer Elisha Kingland, Marshal. Wallace's band. Engine Company No. 7, Samuel Cheshire, foreman; Philadelphia style; 84 inch cylinder, 9 inch stroke; built in 1849; 41 members. Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, Stephen Mitchell, foreman; 40 members. This truck was not completely finished. Hose Company No. 7, Edward P. Morris, foreman; 21 members. Engine Company No. 8, Robert C. Brown, foreman; 50 members; machine second class, Philadelphia style; 84 inch cylinder, 9 inch stroke. On this engine there is an admirably executed figure of an elephant, after which the company is familiarly called the Elephant Company. Hose Company No. 8, David McGie, foreman; 7 members; tastefully ornamented. The mountings of this hose cart are of beautifully wrought silver. Heller's band. Marion Engine No. 9, W. Gorman; first class, double end, end brakes, alternate motion, patent capstan; built 1855; number of men, 31. Columbian Hose No. 9, J. Lyons, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 21. Engine Company No. 10, John H. Hoffman, foreman; built 1853; number of men, 20. Liberty Hose No. 10, J. H. Linnes, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 30; gorgeously decorated with flowers, wreaths, streamers, etc. Robertson's first band. Oceanus Engine, No. 11, Wm. Williams, foreman; built 1853; second class, Philadelphia style; number of men, 38. This machine had a stuffed eagle, bearing in its beak a wreath of flowers. This was decked with miniature flags. Gulick Hose, No. 11, J. H. Westervelt, foreman; built 1846; re-built 1852; number of men, 20. Decorated with streamers. Knickerbocker Engine, No. 12, J. W. Cooper, foreman; third class, piano, new style, patent capstan; number of men, 14. Washington Hose, No. 12, James Graham, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 15. Phoenix Hook and Ladder Company, No. 3, W. E. Berrian, foreman; number of men, 23. This company was preceded by five of its members, bearing axes in their hands. This truck had flags and streamers flying from every part of it.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Assistant Engineer, Wm. T. Marobey, Marshal. Turner's band. Eagle Engine, No. 13, J. Donelson, foreman; built 1850; third class, Carson style; number of men, 16. This hose cart was got up in splendid style. Jackson Hose, No. 13, Andrew Slower, foreman; built 1854; number of men, 16. Atlantic Hose, No. 14, J. R. Mount, foreman; number of men, 20. Engine Company No. 15, J. Millward, foreman; number of men, 35. Dodworth's band. Engine Columbian, No. 14, J. Forsyth, foreman; built 1847; second class, Philadelphia style; 56 members. Fulton Hose, No. 15, Daniel McLaren, foreman; built 1853; number of men, 25. Ornamented with a plume. Tompkins Hose, No. 16, John Mastra, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 24. Decorated with stars and stripes. East River Engine, No. 17, John Gunson, foreman; built 1852; third class, Carson style; number of men, 24. Had the national flag. Albany band. Gotham Engine, No. 16, Edward Biddle, foreman; built 1847; second class, Philadelphia style; number of men, 33. This is the first engine of the Philadelphia style ever built in New York. It was profusely decorated with flowers and parti-colored ribbons; but the most attractive ornament which it boasted was a little boy, named John Salter, who was dressed in fireman's costume. This, we understand, is his first appearance in public; and if he is as favorably received on every future occasion, he stands a good chance of becoming President one of these fine days. Clinton Hose, No. 17, L. Dalton, foreman; built 1853; number of men, 15. Decorated with streamers. Eagle Hook and Ladder Company, No. 4, T. W. Wildney, foreman; built 1852; number of men, 35. This company gave three cheers for Mayor Wood as they passed in review before him. Franklin Hose, No. 18, Edward Broofey, foreman; built 1850; number of men, 19.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Assistant Engineer, Noah L. Farnham, Marshal. Robertson's second band. Lafayette Engine, No. 19, John Sloy, foreman; built 1852; second class; Philadelphia style; number of men, 31. American Hose Company, No. 19, S. B. Thompson, foreman; built 1853; number of men, 25. Washington Engine, No. 20, William Hackett, foreman; crane neck piano style; number of men, 40. Ornamented with wreaths. Humane Hose, No. 20, J. A. Simson, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 25. The decorations on this hose were made up of flowers and parti-colored ribbons. Washington brass band. Fulton Engine, No. 21, James Leonard, foreman; built 1851; second class; Philadelphia style; number of men, 37. There was an Exempt fireman, about four years old, seated on the top of this engine. He was dressed in the costume of the department, and looked as dignified as if he had the whole company under his command and the procession were got up for his gratification. Long live the juvenile Exempt fireman. The name of this distinguished member of the department is Master John S. Ryan. Hudson Hose, No. 21, built 1853; J. Long, foreman; number of men, 18. Protector Engine Company, No. 22, C. N. Johnson, foreman; second class. Nearly destroyed by fire in May last. Number of men, 40. Phoenix Hose, No. 22, R. N. Taylor, foreman; built 1849; number of men, 21. John M. Goldsmith, another youthful fireman, sat upon the top of this machine with all the majesty of a king upon his throne, and looked around on the admiring thousands as if they were his liege subjects. If he don't be Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, or at least President of the United States, there is no appreciation of true merit in the country. Newark brass band. Jackson Engine, No. 24, William Mitchell, foreman; second class; piano new style; number of men, 40. Union Hook and Ladder, No. 5, P. Mann, foreman; built 1832; number of men, 22. Decorated with plumes and wreaths. Perry Hose Company, No. 23, B. C. King, foreman; built 1849; number of men, 11. Ornamented with plumes and the American flag. United States Engine Company, No. 23, W. H. Johnson, foreman; first class, end brakes; patent capstan; built 1853; number of men, 23. Decorated with wreaths. National Hose Company, No. 24, Samuel Burhans, foreman; built 1854; number of men, 25. Master John Creighton, a representative of Young America, was seated on this hose cart. He was dressed in the prevailing costume, and was a nicely looking little fellow. He was decidedly "The Child of the Company."

SIXTH DIVISION.

Assistant Engineer Timothy L. West, Marshal. Adkins' band. Cataract Engine Company, No. 25, Wm. Lamb, foreman; second class, piano style; built 1851; number of men, 21. This engine had a buck's head in front of it, each antler set off with a cockade. United States Hose Company, No. 25, C. P. Kellogg, foreman; number of men, 25. This company gave three cheers for Mayor Wood while passing before him. Jefferson Engine Company, No. 25, Wm. Jackson, foreman; third class, piano style; built 1853; number of men, 40. Rutgers Hose Company, No. 26, P. J. Cowan, foreman; built 1854, 33 members. A full-blooded rooster, stuffed, occupied the highest point on this carriage. He was of the Shanghai breed, spurred, and, altogether, was quite a warlike looking biped. Fleokton's band. Fort Washington Engine Company, No. 27, Sheppard F. Knapp, foreman; third class, new piano style; number of men, 24. Bouquets, wreaths and parti-colored ribbons made up the ornaments of this machine. Neptune Hose Company, No. 27, John Sawyer, foreman; built 1849; number of men, 11. This hose was in an unfinished condition, but was neatly decorated. Pacific Engine Company, No. 28, John F. Platte, foreman; third class, crane neck, piano style; built 1854; number of men, 27. Pearl Hose, No. 28, I. G. Sweeney, foreman; number of men, 21. Hackensack band. Guardian Engine Company, No. 29, E. Bates, foreman; second class piano, Carson style; built in 1854; number of men, 67. On this engine was a female figure intended to represent the Genius of Liberty, with the inseparable *bonnet rouge*. Metamora Hose, No. 29, R. Nelson, foreman; built in 1849; number of men, 13. Lafayette Hook and Ladder Company, No. 6, J. R. Evans, foreman; built in 1851; number of men, 24. Beautifully decorated with streamers. Laurel Hose, No. 30, J. F. Williams, Jr., foreman; built in 1849; number of men, 24.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Assistant Engineer James F. Wenman, Marshal. Manahan's band. Black Joke Engine, No. 33, James Masterson, foreman; second class, new style; number of men, 37. This company cheered the Mayor also. Putnam Hose, No. 31, Thomas Sullivan, foreman; number of men, 12. Bunker Hill Engine, No. 32, William Fish, foreman; third class, Carson style; built in 1851; number of men, 24. Decorated with plumes of parti-colored feathers. Index Hose, No. 32, William Hulvin, foreman; two wheel carriage; built in 1846; number of men, 16. Ornamented with banners, streamers and wreath. Henwick's cornet band. Howard Engine, No. 34, C. Miller, foreman; second class; crane neck, piano style; number of men, 20. The style in which this engine was embellished exceeded

anything of the kind in the procession. From the handles were suspended innumerable small white wreaths, which contrasted finely with many colored streamers and miniature flags. Warren Hose, No. 33, R. A. Johnson, foreman; number of men, 16. Mechanic's Hook and Ladder, No. 17, J. Prefett, foreman; number of men, 12. Lafayette Hose, No. 34, Jas. McCabe, foreman; built in 1856; number of men, 25. Bloomingdale band. Equitable Engine, No. 36, A. C. Lester; third class, piano new style; number of men, 12. All that the combined beauties of flowers, wreaths, plumes and bouquets could do was employed to add to the attraction of this machine. Columbus Engine, No. 35, John Gillilan, foreman; third class, Carson style; built in 1842; number of men, 23. Baltic Hose, No. 35, E. P. White, foreman; built 1854; number of men, 18. Stewart's Brooklyn band. Ocean Hose, No. 36, L. Sloop, foreman; built 1854; number of men, 20. Empire Hook and Ladder, No. 3, F. Berrien, foreman; built in 1851; number of men, 24. Tradesmen's Engine, No. 37, T. T. Lourtier, foreman; second class, Carson piano style; number of men, 16. Festooned with flowers.

EIGHTH DIVISION.

The Marshal of this division was Mr. Ed. W. Jacobs, Assistant Engineer. Southwark Engine, No. 38, Julian Botts, foreman; first class, Philadelphia style; built 1842. This company was headed by Middletown brass band, and numbered 89 men. The usual number of men allowed by the Department is sixty, but the additional twenty men were those whose term of service had expired. Their engine was presented by different insurance companies, and has been running fourteen years. It was drawn by three of Adams & Co.'s magnificent horses, and attracted unusual attention. Madison Hose, No. 37, R. McKeown, foreman; built 1849; adorned with flags; number of men, 13. Narragansett Hook and Ladder, No. 10; having two pillars of flowers and a young boy, whose name we could not ascertain. G. Connor, foreman; built 1848; number of men, 21. National Guard band. Amity Hose, No. 38, silver mounted; J. Ostrom, foreman; built 1851, number of men, 25. Franklin Engine, No. 39; Alexander Spaulding, foreman; third class, piano style. Number of men, 32. Metropolitan Hose, No. 39, decorated with stars and stripes. C. E. Gannon, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 14. Lady Washington Engine Company, No. 40; William Mehan, foreman; third class, New York style. This company paraded with their new engine, which they just received from the Corporation. It is a beautiful piece of mechanism. Paterson band. Empire Hose, No. 40; S. V. W. Jones, foreman; built 1851; number of men, 21. Clinton Engine, No. 41, having a buck's head and decorations. A. Halley, foreman; second class, piano, Carson style; built 1853. Number of men, 50. Alert Hose Company, No. 41, number of men, 25. Maseppa Hose, No. 42; A. Monigan, foreman; built 1851. Number of men, 21.

NINTH DIVISION.

The Marshal of this division was Mr. G. Joseph Ruch, assistant engineer. He was followed by Shelton's band. Empire Engine, No. 42, R. Moore, foreman; second class; built 1852; number of men, 38. This company were in mourning for one of their number, named Robert Constantine, who shot himself accidentally while gunning at Lake Champlain a few days ago. Friendship Hook and Ladder, No. 12, Wm. H. Fisher, foreman; number of men, 17. Manhattan Engine, No. 43, A. Finch, foreman; third class, piano style; built 1854; number of men, 27. Pioneer Hose, No. 43, having a beautiful American flag. J. R. Farrington, foreman; built 1851; number of men, 16. Waunamacker's band. Live Oak Engine, No. 44, with the cap of liberty, and arrayed in national colors, Francis Clark, foreman; second class; Philadelphia style; built 1851; number of men, 32. Washington Hose, No. 44, W. J. Wilson, foreman, built 1851; number of men, 17. Red Jacket Hose, No. 45, James Golden, foreman; built 1851; number of men, 12. Maseppa Engine, No. 48, J. Thompson, foreman; second class; new style; number of men, 18. These were all decorated with rich banners and wreaths. Yorkville band. Aurora Engine, No. 45, F. Bazoney, foreman; third class, piano; new style; built 1854; number of men, 21. Valley Forge Hose, No. 46, J. Miller, Jr., foreman; built 1851; number of men, 18. Marion Hook and Ladder, No. 13, R. Wright, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 30. American Hose, No. 48. A live eagle was tied down on this hose and attracted great attention. This was one of the features of the procession. Built 1851; number of men, 16. Pocahontas Engine, No. 49, H. F. McGowan, foreman; third class, piano style; built 1854; number of men, 18.

TENTH DIVISION.

The Marshal of this division was Mr. John Brice, assistant engineer, followed by Whitworth's band. Hose No. 40, J. Reed, foreman; number of men, 20. Lone Star Engine, No. 50, W. P. Daniel, foreman; third class, piano style; number of men, 27. Hope Hose, No. 50, decorated tastily, J. Feeney, foreman; built 1854; number of men, 16. Mutual Engine, No. 51, John A. Smith, foreman; built 1851; old New York style, number of men, 21. Lady Washington, Morrisiana; 50 men. Shelton's brass band. Relief Hose, No. 51, J. Rizer, foreman; built 1854; number of men, 12. Columbian Hook and Ladder, No. 14, Robt. Wright, foreman; number of men, 31. Undine Hose, No. 52, J. W. Leaman, foreman; built 1852; number of men, 15. Eureka Hose Co., No. 54, J. H. Johnston, foreman; built 1853; number of men, 24. Dodworth's band. Baxter Hook and Ladder, No. 15, decorated with flags; the men were dressed in drab suits, which, when contrasted with other uniforms, had a unique effect. Wm. Nickham, foreman; built 1853; number of men, 39. Paulding Hose, having a magnificent basket of flowers, No. 57, J. J. Reed, foreman; built 1844; number of men, 17. Jefferson brass band. M. T. Brennan Hose, No. 60, Edward Wallott, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 16. This carriage had splendid silver mountings, and also Zephyr Hose Company, No. 61; number of men, 15. When the last company passed in review before the Mayor, the visiting fireman formed into line, and escorted by the companies whose guests they were, marched to their quarters. The festivities closed in an appropriate style. Some of our city companies entertained their guests in the evening with suppers, speeches, toasts, sentiments, and other evidences of that generous hospitality by which the firemen of the Empire City are distinguished. Others amused themselves at the different theatres, the managers of which had given them special invitations. Altogether they had a splendid time, and we have no doubt their visit to New York will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant reminiscences of their lives.

ENGINE 4, KNOWN AS THE PHILADELPHIA STYLE.

This beautiful engine is one known as of the second class and size of the Philadelphia style, originally built by James Smith of this city, in 1849. The cylinders of Engine 4 are eight and a half inches in diameter, with nine inches stroke. She was rebuilt in 1852 by Messrs. Pine and Hartshorn. Her color is white, tastefully striped, and ornamented with several fine paintings, exquisitely finished and beautifully appropriate in design. Her running gear is "Pine's patent;" altogether, this engine is considered a fine specimen of the most popular style of New York engines.

"SEVENTH-WARD BEAUTY"—OCEAN HOSE COMPANY, No. 36.

WHEN one listens to a fireman giving an enthusiastic description of his "machine," it is very difficult to tell half the time whether he is talking about an inanimate thing or his "sweetheart." The Ocean Hose carriage, No. 36, is never called anything else than the "Seventh-Ward Beauty," and her charms are dwelt upon with an intense affection that is usually lavished upon "lovely woman." The "Seventh-Ward Beauty" is really too handsome, some would think, for the rough practical purposes for which "she" is used; but such is not the case, and her appearance at the fire is hailed with delight, for somehow she manages to get a perfect "Niagara" of "Croton" on the conflagration. Her present admirers (company) were organized in March, 1845, Mr. T. B. O'Connor being the first Foreman. The office has been since successively held by Mr. Lawrence Turnure, Mr. John B. Platt, and Mr. Wm. B. Wade, who held the position until the 3d Dec., 1851, when, in consequence of declining health, he was obliged to resign, much to the regret of all; for, such was the esteem in which he was held, that he was by an almost unanimous vote elected to the Presidency of the New York Fire

Department, in Dec., 1856, subsequently having filled the offices of Secretary and Vice-President. Wade, it is conceded, is the "Seventh-Ward Beauty" much of her "popularity in the Department," and his death it occurred at the commencement of the present year, causing regret. His virtues are commemorated in a tablet erected in men's Hall. Mr. Wade was succeeded by Mr. William Hatch, and lastly by Mr. Alonzo Slote, the present incumbent. "Ocean" carriage was built in 1848, and has been in service ever since. She cost the company originally fifteen hundred dollars. The house is located No. 295 Madison street, and is probably the finest in the city.

HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY No. 6.

This fine truck was built in the year 1841, the first built by a and Hartshorn, and for twelve or fifteen years has been in service, and in all that time has done good duty. The neck, and the body is red, with gold wreaths, tips black; her personnel is mounted with all the proper working tools; carries a Foreman John K. Evans. The truck lies in Firemen's

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

One of the prettiest items of the recent Fremont party found it Sandusky, was over 100 girls, in an immense carriage, drawn by a fact, all the The girls were all in white dresses, with blue sashes, and they carrouge he had with the inscription, "of the Tribe of Jesse."

Dr. Kane declined an invitation from the citizens of Providence to partake of a public dinner previous to his departure for Europe, ever thought

Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, estimates that the Yang way, "if past year will not exceed 2,004,682 bales of cotton, or one-third average.

The managers of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum of val, Oct. 14th, for the benefit of the Asylum, at the Academy of M were two distinct series of entertainments,—one in the afternoon, the evening. On both occasions the house was crowded and under the direction of John Brougham, Esq.,—went off satisfactorily.

Mr. George Peabody has accepted an invitation to attend the tion given to him by the members of the Maryland Institute, a The affair will come off during the present month.

A man named McIntire was shot dead in Philadelphia morning, Oct. 13th, during the extinguishing of a fire. Some of comprising a 1 the members of the Shiffler Hose Company, and three Baltimore, supposed to belong to one of the gangs recently engaged tion riots in that city, were arrested.

The arrival of the American schooner Dean Richmond, pool, direct from Chicago, caused a great sensation in the mercant the truth nity, owing to the fact of her having by her successful voyage of trade route from the lakes of the great West, sixteen hundred Quebec, to Europe.

The movement in Land Warrants, as the Fall open active, with an increase of offerings; yet, the market is so unsettled for what tations are liable to change any day. Land offices are now open to buy it, and the West, some of which are in the most valuable land districts.

The following are the Congressional nominations for

Dem.	American.	Repub.	of Covington.
3.—H. Walbridge,	A. C. A. Duganne,	Guy R. F.	Mississippi.
4.—John Kelly,	J. P. Phoenix,	I. W. R.	Answer:
5.—W. B. Maclay,	H. Fred Gould,	Geo. H. A.	
6.—Philip Hamilton,	D. L. Northup,	Thos. B.	
7.—Jno. Cochrane,	Aras G. Williams,	James W.	storming
8.—Elijah Ward,	George Briggs,	John A.	he says is
9.—J. M. Smith, Jr.,	John Mullock,	Shepard Knapp,	Abram Whenever his
10.—Hon. F. Clark,	Shepard Knapp,		

The Richmond Examiner, of October 10th, says that with ten votes, may prevent Fillmore's name getting before the school casting her poll say for D. S. Dickinson.

Within a few weeks past the following churches have been forcibly entered and robbed of carpets and other articles: An Episcop in Hoboken; the Episcopal church at Fort Lee; the Baptist church Reformed Dutch church at New Durham; the Reformed Dutch church in the neighborhood; the Reformed church at Hackensack—and we hear rumor that the Reformed Dutch church at Schraalenberg has shared fate. The horse of the good dominie at the last place has also been for ladies, one of the dominies at Hackensack being awakened by the barking of a grateful arse just in time to save his horse, which was found at the bus-frequent road ready for use.

The Louisville Journal, of October 4th, a Fillmore possessor on a comments upon the filthy attack made by Gov. Wise on Col. Fremont with a man Fremont, however bad or even monstrous his present political position, the country may be, is universally recognized as a gentleman of says it died position, and we presume there is no question as to his chivalry. rying—his head that, after his defeat for the Presidency in November, his brutal will find himself called to a quick reckoning for his brutality.

There have been startling developments in regard to the in it, but of Mr. Huntington, a note broker, of Wall street. The amount is a half a million of dollars, and there may be more yet undiscovered. rying on a tington has not been long in the business, but he appears to have been an X in use of his time. The losses will unfortunately fall upon parties perfect gentlemen bear them, and in this it differs in effect from the great Schuyler saw he ever saw.

The third political gathering in front of the Merchants' entlemen be took place last week, and was addressed by the Hon. Washington H. every crow two thousand persons were present. Shepard Knapp, Esq., president; deduced Gov. Hunt, who was received with many cheers.

The telegraph reports the election, without opposition, helped cook Whitfield as delegate to Congress from Kansas. It should be reced a cooked In the Free State men took no part in the election whatever.

The aggregate transactions of the Clearing House for is always years just closed has been \$18,004,551,373—a very respectable figure. The "fat of a cent's the Clearing House Association was held the 7th October, when the was one of the officers were elected: Thomas Tilton, President of the Phoenix B was Grimaldi Executive Committee: A. E. Gillman, James Punnett, J. L. Evere and yet it was Berry, James T. Soutter.

The Jewish Day of Atonement, last week, was celebr great ceremony by the Hebrew Church. Prayers for the dead we ens of rare priests wearing shrouds at service, and all the people fasting mne, costing From sunset to sunset they neither eat nor drank.

Florida has gone for the Democrats. Pierce carried that of a sheet of a gross by any other 1852 by 1,443 majority.

The greatest gathering of the campaign in Ohio took place into perfect Republic barbecue in Mansfield, October 10. It is thought no 18. This lat- 80,000 people were present. Six large oxen were roasted, but they as are supe accompanying thousands of loaves of bread, chickens, pigs, pieas can com- sweep away before half the processions could reach the ground. The also been thirty-five acres was closely filled, and the greatest enthusiasm pres- dired to open Mr. Choate has been nominated by acclamation for Colow is always the Democracy of the Fourth District of Massachusetts.

Pennsylvania is lost to the Democracy. The Union n ratum with State election will not fall short of, and may exceed, ten thousand known fact gation in the next Congress will probably be composed of seventeen the cause of and eight Buchanan men.

Ohio has declared for the Republicans by about thirty, in the wrong majority. The Democrats have probably elected six of the twenty- occupied and there has of Congress.

The returns from Indiana are indefinite. Both Demos to collect Republican claim to have chosen their candidates. for the evil.

In Charleston, S. C., Congressional district, Mr. Miles (ual and un- has been elected. In the other districts the members of the pres- now in use; has been re-elected. a gentle- say be relied

Since the introduction of deck seats on the Third Avenue description or understand that they have carried with four horses as many as as and ten persons! This is a great saving of sixpences.

One day last week there were lying in New York and a "regular 27 steamers, 156 ships, 110 barks, 133 brigs, and 306 schooners, being discovered by No less than nine forged checks for sums varying fr together down to \$700, were offered at the banks in Boston, Oct. 13, and as, although \$700 was paid, to which the name of C. W. Forbush was forged, and so rich operator in every instance escaped.

The number of mechanics employed at the Navy Yard, ascertained, are of many lry, at the present time, is 1,484.

The office of the Chief of Police was crowded with mothers the day after the Fireman's parade in search of their list had strayed from their homes, attracted by the music of the firen id of the telegraph fifty-two were restored to their homes.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO OUR PAPER.

ENCOURAGED by the past success of our paper, we have arranged a scheme of prizes and rewards for our friends who may hereafter smile upon us, either by their individual subscriptions, or by sending us groups of names organized as "clubs." It is our wish to establish a great

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED PAPER,

and the object is paramount to the accumulation of money. We therefore are willing to return to our subscribers, in the shape of free subscriptions, costly articles of plate, jewelry and pianos, a large percentage of our profits; and as these things are "virtue's rewards," we trust no one will be offended by the novel distribution. For further particulars see our advertising columns.

OUR SUPPLEMENT!!!

We present with this number of our paper a splendid wood engraving of the "Monarch of the Glen." It is apparent at a glance that this is one of the finest works of art of the kind ever got up in this country. The artists who have been engaged on this great work are citizens of New York, and have grown up within the last few years, the encouragement given to wood engraving by our Illustrated paper, by Harper's New Monthly, and other magazines, giving a new and living impulse in this and in all other departments of the fine arts. Our subscribers for the next volume will receive in the course of the year four of those magnificent engravings, which will make a gallery of themselves. A very splendid fellow-picture of the "Monarch of the Glen" is now in course of preparation, and will be presented to our subscribers as soon as completed. We trust the public will give us due credit for our desire to win their good-will, and their more substantial encouragement in the shape of a liberal subscription list.

THE SLAVE SMUGGLERS.

THE above is the title of a new and original story commenced in this number. The scene is laid in the Gulf of Mexico among the haunts of *Lafitte the Pirate*, and cannot fail to create a wide-spread interest. The writer wields a vigorous pen, and describes scenes and events with unusual power.

A larger space than heretofore in our columns will be devoted to fine reading in the form of tales, novelettes, and light essays, all of which will serve to amuse the passing hour, and never offend against morality, or be otherwise than greeted with friendly welcome at our happy firesides.

A NEW STORY FOR OUR NEXT NUMBER.

We beg to inform our readers that Mr. J. F. Smith's new tale, entitled "A Peep Behind the Scenes," will commence in No. 47 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS. The great popularity which has attended Mr. Smith's writings, is evinced by the success of "The Soldier of Fortune," and in a still more remarkable degree by that of "THE LAST OF HIS RACE." We refer our readers to the tale itself, which will be found one of the most thrilling, and at the same time, refined stories ever presented to the American public.

PORTRAITS OF FOURTEEN FIREMEN IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

We intended this week to have given a page of portraits of eminent firemen, including Alfred Carson, Chief Engineer; John R. Platt, Augustus Hurd, William H. Charlock, William C. Lyons, Eugene Ward, Floyd S. Gregg, R. Van Houghten, Abraham L. Brewer, Hugh Curry, (with his pipe,) John H. Forman, Edward Jollie, Pop Fenton and William A. Wood, but from the immense labor attending the production of these portraits, and being determined to give them in the best style, we shall publish them NEXT WEEK, which with the present number will make a most complete history of the triennial parade of the Fire Department, for the first time illustrated, and in this magnificent form given to the public.

We shall also give, among other things, a splendid picture of the Cotton Plant, Alligator Shooting in Louisiana, Portrait of the tyrant, General Santos Guardiola, President of the Republic of Honduras, and his residence, together with numerous scenes connected with the Coronation of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, etc., etc.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 18, 1856.

BRADY AND HIS ART TRIUMPHS.

AMONG our citizens who have, by well-directed enterprise and superior judgment, made themselves honored names throughout the country, no one has more pleasing associations connected with them than M. B. Brady, Esq., so long known as the unrivalled artist in Daguerrean pictures. Under his management, a pursuit originally mechanical has risen to the dignity of the highest art; for he has succeeded in improving his pictures with so many excellencies, all emanating from his mind, that we cannot look upon the fruits of his labors otherwise than as intellectual creations, and feel towards them the same admiration that is elicited when we behold the successful productions of the pen and pencil. Mr. Brady, by the most careful study of his business, in connection with the severest rules of grouping, and the highest attainments of light and shade, has produced pictures which worthily rank as fine compositions, and we could name several that remind us of the style of Rembrandt, Raphael, Corregio, Reynolds, and Lawrence, so perfectly were these great masters disciples of nature, which Brady, with his magical instruments and mental cultivation, permanently reflects in his pictures which are so freely scattered broadcast over the land. Among the many enterprises carried through by Mr. Brady was the establishment of his "National Gallery," which has secured to the living portraits of many of our most distinguished men, which otherwise would have been hopelessly lost. So complete has been the gallery, that the book publishers throughout the Union are indebted to him (though generally unacknowledged) for the portraits which adorn their best publications, and the public find in his mag-

nificent rooms the originals of these pictures, glowing as it were with the impress of life, and we can walk among the Clays and Websters, Everetts and Chaunceys; our statesmen, ministers, clergymen, and authors—whether dead or alive—are before and beside us. Passing these sterner representatives of humanity, we come to the collection of female beauty, where we find all that is lovely and graceful so delicately portrayed, and so spiritually preserved for our admiration. Indeed it can be said of Brady's highest attainments that they tend to confer a species of immortality upon their fair subjects, and will, undoubtedly, give a better idea in the future of the beauties of "our time" than does the pencil of Kneller of the fascinating women who flourished in the reign of the "thoughtless Charles." Our age is really to be distinguished as one of individualities. We have had the natural desire to see the form and face of those we love or hear spoken of, excited by the labors of the Daguerrean art, and to such an extent has this been carried, that no book is now published treating of individuals that is considered perfect unless accompanied with engraved portraits, and for these portraits of our eminent men and distinguished women the world is indebted, in almost every instance, to the foresight and public spirit of Mr. Brady. Our space will not permit us to enlarge upon the many improvements which he has introduced. A visit to his splendid galleries will convince the most superficial observer that he has no rival, and that in *ambrotypes* and *photographic pictures*, which we deem the best of "sun paintings," Mr. Brady has by his acknowledged excellence made their production especially his own, and by his superior knowledge and command of resources has brought these beautiful creations, so far as cost is concerned, within the reach of all. Mr. Brady adds to his accomplishments as an artist the high-toned manner of the gentleman, and in the often delicate associations which cluster round pictures taken as objects of affection, he has displayed the highest sense of honor. No picture has ever been surreptitiously obtained from his collection, and we know from our personal knowledge, that he has refused large sums for copies of pictures which were intrusted to his care, and which the owners or originals desired should not be duplicated. In consideration of the flow of business peculiar to the "fall season," Mr. Brady has completed the most extensive arrangements for carrying on, with unusual excellence, every department of his complicated profession, and while he will produce better pictures than were ever presented to the public, the manner of setting them will be equally remarkable for their elegance and refined taste. Altogether, we consider Mr. Brady has reached a perfection in his pursuits which, a few years ago, would have been chimerical, and that he now is entitled to the highest place in his profession, combining with the most remarkable mechanical and chemical perfection the highest mental qualities, thus deservedly dignifying his productions with the title of—WORKS OF ART.

TRIENNIAL PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THE recollection of this glorious pageant will linger long in the memories of those who participated in or witnessed it. We have hardly finished reading the details of the scenes of regal splendor which marked the coronation of Europe's Autocrat, when we are called upon to chronicle a spectacle to us far more imposing and suggestive. The day was ushered in by a murky atmosphere and the sun "disinclined to shine," until the procession had fairly commenced its march, when old Sol burst forth with noon-day splendor, and continued throughout the day to illuminate the "bright work" of the beautiful machines that flashed back its golden rays. We took up our position early at the corner of Munroe and Jefferson streets, and watched for two hours with intense interest the marching and counter-marching of the different companies, as they formed into line. It needs the pen of the Crimean correspondent of the *Times* to do justice to such a scene, if any language can convey an adequate idea of its brilliancy and beauty. There was none of the gorgeous magnificence that characterized the coronation—no nodding plumes, bright uniforms studded with gems and sparkling with gold and silver, none of the barbaric splendor upon which the populace of Moscow feasted their eyes when Alexander's *cortège* swept out of the Kremlin, but in its place might have been seen a parade far more beautiful than ever greeted the gaze of those who have witnessed the proudest civic or military display of any monarchical country. The heavy, measured tramp of the gallant firemen as they marched to the soul-stirring strains of martial music from scores of bands, the beautiful engines and carriages polished to spotless brightness and tastefully decked with floral wreaths and bouquets, the uniform appearance of their bright red shirts and dark caps, their smiling and exultant faces, and above all the thought of their deeds of manly daring and heroic self-denial, all conspired to create the most intense enthusiasm, and he must be indeed a sluggish whose feelings would not kindle upon such an occasion, or who would fail to catch a spark of inspiration from such a scene. As the marching thousands filed by their popular chief, silently lifting their hats in respectful salutation, we could not but contrast it with the lip-service and mouth-honor of Alexander's serfs, huzzing until their throats were sore, and we could not help envying Mr. Carson this touching mark of attachment which nothing but personal regard could have elicited from his brethren and equals. Here was no compulsion, no motives of policy or expediency, no terrorism—nothing but genuine devotion. As the chief quietly evolved order and arrangement from what was to us a chaos of confusion, and was the recipient of all this unsolicited respect and affection, he must have been a prouder man than the Czar of all the Russias. The march and incidents of the procession we have detailed elsewhere, and in writing abstractly and impersonally of the Department and the New York firemen we feel our total inadequacy to do justice to the theme. So much has been said and written of these men, and in a style of such general adulation, that the public have grown unimpressible, and unjustly receive it as unmerited glorification. Those who sleep snugly in their beds on a stormy December night, while the peal of the alarm-bell calls these men to their duty, should turn out only once and attempt to follow them in their arduous labors. Then they would feel and appreciate, without any flight of fancy or exercise of imagination, that these men indeed brave death, and battle with it as calmly and heroically as Leonidas met him in the pass at Thermopylae. There is a heroism infinitely greater than that of those who mount the frowning bastion or tread the slippery deck. Continually warring with the elements, enduring cold, hunger and fatigue without a murmur, wearing their health and very lives away in their voluntary, unpaid, and unappreciated endeavors to save property and life, they present a most sublime spectacle to the moralist, the philosopher and the philanthropist. In their fierce grappling with danger in every form, without any present emolument or even hope of prospective benefit, they challenge the most profound homage and admiration of the world. Nowhere in this wide universe, in associations, sects or even religionists, can there be found so noble, disinterested and self-sacrificing a body of men. And what is the fireman's reward for all this?

And his reward, you ask? reward he spurns!
For him the father's generous bosom burns,
For him the widow's prayer on high shall go,
For him the orphan's pearly tear drop flow.
His boon—the richest ever to mortals given,
Approving conscience, and the smile of Heaven!

EXEMPT ENGINE AND COMPANY PASSING THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

THIS engine, which forms so prominent an object in our two-page engraving, is located at No. 232 Centre street, and is always ready in case of emergency. She has been in service several times since "the Exempts" have had charge of her, doing good service on each occasion. She was built by Henry Waterman, of Hudson, N. Y., and is now fourteen years old. She is a ten-inch cylinder, without any complicated machinery whatever, and is, without doubt, one of the most powerful engines in the United States, and is the same which defeated the Cincinnati steam fire-engine built for Boston, which was tried in New York City Hall Park about eighteen months since. The Company was organized on the 27th of December, 1834. Its members consist of those persons who have served the regular term in accordance with the law of the State. Upon the organization of the Company there were in rank fifteen ex-assistant engineers, forty-six ex-foremen, twenty-two ex-assistant foremen and many other distinguished members of the Department, forming altogether the most interesting body of firemen in the world. The foreman of the Company, Mr. James L. Miller, commenced his career in the Department as a volunteer thirty years ago, with the old Mechanic Engine No. 28, then located on the ground now occupied by the Firemen's Hall. He afterwards became attached to Engine 24, at the time she was removed from the old Firemen's Hall in Fulton street to the ground adjoining the Eighth Ward Station-house, recently occupied by Engine Company No. 11. Zophar Mills and himself at this time organized a volunteer corps, and were elected its officers. He next organized Hose Company No. 40, and was elected its foreman, from which position he was transferred to the Engineer Board, where he served over seven years, when business engagements compelled him to retire. Mr. Miller represented Hose Company No. 53, in Firemen's Hall, until his retirement from active duties in the Department, and, as might be supposed, is a fit person to command so noble a body of men as the Exempt Firemen of New York.

JOHN S. BELCHER, PRESIDENT OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

MR. BELCHER is prominent with the Fire Department, because of his liberality and popular manners. He joined the Department in 1849, and was soon after elected Secretary, then Vice President, and upon the death of W. D. Wade, was elected President. In the administration of his responsible duties, he is distinguished for his urbanity of manner and impartiality in the performance of his administrative duties.

JOHN S. GILES, TREASURER OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT FUND.

THIS gentleman, so properly distinguished among the honored firemen of New York, is a descendant of Revolutionary sires. For the last twenty-one years he has been connected with the Department. As a member of Hose Company No. 3, when the "Gulick difficulty" occurred, the company was almost broken up, but Mr. Giles finally succeeded in maintaining it intact, and subsequently organized it as the Atlantic Hose Company, No. 14, of which he became Foreman, and thus remained several years. As Treasurer of the Fire Department, he has shown himself a capable financier, and done much to relieve the necessities of the widow and orphan. Every relation of life Mr. Giles has adorned, whether as a private citizen or as a public man—he is, in fact, a son of New York whom all delight to honor.

ZOPHAR MILLS, TRUSTEE OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT FUND.

ZOPHAR MILLS became a member of Eagle Fire Engine Company No. 13 on the 29th of October, 1832. He was elected assistant-foreman in 1834. That year he escaped a sudden death by being buried under a brick wall, when two members of his company were killed and others wounded, at the fire in Pearl street, near Fulton. He was elected Foreman in 1835, and was with the company which rendered important service at the great fire in December of that year. He continued Foreman, except for a short period during the "Gulick War," in 1836, when the whole company resigned, until 1838, when he was elected an engineer, and was re-elected in 1839, '40 and '41. In 1842 he resigned his place on account of business. The same year he was elected a Trustee of the Fire Department Fund, and served as such until 1846, when he was elected Vice-President of the Fire Department. In 1847 he was elected President, and re-elected in 1848, '49, '50, '51, having served five years as President. Declining a further re-election, he retired from the Department, when the following testimonial, beautifully executed on parchment, was unanimously ordered:

At the Annual Meeting of the Representatives of the Fire Department of New York, held December 13, 1852, Henry M. Graham presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the able and impartial manner with which ZOPHAR MILLS, Esq., has presided over the deliberations of this body, and the energy which he has ever displayed in the fulfillment of the duties of the various responsible offices he has held in the Fire Department, eminently entitle him to an enduring manifestation of our appreciation of his worth as a man and his efficiency as an officer.

Resolved, That on his retirement from the office of President of this body, while we bear testimony to the honorable fulfillment of his duties as President, we cordially hail this opportunity of expressing our UNANIMOUS regard and esteem for him in his private and official character.

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed to act with a similar committee from the Board of Trustees of the Fire Department Fund for the purpose of procuring and presenting to him a suitable testimonial of our regard.

CHARLES McDONALD, President.
JOHN J. FINDALL, Secretary.

The Trustees also passed some highly complimentary resolutions.

In August, 1853, the Board of Representatives and Trustees having prepared the testimonial, presented Mr. Mills with a beautiful service of plate, costing nearly one thousand dollars, which was paid for by voluntary subscription. In 1854, at the disastrous fire in Broadway, near Barclay street, he was buried in the ruins by the falling of the building, when ten firemen and others were killed and many wounded, and miraculously escaped with his life. The same year he was again elected as a trustee of the Fire Department Fund, and still continues to fill that office. The interest manifested by him in the welfare of the department now is as strong as it was a quarter of a century since. He is now also Vice President of the Exempt Firemen's Association, and has been connected with it from its commencement, being one of the original founders of it about sixteen years ago. He is also an active member of the Exempt Engine Company, of which he was one of the founders. Energetic, untiring, and persevering, but few men, if any, have labored more earnestly to promote the welfare of the department than the subject of this sketch. He is deservedly one of the most popular men connected with the department. He is a man of rare intelligence and spotless character, and reflects the highest credit upon that department of which he has been so long a most honorable and useful member.

PHILIP W. EWGS, PRESIDENT OF THE EXEMPT ASSOCIATION.

THIS gentleman has perhaps been more closely identified with the New York Fire Department than any other individual. He has written its complete history, which will be published at no distant

day and which will form an invaluable book of reference and information. He has an inexhaustible fund of data and materials concerning facts pertaining to the Department and individuals connected therewith for two centuries, and we regret that the pressure upon our columns prevents us from devoting so much space to them as we could desire. No man living has these things so completely at his tongue and his fingers' ends as Mr. Engs. In our biographical sketch of him, (as of all the rest,) we are compelled to be provokingly brief. He became a member of Engine Co. No. 21 in 1809, was Foreman of that company for several years, and was appointed Engineer about 1821, and served until 1832, making a term of twenty-three years. During that time he officiated at different terms as President, Vice-President and Secretary of the Fire Department, and was a Trustee for nine years or more, acting as their Secretary. He was many years a representative, and engaged in whatever pertained to the interest of the Department. The law exempting firemen, after a certain time, was got up by him, in connection with Joseph Curtis, David J. Hubbs, and Benjamin Demilt, (all deceased,) against strong opposition in our Common Council. The introduction of water into our city from the Thirteenth street reservoir for extinguishing fires, had its origin with him as a member of the Corporation, and he saw, in connection with others, the whole plan carried out with great success, and this miniature scheme it was that gave the required impulse to the acceptance of the grand Croton plan. Mr. Engs has been long a member of the Exempt Association, and was for some years past and is at this time President of that body, whom he has occasionally instructed and entertained with sketches of the history of the Fire Department from the year 1665 onwards, gathered from records and otherwise, detailing many very interesting facts. His interest in Fire Department affairs is unabated, and as his season of activity as a member is passed, he dearly loves to "fight his battles o'er again." His attachment to the interests of the firemen of this city will only cease with life, which as it declines finds his path made easier by the reflection that he has been enabled in no small degree to contribute to the welfare of that unexampled charity, the Fire Department proper.

EDWARD BROWN, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF FIRE COMMISSIONERS.

Was a member of the board upon its original organization, and was elected President upon the resignation of Charles McDougal. He is esteemed for his impartial conduct and just decisions as presiding officer of this important organization. We should here remark that the Board of Fire Commissioners is admitted to be one of the most useful things ever originated for the efficiency of the Fire Department.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

ALFRED CARSON, CHIEF ENGINEER.

MR. CARSON became first known to the firemen of New York more than a quarter of a century ago as member of the old Knickerbocker Company No. 12, of which he was for many years a popular officer; he was then elected to the board of Assistant Engineers, and was finally, not without considerable opposition, placed in the responsible office of Chief Engineer. At the great fire at which the Park Theatre was consumed, he first acted as Chief. He was re-elected to his present term with scarcely any opposition, so popular had he made himself in the administration of his difficult duties. Mr. Carson is a man of indomitable perseverance and sterling integrity, and is allowed to be one of the most successful and energetic chiefs New York ever had; he is emphatically, "one of the firemen,"—fearless in the expression of his opinions—and down without qualification upon all persons who merely join the Department for political purposes, and has consequently ever fought with most determined will against any encroachments upon his rights, and that of the Fire Department, by professed politicians, and to his efforts, aided by many others of the same determination, are due the thanks of the Department for ridding it of the possibility of being used for improper and ulterior purposes. Although not without his enemies, they are forced to acknowledge that at every fire he justifies the praise, and forces the acknowledgment, that he is quick, active and watchful, careful and steady—as an officer prompt and faithful—as a citizen above reproach.

JOHN R. PLATT, foreman of 28 Engine, formerly foreman of 36 Hose, is a wealthy down-town merchant, (large glass house in Murray street,) and one of the most perfect gentlemen connected with the Department. He is one of the organizers of his company, and as good a fireman as there is in this city. He is one of the *élite* of the Department, and the "boys" all declare that he is a "tip-topper" in every way.

AUGUSTUS HURD—invariably called "Gus Hurd"—of 28 Hose, enjoys the merited reputation of being a mental as well as physical fireman. He is a good writer, and his facile and polished pen has furnished some of the very best and most vigorous articles which have ever appeared in defence of his own party when there was a schism and newspaper controversy in the Department. These feuds, we may mention incidentally, are now happily settled, and we trust that he may never again have occasion to lay down the pipe to resume the pen in similar contests. He is very well known, especially among the down-towners, as an ardent and enthusiastic fireman, who devotes a great deal of time and spends considerable money to further the interests of the Department. He does this last with a quiet unostentation, and is one of those very few men who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

WM. H. CHARLOCK, ex-foreman of 19 Engine, is a good and tried fireman, always on hand when the alarm-bell calls to duty, being among the first to come and the last to leave. Like all men of modest merit, he is quiet and unassuming, though among the most active and energetic, and he has a most generous heart. He is ever found where the fire rages the fiercest, and is, in short, a good type of the noble men composing the New York Fire Department.

WILLIAM C. LYONS, for many years foreman of 5 Engine, is an old fireman, and very popular in the Seventh and Eighth districts, where he belongs. He is a real worker, and one of the very best men in or out of the Department in the city of New York.

EUGENE WARD, commonly called "Ony Ward," is an honorary member of 29 Engine, of which he was formerly foreman. The company ranks A 1, and was always full during his administration, as it has ever been since. We labor under the same difficulty in writing of him that we experience with the rest, to avoid repetition of the same characteristics that would apply equally well to all. "Ony Ward" is a capital clever fellow and a good fireman.

FLOYD S. GREGG, familiarly known by the sobriquet of "Old Trap Door," is an old Exempt and assistant foreman of the Exempt Company. He is a sort of *sui generis*, a genuine original character that is worth studying. He received his somewhat singular appellation from the following circumstance. There is a State law, got up by the firemen, compelling our city merchants to have a covering made to the hatchways of all their stores and to keep them closed at night—for the double reason that firemen might fall through and that the open hatchways would serve as a sort of flue, chimney or draft for the flames to sweep through. "Old Trap Door" was a Fire

Warden, and very energetic in the matter, compelling fifteen hundred merchants in the lower part of the city (his own section only) to comply with the requirements of this law in about six weeks after its passage. He is also a most capital fireman, and a great man with the pipe or on the brakes.

R. VAN HOUGHTEN, assistant-foreman of 50 Engine, one of the most active and efficient companies in the Third and Fourth districts, is a young man, but very energetic and popular in his district. He possesses prompt decision, calm but fixed determination, good judgment, and is bound to become one of the most prominent men in the Fire Department, if opportunities offer in his district for eminent services. He was unanimously re-elected to his present office at the last election.

ABRAHAM L. BREWER, of 19 Hose, formerly foreman of 24 Hose and 3 Engine, is said by his comrades to have the largest heart of any man in New York. He is immensely popular, as may be judged by the fact that he was elected foreman of 3 Engine the very night his name was proposed for membership. He is active as a cat, and has the reputation of being one of the *quickest* men in the Department.

HUGH CUREY, (with his pipe) of 35 Hose, is a man of daring intrepidity and praiseworthy ambition, and at the burning of the Lafarge Hotel, on a cold inclement winter's night, *held on to the pipe until the nozzle melted!* This is attested by "innumerable witnesses." He is known throughout the city as the great pipe man *par excellence*. He appears to be a regular Salamander, and it is said that he can stand more fire than any man living. His most daring comrades have to fall back a few paces when he holds the pipe. He is very venturesome, and always on hand night or day, rain or shine, summer or winter. When he was foreman of 35 Hose he could do duty at the early stage of a fire with a smaller complement of men than ever ran with a carriage. He has often been known to get it out alone, hitch it to some passing cart and be the very first on the ground. Hugh Curry, with his pipe, is a regular "P. B." in the estimation of all his comrades.

JOHN H. FORMAN, known everywhere by the appellation of "Black Jack," of Hook and Ladder No. 9, has a most eventful history in the Department. He was formerly a member and officer in several different companies and then elected Assistant-Engineer. He was at this time bell-ringer of Twenty-second street tower. By reason of opposition from one of the officials (with whom he was not on pleasant personal relations) who contended that he could not be bell-ringer and assistant-engineer at the same time, he resigned the latter office and still retains the former position. He organized Hook and Ladder No. 9, of which company Wm. Tappan is now the efficient foreman. Mr. T. has been connected with the Fire Department since 1830. Mr. Forman has been a fireman for fifteen years, and a most capital fireman he is too, none being more active and energetic. He "had rather run to a fire than eat a meal of victuals." He always "stands up to the rack," and without neglecting any home duty (in his tower) is always ready to serve all others. He is a man of great physique and strong powers of endurance. He is indeed a tower-ing fireman.

EDWARD JOLLIE, of 41 Hose, invariably called "Ed. Jollie," is a good fireman who comes of good stock. His father before him was an excellent fireman, and he is a most worthy son of a noble sire. He is now clerk in the Chief's office, and from his official position has been the recipient of much unmerited abuse, which he lives down by active service and an upright life. Judging of "Ed's" future by his past he gives great promise of future excellence. He is also a man of great intelligence, and possesses many amiable traits of character that endear him to his companions. Such men grace and adorn the Department, and we are happy to know that it abounds with many "Jollie" spirits.

POP FENTON, "the veteran bell-ringer" of the Marion street tower, is one of the oldest men in the city connected in any way with the Department. For many years he was member and foreman of "old 36 Engine," and always jealous of its honor and position. Although past four-score his mental and physical faculties retain much of their pristine vigor. He is somewhat inclined to be pugnacious, and is even now ready to fight or run a foot race with any "youngster" who doubts his prowess, trenches upon his rights or refuses to pay a proper respect to his gray hairs and meritorious services. He is an "old salt," a hardy son of Neptune, who has traversed every ocean and been all over the world. His life, both in and out of the Department, has been most eventful, and he amuses and edifies his comrades "spinning yarns" by the hour. He is looked upon as a venerable Nestor by all the firemen, and not to know "Pop Fenton" argues oneself unknown in the New York Fire Department.

WILLIAM A. WOOD, at present member of 3 Engine, has done no inconsiderable duty as a fireman. While a mere youth he was attached to 27 Engine, as long ago as when Jimmy Douglass was foreman. At the age of 18 he went South, and wore a white front for two years in one of the principal Southern cities, and for six years previous to returning North was Chief of one of the best organized and most efficient Departments South. A more discreet, gentlemanly, and courteous member the New York Department cannot boast. We know Mr. Wood intimately, and can speak advisedly in all we say of him. When in command he is cool, decided and prompt. He is the man of all others we have ever known that we would choose to lead a forlorn hope. Mr. Wood, like all men of true merit, is not presuming, and would rather shrink from notoriety than court it. He is one of "the craft," and we hope printers and firemen and all good citizens whose motto is "honest men and low taxes" and who desire to see the city government honestly and efficiently administered, will please bear in mind that he is a candidate for Councilman in the Twenty-first District, (Ninth Ward.) His character is beyond reproach and without blemish, and his well-known honesty is a guarantee of the fidelity with which he will fulfil the duty intrusted to him. Along with his unwavering integrity, he is possessed of manly independence which would spurn a mean action, and favored with a quick, keen penetration, which sees at a glance the weakness of others, as well as their corrupt tendencies. He is distinguished in private life for the suavity of his manners and unassuming demeanor, while his eloquence and forcible power of expression will make him a terror to the evil-doers with whom he may be associated in office.

Group of fourteen firemen, whose portraits will appear in our next issue, omitted from the impossibility of having it properly engraved for this number.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

ABOUT ten o'clock the various companies from abroad, which had come to the city for the purpose of participating in the festivities of the day, were escorted from their quarters to position in the line. Soon after the city companies, with their engines elegantly decorated, and accompanied by bands of music, marched toward the eastern section of the city and took their respective stations in line. The visiting companies, Association of Exempt Firemen and Exempt Engine Company, composing the first division, formed in Monroe street, the right resting on Market street; the company from the greatest distance taking the extreme right. The other divisions formed in Madison street, Henry street and East Broadway. Eleven o'clock was the hour fixed for the column to move, but it was noon

before the band at the extreme right announced that the movement had commenced. The line four abreast, countermarched up Monroe street, through Gouverneur, down Madison and Henry streets and East Broadway, through Grand street to the Bowery; thence up the Bowery and Third Avenue through Twenty-third street to the Eighth Avenue; down Eighth Avenue and Bleecker street to Broadway; and down Broadway to the Park, being dismissed as they passed out of the eastern gate.

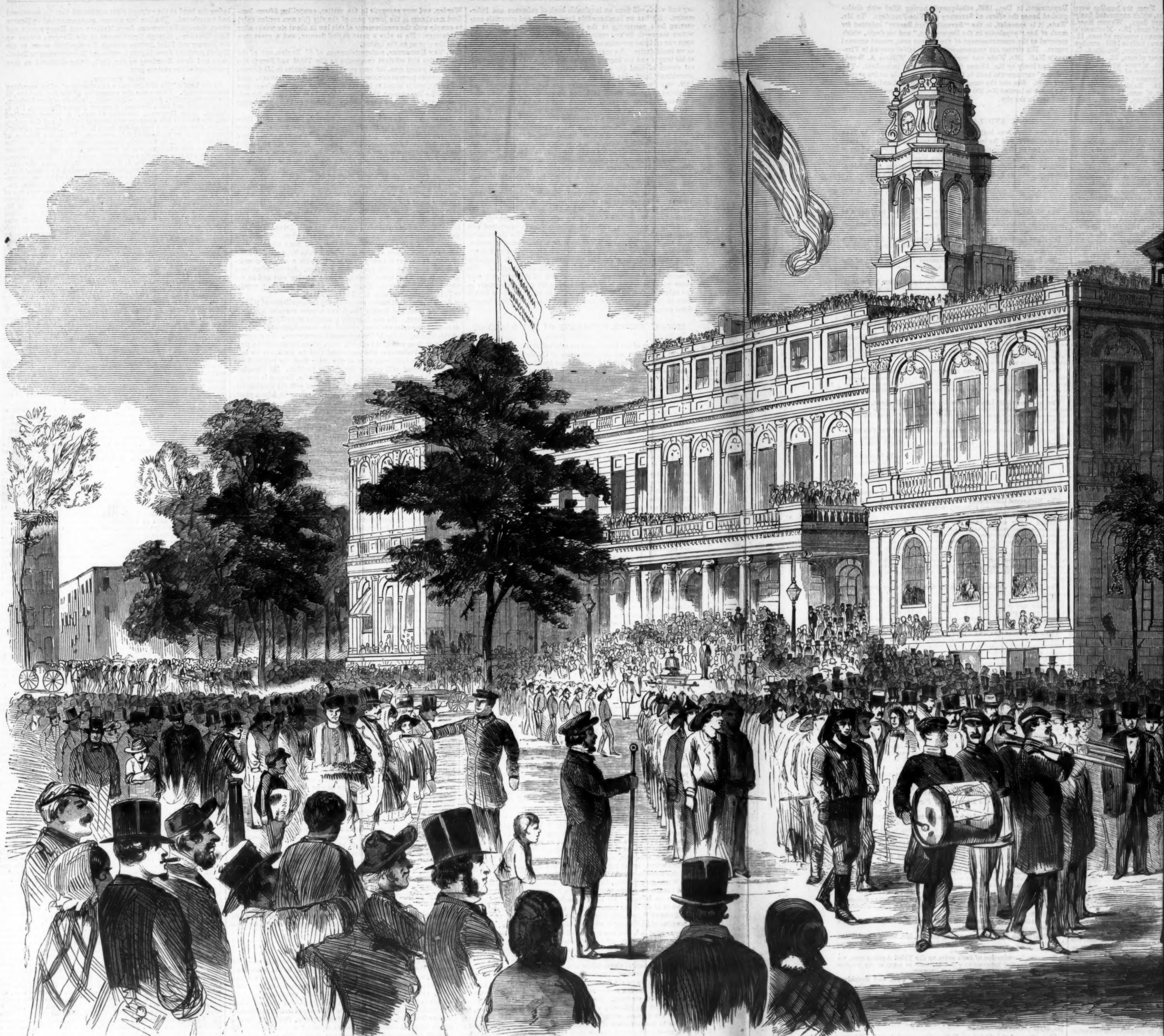
FIRST DIVISION.

At the head of this division was a detachment of police, marching twelve abreast. Then came the companies of the first division, in the following order: Assistant-Engineers, Marshals of First Division, John Baulch and John Decker. Cataract Engine Company, No. 4, Boston. John Demerell, foreman; 40 men. A banner inscribed with the name of this company was borne at its head, and the engine, named Hamilton, was one of the finest in the procession. Bond's band marched at the head of this company. Wolverine Engine, of Detroit, No. 3, E. S. Sherlock, foreman; number of men, 40. The engine of this company was of the piano form, and was without ornament, except a neatly constructed model of an Indian canoe. Taylor Hose Company, No. 1, Buffalo, T. T. Bloomer, foreman; number of men, 25. This company was preceded by Pumps' band, of Easton, Pa., and the engine was gaily decorated with flags, streamers and flowers. Humane Hose Company, No. 1, of Easton, Pa., George Finley, foreman. The carriage of this company was one of the finest in the procession, and cost over \$3,000. The facings were of massive silver. The members of the company, numbering 36, were dressed in the style of Philadelphia firemen, patent leather hats, patent leather capes, and black pants. Washington Engine Company, of Charlestown, Mass., 50 men, present a fine appearance, and were remarked for their gallant bearing. Putnam Engine Company, No. 2, of Port Chester, N.Y., 50 men. Engine handsomely decorated with flags and streamers. Rippowa Engine, No. 1, of Stamford, Connecticut, Lorenzo Meeker, foreman; number of men, 60. Accompanied by the Stamford band. The engine was decorated with flowers, and was surmounted by a boy about nine years old, dressed in firemen's costume. Hoboken Engine, No. 1, of Hoboken, C. Chamberlin, foreman; 30 men. Tastefully set off with wreaths and parti-colored ribbons. Washington Engine, No. 1, of Port Richmond, S. L. J. B. Pollock, foreman; 34 men, dressed in blue shirts. Engine handsomely decorated with wreaths of flowers. Griswold's band. American Engine, No. 8, of Williamsburg, S. Iveson, foreman; 47 men. Engine neatly decorated. Americus Engine, No. 8, of Newark, T. W. Dawson; 40 men. Engine decorated with one gigantic bouquet. Lady Washington Engine, No. 1, of Morrisania, Alex. Kemble, foreman; 34 men. Engine decorated with flowers. Pacific Engine, No. 8, of Williamsburg, S. Neale, foreman; 70 men. Engine decorated with flowers. Continental Bucket Company, of Williamsburg, James Elkins, foreman; 40 men. This company had a neatly constructed cart, on which were some forty or fifty fire buckets, each of which had a painting representing the arms of one of the States of the Union. Clinton Hook and Ladder, No. 1, of Mount Vernon, Drake P. Todd, foreman; 32 men. No expense was spared in the decorations of the truck of this company. Atlantic Engine, No. 13, of Brooklyn, G. A. Thomson, foreman; 74 men. The decorations on this machine were got up in the most artistic style. There were flowers and wreaths in the greatest profusion. Liberty Engine, No. 1, of Jersey City, John Perrine, foreman; 60 men. The engine was surmounted by a gilt eagle, and was decorated with great taste. Port Richmond Engine Company, No. 3, James Larkin, foreman; 44 men. The machine of this company was set off profusely with wreaths of flowers, flags and streamers. Pacific Engine, No. 14, of Brooklyn, H. K. Legget, foreman; 89 men. This company had an engine of the most splendid workmanship. Exempt Firemen's Association. After the visiting firemen enumerated above, came the Exempt Firemen's Association of Brooklyn, numbering 97 members. The veterans of this body were in carriages and the younger members on foot. They had with them the celebrated British fire engine, called "Blackfriar," which was captured during the last war with Great Britain, at a place called Little York, (now Toronto,) by Robert H. Nichols, on the 13th of October. It was decidedly the greatest curiosity in the whole procession, and although, in appearance and beauty of make, far behind the splendid machines we have noticed, it was the more valuable from its historical associations and the fact of its being one of the trophies of the war of 1812. It is, we understand, kept by the United States government in the Navy Yard, and was taken from the engine house for this occasion only. At the head of that portion of the exempt firemen by whom it was drawn, was Mayor Hall, of Brooklyn. Mr. Nichols, by whom the engine was captured, informed us that he was sixty-six years old, and we hope he may live to witness, if he does not participate in, forty more annual parades. He enjoys perfect health. On the engine was the following inscription: Blackfriar Engine, captured at Little York, near Toronto, by Robert H. Nichols, Oct. 13, 1813, during the last war with Great Britain. Tompkins' Waterbury band headed this association. After the Exempt Firemen of Brooklyn, came those of New York, wearing badges and in citizens' dress. At their head was carried a silk banner, inscribed as follows: "Exempt Firemen of New York." An appropriate design, representing hooks, ladders and fire caps, was painted on this banner. The company of Exempt Firemen numbered 60 men, and was headed by their foreman, James M. Miller. They were accompanied by the Volunteer brass band. The Exempt Firemen's company, which must not be confounded with the Association, had their engine with them. This was one of the largest and finest machines in the procession, and was tastefully decorated. On it was a pretty little fellow, about four years old, dressed in the costume of the department. We suppose he is one of the exempts. William Henry Steele is his name, and his father may be proud of him.

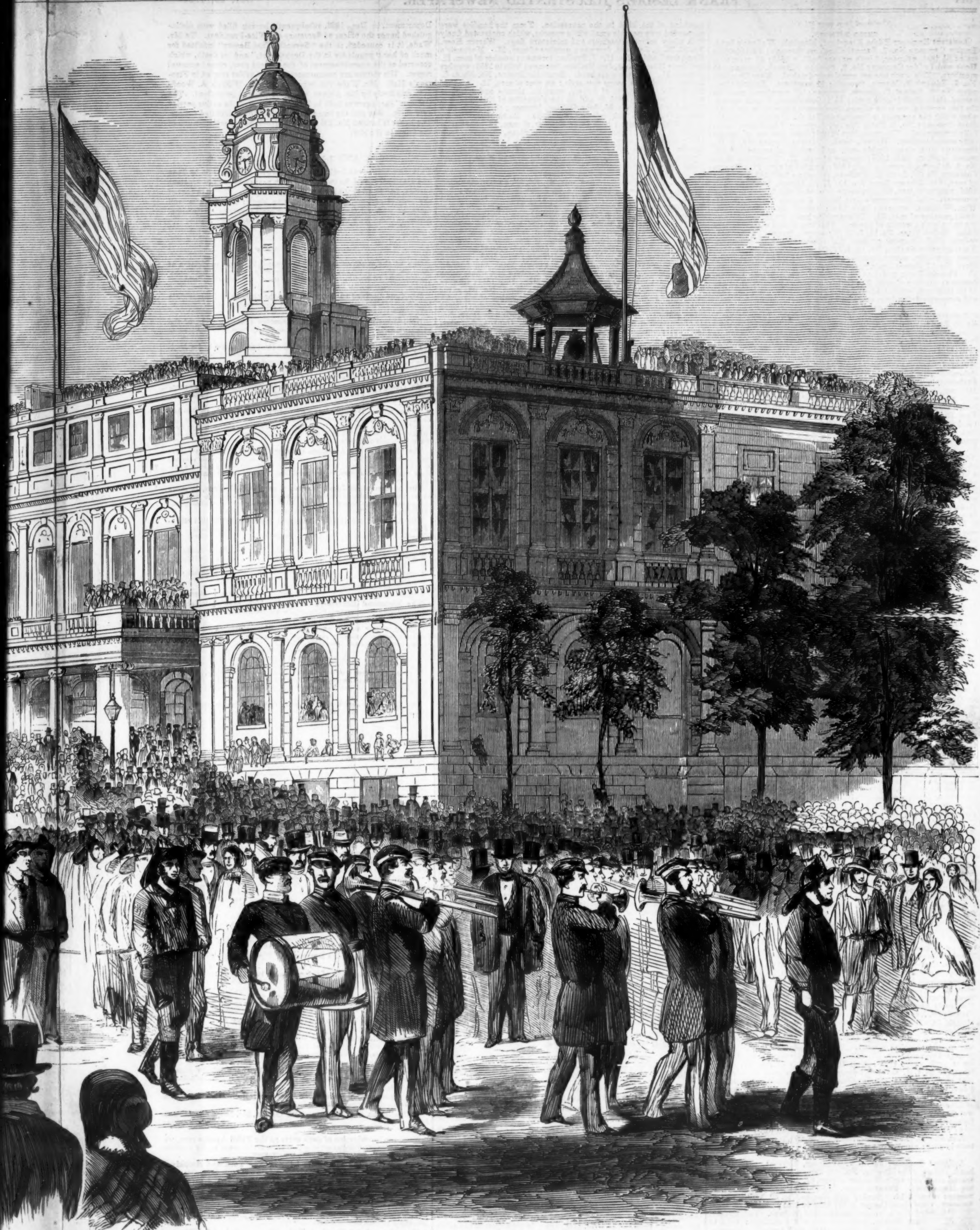
SECOND DIVISION.

The Marshal leading this division was the assistant-engineer, Mr. Peter U. Cornell. First in order was Engine Company No. 18, David Kerr, foreman; preceded by the Fort Hamilton band. This company was intrusted with the charge of the magnificent banner which was presented to the Fire Department in 1842, and bore the following inscription: "Presented to the New York Fire Department, October 18, 1842." The occasion on which it was presented was the celebration of the completion of the Croton Water Works. Grand Marshal. Chief Engineer, Alfred Carson. Officers and Trustees of the Fire Department. Officers: Philip W. Engs, President; Zophar Mills, first Vice President; Adolphus Ockershausen, Recording Secretary; Francis Hagadorn, Secretary; Joseph M. Price, Treasurer; David Theall, Sergeant-at-Arms. Fire Commissioners: Chas. McDougall, Benj. Cartwright, Wm. A. Freeborn, Ed. Brown, Wm. Wright, Wm. M. Randall. Trustees: James Fryer, Alb. J. Delatour. Hudson Engine Company No. 1, John B. Lambertson, foreman; second class, piano style, 8 inch cylinders, 9 inch stroke; number of men, 25; decorated with bouquets and streamers. Eagle Hose Company No. 1, built in 1853; W. Smith, foreman; number of men, 41; flowers, wreaths and streamers composed the decorations. Excelsior Engine Company No. 2, J. W. Knevels, foreman; built in 1852; second class, Philadelphia style, 8 1/2 inch cylinders, 9 inch stroke; number of men, 37. This engine was gorgeously decorated. Knickerbocker Hose Company No. 2, Morris Stack, foreman; number of men, 18. Turt's band. Metamora Engine Company No. 3, E. McGrath, foreman; third class, Carson style, 6 1/2 inch cylinder, 9 inch stroke; number of men, 39; decorated with wreaths of flowers. Mutual Hook and Ladder No. 1, W. S. Aims, foreman; built in 1851; number of men, 15. Independence Hose Company No. 3, C. W. Mooney, foreman; built in 1855; number of men, 17; flowers and wreaths formed the decorations on the hose cart. Niagara Engine Company No. 4, C. K. Hyde, foreman; second class, Philadelphia style; built in 1849, rebuilt 1852; number of men, 34; flags and streamers waved from the machine. Marion Hose Company No. 4, R. V. Mackey, foreman; built in 1855; number of men, 26. Band of the United States receiving ship North Carolina. Protection Engine Company, No. 5; W. C. Lyons, foreman; third class, New York style; built 1852; number of men, 31; decorated with wreaths. On top of the machine was a very beautifully executed model of a fire engine. New York Hose, No. 5; Wm. H. Colwell, foreman; built 1849, rebuilt 1852; number of men, 21. Set off with wreaths. Americus Engine, No. 6, R. Kummeria, foreman; second class, Philadelphia style; built 1845; number of men, 60. This engine is known as the Shanghai style. It was neatly decorated. Croton Hose, No. 6, T. G. Sowaroy, foreman; built 1852; number of men, 21. The cart was ornamented with much taste.

(Continued on page 314.)



TRIENNIAL PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT, MONDAY, OCT. 19, 1856.—THE EXEMPT ENGINE ENTERING THE PARK, THE PROCESSION BEING REVIEWED BY THE MAYOR AND



THE EXEMPT ENGINE ENTERING THE PARK, THE PROCESSION BEING REVIEWED BY THE MAYOR AND COMMON COUNCIL.

(Continued from page 311.)

THIRD DIVISION.

Assistant Engineer Eliha Kingland, Marshal. Wallace's band. Engine Company No. 7, Samuel Cheshire, foreman; Philadelphia style; 84 inch cylinder, 9 inch stroke; built in 1849; 41 members. Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, Stephen Mitchell, foreman; 40 members. This truck was not completely finished. Hose Company No. 7, Edward P. Morris, foreman; 21 members. Engine Company No. 8, Robert C. Brown, foreman; 50 members; machine second class, Philadelphia style; 84 inch cylinder, 9 inch stroke. On this engine there is an admirably executed figure of an elephant, after which the company is familiarly called the Elephant Company. Hose Company No. 8, David McGie, foreman; 7 members; tastefully ornamented. The mountings of this hose cart are of beautifully wrought silver. Heller's band. Marion Engine No. 9, W. Gorman; first class, double end, end brakes, alternate motion, patent capstan; built 1855; number of men, 31. Columbian Hose No. 9, J. Lyons, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 21. Engine Company No. 10, John H. Hoffman, foreman; built 1853; number of men, 20. Liberty Hose No. 10, J. H. Linnes, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 30; gorgeously decorated with flowers, wreaths, streamers, etc. Robertson's first band. Oceanus Engine, No. 11, Wm. Williams, foreman; built 1853; second class, Philadelphia style; number of men, 38. This machine had a stuffed eagle, bearing in its beak a wreath of flowers. This was decked with miniature flags. Gulick Hose, No. 11, J. H. Westervelt, foreman; built 1846; re-built 1852; number of men, 20. Decorated with streamers. Knickerbocker Engine, No. 12, J. W. Cooper, foreman; third class, piano, new style, patent capstan; number of men, 14. Washington Hose, No. 12, James Graham, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 15. Phoenix Hook and Ladder Company, No. 3, W. E. Berrian, foreman; number of men, 23. This company was preceded by five of its members, bearing axes in their hands. This truck had flags and streamers flying from every part of it.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Assistant Engineer, Wm. T. Marobey, Marshal. Turner's band. Eagle Engine, No. 13, J. Donelson, foreman; built 1850; third class, Carson style; number of men, 16. This hose cart was got up in splendid style. Jackson Hose, No. 13, Andrew Slower, foreman; built 1854; number of men, 16. Atlantic Hose, No. 14, J. R. Mount, foreman; number of men, 20. Engine Company No. 15, J. Millward, foreman; number of men, 35. Dodworth's band. Engine Columbian, No. 14, J. Forsyth, foreman; built 1847; second class, Philadelphia style; 56 members. Fulton Hose, No. 15, Daniel McLaren, foreman; built 1853; number of men, 25. Ornamented with a plume. Tompkins Hose, No. 16, John Mastra, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 24. Decorated with stars and stripes. East River Engine, No. 17, John Gunson, foreman; built 1852; third class, Carson style; number of men, 24. Had the national flag. Albany band. Gotham Engine, No. 16, Edward Biddle, foreman; built 1847; second class, Philadelphia style; number of men, 35. This is the first engine of the Philadelphia style ever built in New York. It was profusely decorated with flowers and parti-colored ribbons; but the most attractive ornament which it boasted was a little boy, named John Salter, who was dressed in fireman's costume. This, we understand, is his first appearance in public; and if he is as favorably received on every future occasion, he stands a good chance of becoming President one of these fine days. Clinton Hose, No. 17, L. Dalton, foreman; built 1853; number of men, 15. Decorated with streamers. Eagle Hook and Ladder Company, No. 4, T. W. Wildney, foreman; built 1852; number of men, 35. This company gave three cheers for Mayor Wood as they passed in review before him. Franklin Hose, No. 18, Edward Broofey, foreman; built 1850; number of men, 19.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Assistant Engineer, Noah L. Farnham, Marshal. Robertson's second band. Lafayette Engine, No. 19, John Sloy, foreman; built 1852; second class, Philadelphia style; number of men, 31. American Hose Company, No. 19, S. B. Thompson, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 25. Washington Engine, No. 20, William Hackett, foreman; crane neck piano style; number of men, 40. Ornamented with wreaths. Humane Hose, No. 20, J. A. Simson, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 25. The decorations on this hose were made up of flowers and parti-colored ribbons. Washington brass band. Fulton Engine, No. 21, James Leonard, foreman; built 1851; second class, Philadelphia style; number of men, 37. There was an exempt fireman, about four years old, seated on the top of this engine. He was dressed in the costume of the department, and looked as dignified as if he had the whole company under his command and the procession were got up for his gratification. Long live the juvenile exempt fireman. The name of this distinguished member of the department is Master John S. Ryan. Hudson Hose, No. 21, built 1853; J. Long, foreman; number of men, 18. Protector Engine Company, No. 22, C. N. Johnson, foreman; second class. Nearly destroyed by fire in May last. Number of men, 40. Phoenix Hose, No. 22, R. N. Taylor, foreman; built 1849; number of men, 21. John M. Goldsmith, another youthful fireman, sat upon the top of this machine with all the majesty of a king upon his throne, and looked around on the admiring thousands as if they were his liege subjects. If he don't be Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, or at least President of the United States, there is no appreciation of true merit in the country. Newark brass band. Jackson Engine, No. 24, William Mitchell, foreman; second class, piano new style; number of men, 40. Union Hook and Ladder, No. 5, P. Maun, foreman; built 1832; number of men, 22. Decorated with plumes and wreaths. Perry Hose Company, No. 23, B. C. King, foreman; built 1849; number of men, 11. Ornamented with plumes and the American flag. United States Engine Company, No. 23, W. H. Johnson, foreman; first class, end brakes; patent capstan; built 1853; number of men, 23. Decorated with wreaths. National Hose Company, No. 24, Samuel Burhans, foreman; built 1854; number of men, 25. Master John Creighton, a representative of Young America, was seated on this hose cart. He was dressed in the prevailing costume, and was a manly looking little fellow. He was decidedly "The Child of the Company."

SIXTH DIVISION.

Assistant Engineer Timothy L. West, Marshall. Adkins' band. Cataract Engine Company, No. 25, Wm. Lamb, foreman; second class, piano style; built 1851; number of men, 21. This engine had a buck's head in front of it, each antler set off with a cockade. United States Hose Company, No. 25, C. P. Kellogg, foreman; number of men, 25. This company gave three cheers for Mayor Wood while passing before him. Jefferson Engine Company, No. 26, Wm. Jackson, foreman; third class, piano style; built 1853; number of men, 40. Rutgers Hose Company, No. 26, P. J. Cowan, foreman; built 1854, 33 members. A full-blooded rooster, stuffed, occupied the highest point on this carriage. He was of the Shanghai breed, spurred, and, altogether, was quite a warlike looking biped. Flockton's band. Fort Washington Engine Company, No. 27, Sheppard F. Knapp, foreman; third class, new piano style; number of men, 24. Bouquets, wreaths and parti-colored ribbons made up the ornaments of this machine. Neptune Hose Company, No. 27, John Sawyer, foreman; built 1849; number of men, 11. This hose was in an unfinished condition, but was neatly decorated. Pacific Engine Company, No. 28, John F. Platte, foreman; third class, crane neck, piano style; built 1854; number of men, 27. Pearl Hose, No. 28, I. G. Sweeney, foreman; number of men, 21. Hackensack band. Guardian Engine Company, No. 29, E. Bates, foreman; second class piano, Carson style; built in 1854; number of men, 67. On this engine was a female figure intended to represent the Genius of Liberty, with the inseparable bonnet rouge. Metamora Hose, No. 29, R. Nelson, foreman; built in 1849; number of men, 13. Lafayette Hook and Ladder Company, No. 6, J. R. Evans, foreman; built 1851; number of men, 24. Beautifully decorated with streamers. Laurel Hose, No. 30, J. F. Williams, Jr., foreman; built in 1849; number of men, 24.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Assistant Engineer James F. Wenman, Marshal. Manahan's band. Black Joke Engine, No. 33, James Masterson, foreman; second class, new style; number of men, 37. This company cheered the Mayor also. Putnam Hose, No. 31, Thomas Sullivan, foreman; number of men, 12. Bunker Hill Engine, No. 32, William Fish, foreman; third class, Carson style; built in 1851; number of men, 24. Decorated with plumes of parti-colored feathers. Index Hose, No. 32, William Hulvin, foreman; two wheel carriage; built in 1846; number of men, 16. Ornamented with banners, streamers and wreath. Henwick's cornet band. Howard Engine, No. 34, C. Miller, foreman; second class; crane neck, piano style; number of men, 20. The style in which this engine was embellished exceeded

anything of the kind in the procession. From the handles were suspended innumerable small white wreaths, which contrasted finely with many colored streamers and miniature flags. Warren Hose, No. 33, R. A. Johnson, foreman; number of men, 16. Mechanic's Hook and Ladder, No. 17, J. Prefett, foreman; number of men, 12. Lafayette Hose, No. 34, Jas. McCabe, foreman; built in 1856; number of men, 25. Bloomingdale band. Equitable Engine, No. 36, A. C. Lester; third class, piano new style; number of men, 12. All that the combined beauties of flowers, wreaths, plumes and bouquets could do was employed to add to the attraction of this machine. Columbus Engine, No. 35, John Gillilan, foreman; third class, Carson style; built in 1842; number of men, 23. Baltic Hose, No. 35, E. P. White, foreman; built 1854; number of men, 18. Stewart's Brooklyn band. Ocean Hose, No. 36, L. Sloap, foreman; built 1854; number of men, 29. Empire Hook and Ladder, No. 3, F. Berrien, foreman; built in 1851; number of men, 24. Tradesmen's Engine, No. 37, T. T. Lourtier, foreman; second class, Carson piano style; number of men, 16. Festooned with flowers.

EIGHTH DIVISION.

The Marshal of this division was Mr. Ed. W. Jacobs, Assistant Engineer. Southwark Engine, No. 38, Julian Botts, foreman; first class, Philadelphia style; built 1842. This company was headed by Middletown brass band, and numbered 89 men. The usual number of men allowed by the Department is sixty, but the additional twenty men were those whose term of service had expired. Their engine was presented by different insurance companies, and has been running fourteen years. It was drawn by three of Adams & Co.'s magnificent horses, and attracted unusual attention. Madison Hose, No. 37, R. McKeown, foreman; built 1849; adorned with flags; number of men, 13. Narragansett Hook and Ladder, No. 10; having two pillars of flowers and a young boy, whose name we could not ascertain. G. Connor, foreman; built 1848; number of men, 21. National Guard band. Amity Hose, No. 38, silver mounted; J. Ostrom, foreman; built 1851, number of men, 25. Franklin Engine, No. 39; Alexander Spaulding, foreman; third class, piano style. Number of men, 32. Metropolitan Hose, No. 30, decorated with stars and stripes. C. E. Gannon, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 14. Lady Washington Engine Company, No. 40; William Mehan, foreman; third class, New York style. This company paraded with their new engine, which they received from the Corporation. It is a beautiful piece of mechanism. Paterson band. Empire Hose, No. 40; S. V. W. Jones, foreman; built 1851; number of men, 21. Clinton Engine, No. 41, having a buck's head and decorations. A. Halley, foreman; second class, piano, Carson style; built 1853. Number of men, 50. Alert Hose Company, No. 41, number of men, 25. Maseppa Hose, No. 42; A. Monihan, foreman; built 1851. Number of men, 21.

NINTH DIVISION.

The Marshal of this division was Mr. G. Joseph Ruch, assistant engineer. He was followed by Shelton's band. Empire Engine, No. 42, R. Moore, foreman; second class; built 1852; number of men, 38. This company were in mourning for one of their number, named Robert Constantine, who shot himself accidentally while gunning at Lake Champlain a few days ago. Friendship Hook and Ladder, No. 12, Wm. H. Fisher, foreman; number of men, 17. Manhattan Engine, No. 43, A. Finch, foreman; third class, piano style; built 1854; number of men, 27. Pioneer Hose, No. 45, having a beautiful American flag. J. R. Farrington, foreman; built 1851; number of men, 16. Waunamacker's band. Live Oak Engine, No. 44, with the cap of liberty, and arrayed in national colors. Francis Clark, foreman; second class, Philadelphia style; built 1851; number of men, 32. Washington Hose, No. 44, W. J. Wilson, foreman; built 1851; number of men, 17. Red Jacket Hose, No. 45, James Golden, foreman; built 1851; number of men, 12. Maseppa Engine, No. 48, J. Thompson, foreman; second class; new style; number of men, 18. These were all decorated with rich banners and wreaths. Yorkville band. Aurora Engine, No. 45, F. Bazoney, foreman; third class, piano; new style; built 1854; number of men, 21. Valley Forge Hose, No. 46, J. Miller, Jr., foreman; built 1851; number of men, 18. Marion Hook and Ladder, No. 13, R. Wright, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 30. American Hose, No. 48. A live eagle was tied down on this hose and attracted great attention. This was one of the features of the procession. Built 1851; number of men, 16. Pocahontas Engine, No. 49, H. F. McGowan, foreman; third class, piano style; built 1854; number of men, 18.

TENTH DIVISION.

The Marshal of this division was Mr. John Brice, assistant engineer, followed by Whitworth's band. Hose No. 40, J. Reed, foreman; number of men, 20. Lone Star Engine, No. 50, W. P. Daniel, foreman; third class, piano style; number of men, 27. Hope Hose, No. 50, decorated tastily. J. Feeney, foreman; built 1854; number of men, 15. Mutual Engine, No. 51, John A. Smith, foreman; built 1851; old New York style, number of men, 21. Lady Washington, Morrisania; 50 men. Shelton's brass band. Relief Hose, No. 51, J. Rizer, foreman; built 1854; number of men, 12. Columbian Hook and Ladder, No. 14, Robt. Wright, foreman; number of men, 31. Undine Hose, No. 52, J. W. Leaman, foreman; built 1852; number of men, 15. Eureka Hose Co., No. 54, J. H. Johnston, foreman; built 1853; number of men, 24. Dodworth's band. Baxter Hook and Ladder, No. 16, decorated with flags; the men were dressed in drab suits, which, when contrasted with other uniforms, had a unique effect. Wm. Nickham, foreman; built 1853; number of men, 39. Paulding Hose, having a magnificent basket of flowers. No. 57, J. K. Reed, foreman; built 1844; number of men, 17. Jefferson brass band. M. T. Brennan Hose, No. 60, Edward Wallott, foreman; built 1855; number of men, 16. This carriage had splendid silver mountings, and also Zephyr Hose Company, No. 61; number of men, 15. When the last company passed in review before the Mayor, the visiting firemen formed in line, and escorted by the companies whose guests they were, marched to their quarters. The festivities closed in an appropriate style. Some of our city companies entertained their guests in the evening with suppers, speeches, toasts, sentiments, and other evidences of that generous hospitality by which the firemen of the Empire City are distinguished. Others amused themselves at the different theatres, the managers of which had given them special invitations. Altogether they had a splendid time, and we have no doubt their visit to New York will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant reminiscences of their lives.

ENGINE 4, KNOWN AS THE PHILADELPHIA STYLE.

This beautiful engine is one known as of the second class and size and of the Philadelphia style, originally built by James Smith of this city, in 1849. The cylinders of Engine 4 are eight and a half inches in diameter, with nine inches stroke. She was rebuilt in 1852 by Messrs. Pine and Hartshorn. Her color is white, tastefully striped, and ornamented with several fine paintings, exquisitely finished and beautifully appropriate in design. Her running gear is "Pine's patent;" altogether, this engine is considered a fine specimen of the most popular style of New York engines.

"SEVENTH-WARD BEAUTY"—OCEAN HOSE COMPANY, NO. 36.

WHEN one listens to a fireman giving an enthusiastic description of his "machine," it is very difficult to tell half the time whether he is talking about an inanimate thing or his "sweetheart." The Ocean Hose carriage, No. 36, is never called anything else than the "Seventh-Ward Beauty," and her charms are dwelt upon with an intense affection that is usually lavished upon "lovely woman." The "Seventh-Ward Beauty" is really too handsome, some would think, for the rough practical purposes for which "she" is used; but such is not the case, and her appearance at the fire is hailed with delight, for somehow she manages to get a perfect "Niagara" of "Croton" on the conflagration. Her present admirers (company) were organized in March, 1845, Mr. T. B. O'Connor being the first Foreman. The office has been since successively held by Mr. Lawrence Turnure, Mr. John B. Platt, and Mr. Wm. B. Wade, who held the position until the 3d Dec., 1851, when, in consequence of declining health, he was obliged to resign, much to the regret of all; for, such was the esteem in which he was held, that he was by an almost unanimous vote elected to the Presidency of the New York Fire

Department, in Dec., 1856, subsequently having filled with distinguished honor the offices of Secretary and Vice-President. To Mr. Wade, it is conceded, is the "Seventh-Ward Beauty" indebted for much of her "popularity in the Department," and his death, which occurred at the commencement of the present year, caused unusual regret. His virtues are commemorated in a tablet erected in Firemen's Hall. Mr. Wade was succeeded by Mr. William A. Woodhull, and lastly by Mr. Alonzo Slots, the present incumbent. The "Ocean" carriage was built in 1848, and has been in active service ever since. She cost the company originally fifteen hundred dollars. The house is located No. 205 Madison street, and is probably one of the finest in the city.

HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY No. 6.

THIS fine truck was built in the year 1841, the first built by Pine and Hartshorn, and for twelve or fifteen years has been in constant service, and in all that time has done good duty. The main part of the body is red, with gold wreaths, tips black; her perch is well mounted with all the proper working tools; carries six ladders. Foreman John K. Evans. The truck lies in Firemen's Hall.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

One of the prettiest items of the recent Fremont procession at Fankusky, was over 100 girls, in an immense carriage, drawn by forty horses. The girls were all in white dresses, with blue sashes, and they carried a banner with the inscription, "of the Tribe of Joseph."

Dr. Kane declined an invitation from the citizens of Philadelphia to partake of a public dinner previous to his departure for Europe. The Doctor's health is quite feeble.

Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, estimates that the yield of the past year will not exceed 2,064,682 bales of cotton, or one-third less than an average.

The managers of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum had a festival, Oct. 14th, for the benefit of the Asylum, at the Academy of Music. There were two distinct series of entertainments,—one in the afternoon, the other in the evening. On both occasions the house was crowded and everything—under the direction of John Brougham, Esq.—went off satisfactorily.

Mr. George Peabody has accepted an invitation to attend a reception given to him by the members of the Maryland Institute, at Baltimore. The affair will come off during the present month.

A man named McIntire was shot dead in Philadelphia on Sunday morning, Oct. 12th, during the extinguishment of a fire. Some forty persons, comprising a 1 the members of the Shiffer Hose Company, and three men from Baltimore, supposed to belong to one of the gangs recently engaged in the election riots in that city, were arrested.

The arrival of the American schooner Dean Richmond at Liverpool, direct from Chicago, caused a great sensation in the mercantile community, owing to the fact of her having by her successful voyage opened a new trade route from the lakes of the great West, sixteen hundred miles above Quebec, to Europe.

The movement in Land Warrants, as the Fall opens, is more active, with an increase of offerings; yet, the market is so unsettled that quotations are liable to change any day. Land offices are now open throughout the West, some of which are in the most valuable land districts.

The following are the Congressional nominations for this city—

Dis.	Dem.	Americans.	Republicans.
1.	H. Walbridge,	A. C. A. Duganne,	Gay R. Pelton.
2.	John Kelly,	J. P. Phoenix,	L. W. Reyckman.
3.	W. B. MacLay,	H. Fred Gould,	Geo. H. Andrews.
4.	Philip Hamilton,	D. L. Northrup,	—
5.	John Cochran,	Aras G. Williams,	Thos. B. Millman.
6.	Eljah Ward,	George Briggs,	James W. Nye.
7.	J. M. Smith, Jr.,	John Cullock,	—
8.	Hon. F. Clark,	Shepard Knapp,	Abram Wakeman.

The Richmond Examiner, of October 10th, says that Georgia, with ten votes, may prevent Fillmore's name getting before the House by casting her poll say for D. S. Dickinson.

Within a few weeks past the following churches have been forelly entered and robbed of carpets and other articles: An Episcopal church in Hoboken; the Episcopal church at Fort Lee; the Baptist church and the Reformed Dutch church at New Durham; the Reformed Dutch church at English Neighborhood; the Seoder church at Hackensack—and we have heard a rumor that the Reformed Dutch church at Schraalenberg has abared the same fate. The horse of the good dominie at the last place has also been stolen, and one of the dominies at Hackensack being awakened by the barking of his dog, arose just in time to save his horse, which was found at the barn saddled, ready for use.

The Louisville Journal, of October 4th, a Fillmore paper, thus comments upon the filthy attack made by Gov. Wise on Col. Fremont: "Col. Fremont, however bad or even monstrous his present political position before the country may be, is universally recognized as a gentleman of high social position, and we presume there is no question as to his chivalry. We apprehend that, after his defeat for the Presidency in November, his brutal assailant will find himself called to a quick reckoning for his brutality."

There have been startling developments in regard to the forgeries of Mr. Huntington, a note broker, of Wall street. The amount is stated to be half a million of dollars, and there may be more yet undiscovered. This Huntington has not been long in the business, but it appears to have made good use of his time. The losses will fortunately fall upon parties perfectly able to bear them, and in this it differs in effect from the great Schuyler swindle.

The third political gathering in front of the Merchants' Exchange took place last week, and was addressed by the Hon. Washington Hunt. Some two thousand persons were present. Shepard Knapp, Esq., presided, and introduced Gov. Hunt, who was received with many cheers.

The telegraph reports the election, without opposition, of Gen. Whitfield as delegate to Congress from Kansas. It should be recollected that the Free State men took no part in the election whatever.

The aggregate transactions of the Clearing House for the three years just closed has been \$18,064,581,375—a very respectable figure. This is over \$6,000,000 per annum. The third annual meeting of the members of the Clearing House Association was held the 7th October, when the following officers were elected: Thomas Tleston, President of the Phoenix Bank, was re-elected Chairman of the association, and the following named gentlemen as the Executive Committee: A. E. Shiman, James Pennett, J. L. Everett, Richard Berry, James T. Soutter.

The Jewish Day of Atonement, last week, was celebrated with great ceremony by the Hebrew Church. Prayers for the dead were said, the priests wearing shrouds at service, and all the people fasting most strictly. From sunset to sunset they neither eat nor drank.

Florida has gone for the Democrats. Pierce carried the State in 1852 by 1,443 majority.

The greatest gathering of the campaign in Ohio took place at the Republican barbecue in Mansfield, October 18. It is thought not less than 80,000 people were present. Six large oxen were roasted, but they, with their accompanying thousands of leaves of bread, chickens, pigs, pies, etc., were swept away before half the processions could reach the ground. The grove of thirty-five acres was closely filled, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

Mr. Choate has been nominated by acclamation for Congress, by the Democracy of the Fourth District of Massachusetts.

Pennsylvania is lost to the Democracy. The Union majority at State election will not fall short of, and may exceed, ten thousand. The obligation in the next Congress will probably be composed of seventeen Fremont and eight Buchanan men.

Ohio has declared for the Republicans by about thirty thousand majority. The Democrats have probably elected six of the twenty-one members of Congress.

The returns from Indiana are indefinite. Both Democrats and Republicans claim to have chosen their candidates.

In Charleston, S. C., Congressional district, Mr. Miles (American) has been elected. In the other districts the members of the present Congress have been re-elected.

Since the introduction of deck seats on the Third Avenue cars, we understand that they have carried with four horses as many as one hundred and ten persons! This is a great saving of expences.

One day last week there were lying in New York and Brooklyn, 27 steamers, 146 ships, 119 barkes, 138 brigs, and 306 schooners, being 1067 in all. No less than nine forged checks for sums varying from \$3,000 down to \$700, were offered at the banks in Boston, Oct. 13, and only one for \$700 was paid, to which the name of C. W. Forbush was forged. The bold operator in every instance escaped.

The number of mechanics employed at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, at the present time, is 1,484.

The office of the Chief of Police was crowded with distressed mothers the day after the Fireman's parade in search of their little ones, who had strayed from their homes, attracted by the music of the firemen. By the aid of the telegraph fifty-two were restored to their homes.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not know how we can better serve our readers this week than by publishing the following article from the *Boston Herald*, for which we are indebted to the kind attention of our correspondent, J. A. P., of Salem, Mass.

THE MORAL OF CHESS.

The game of chess may be compared to the game of life; and the philosophic player can find a moral in every move.

The chess-board is like the world in which men, the actors, figure. It is checked with squares of black and white, the colors of sorrow and hope. The inhabitants of the chess-board, like those of the world, are placed in different stations upon the great world of existence; some occupy lofty and proud positions, and others are poor and dependent; yet to each a sphere of labor is assigned. The conditions of the game are such that the pieces must endeavor to defeat or capture each other; that they shall acquire honor and glory by the downfall of their opponents. At the close they are all consigned to a common home, without reference to rank or riches. Indeed, it generally happens that the greatest lords of all are placed at the bottom of the box.

The king of the chess-board occupies a position similar to that of the sovereign ruler of a nation. He sits upon his throne, and is the center from which everything evolves—the embodiment of the government. His watchful eye overlooks, and his brain directs. His officers and ministers obey his commands. In the hour of danger they rally around him, for they know that if he falls, everything is lost.

The queen of the chess-board is the prime minister of the king, and from her station at the royal side, sends forth his orders and embassies in every direction. She takes upon herself the great responsibility of chief executive officer. She leads the armies to the field and is justly regarded—in her office of prime minister—as all important to success.

The rooks are brave generals. They move only straight forward. Their mission is to fight rather than to maneuver. They do not trouble themselves with the intrigues of courts, and the only question which they ask is—“where is the enemy of our king?”

The bishops may be regarded as the representatives of different religious faiths, which are always combating for supremacy. The oblique line in which the bishops move designates the deviations, which, for the accomplishment of their objects, they make from the straight and narrow path of true religion.

The knights are the least honest and many of all the proud array; they may be likened to mischievous politicians, who, destitute alike of honor and sincerity, allow no stings of conscience, no thought of right or wrong, to turn them from their tortuous path of evil. Ambitions without talent, they seek not only to elevate themselves, but to abuse others. They fawn at the feet of their superiors, and plot their destruction behind their backs.

But from the history of the pawn may be gathered the most useful lesson of all. Beginning life humbly, it plods onward, slowly and earnestly over the checkerboard, never looking backward, always with its eyes turned toward the future. Although comparatively ineffective, seldom taking an active part in the hostilities of its superiors, yet true to the enemy who, relying upon its insignificance, treats itself within reach of its fatal arm. Oftentimes the pawn is cut off in the prime of career, a sacrifice to the god of war. And again, when, after a long experience of travail, it reaches the limit of the board, lo! the change! its rascal robes are flung away, and in its hand it grasps the scepter of conscious strength. The pawn perhaps has become a queen. In the moment may come when the man who has spent years in anxious toil and preparation, shall awaken from his dreams of life to find them realized: shall receive the reward of patient labor, and rising above the obscurity of unknown and unacknowledged worth, find that he, too, “walks with princes.”

The enterprises of men are often met by admonitory checks. These generally are of little importance save as they warn him of the dangers and difficulties which beset his path, and stimulate him to greater exertion. But they should also remind him of the solemn hour, perhaps not far distant, when death shall lay his icy hand upon his shoulder, and whisper in his ear the thrilling word “Checkmate!” and that it is for himself to decide, by the character of his life on earth, whether his hereafter will be a life in Heaven.

G. H., Boston.—Thanks for your valuable letter, which will be attended to next week.

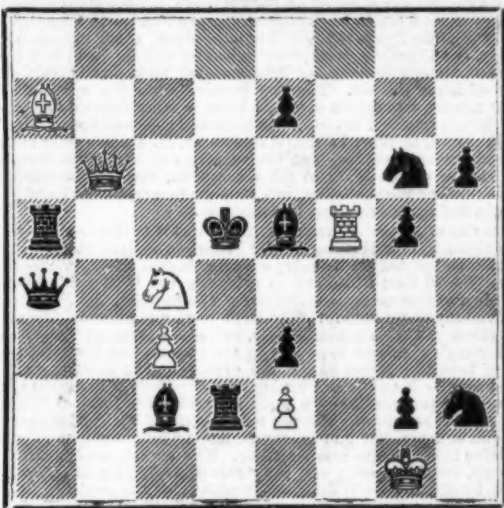
P. E.—The Brooklyn Chess Club has discontinued its sessions until the 1st of November, on account of a yellow fever stampede in that vicinity. T. Prere is the Secretary, and the club meets at his house, No. 61 Jerusalem street, near Hicks.

G. A. Answers to several correspondents are crowded out.

GAMES BY CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK CLUBS.

GAME FIRST.		GAME SECOND.	
New York against Philadelphia.	Philadelphia against New York.		
White, Hoffman Opening.	White, Scotch Gambit.		
New York.	Philadelphia.	New York.	Philadelphia.
1 K to K4	1 K to K4	20 K to B4	20 K to B4
2 Q to K5	2 B takes Kt	21 K takes B	21 K takes B

PROBLEM XLVI.—By J. A. P., Salem, Mass.—White to play and mate in four moves.



GAME XLVI.—(EVANS' GAMBIT.)—Translated from *La Reponse*, by EUGENE B. COOK.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K4	1 P to K4	13 P to K R3 (d)	13 K to K2
2 Kt to KB3	2 Kt to QB3	14 Kt to Q2	14 P to Q4 (e)
3 B to QB4	3 B to QB4	15 P takes P (en p)	15 P takes P
4 P to QKt3	4 B takes Kt P	16 Kt to QB4	16 B to QB4
5 P to QB3	5 B to B4	17 B to Kt5	17 P to B3
6 P to Q4	6 P takes P	18 Kt takes P (ch)	18 B takes Kt
7 Castles.	7 P to Q6	19 B to Kt5 (ch)	19 K to B4
8 Q to QKt3	8 Q to B3 (a)	20 Q takes B	20 Kt to B4
9 R to K4	9 B to QKt3 (b)	21 Q to Q8 (ch)	21 K to B2
10 P to K5	10 Q to K5	22 B takes Kt (ch)	22 K takes R
11 Q to Q4 (ch)	11 Kt to R3	23 Kt to K5 (ch)	23 Kt resigns.
12 B takes Q P	12 Q to R4		

NOTES TO GAME XLVI.

The foregoing is the game which we played over. *La Reponse* gives no notes—doubtless because the “Paris” is in itself sufficiently instructive.

(a) This is the beginning of the bad move, with which the defense abounds.

(b) This is a lost move; with such an antagonist one should strive to bring out the pieces speedily.

(c) Was a singular move!

(d) We don't understand this waste of time. We should have played B to Q R 3.

(e) Bad again. After suddenly opening this attack upon himself, there is no such thing as retrieving the game.—(Ed. Chess Column.)

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XLV.

1 B takes Kt	1 P moves
2 R to KB4	2 P takes P
3 Kt checks	3 P takes Kt
4 Kt to Q4	4 P takes P
5 Kt to KB2	5 P takes P Mate.

IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.—It is composed of Professor E. C. Francis, of Iowa; Professor N. E. Moore, late President of the Iowa State Lyceum of Natural History; Professor Stillman, son of Professor Stillman, of Yale College, and one or two other scientific gentlemen. The object is a thorough exploration of the fauna, flora, and geological character of a region of South America, of which we have but a very imperfect knowledge, and which has not been traversed by any intelligent foreigner since the explorations of Humboldt, half a century ago. The gentlemen alluded to above expect to find, on reaching the beautiful valley of the Cauca river, a corps of American engineers, who have been sent out from this city by Gen. Mosquera, for the purpose of opening a road from the valley to the Port of Buenaventura, on the Pacific. After pursuing their investigations in this valley they will cross the Andes, and examine the objects of interest in New Granada. Thence proceeding to the southward, they will ascend the valley of the upper Magdalena, and visit the ancient Spanish cities of La Plata and San Augustin. At this point they will seek some of the head waters of the mighty Amazon, and follow their course through the great level regions of Southern America until they empty into the Atlantic Ocean. This undertaking has been set on foot and is supported by some public spirited gentlemen of Iowa, and although it has received the approbation of many public men of that State no government aid has yet been extended to it.

THE BLACK WARRIOR STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—As we are informed by a person who came passenger in the Black Warrior, that vessel being opposite to Moro Castle, about four miles off shore, between eight and nine o'clock on the 2d inst., encountered a heavy storm. The mainmast (supplied with lightning rods) was struck, the force of the electricity being so great as to knock down the Captain—who was on deck—but without doing him any injury. Happily the lightning enabled the steamer to see a large ship, which, all sail set, was coming in from the opposite direction, and bearing down full upon the steamer. Notwithstanding the Black Warrior had four lanterns lighted, the darkness and the rain were so great that though at so short a distance, not even the light of the Moro could be seen. Upon being made aware of their danger, the two vessels had barely time to tack ship, so that they passed each other almost touching—a horrible catastrophe being thus avoided.

JEANNETTE ROUX.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

“LEAD us not into temptation,” a petition offered up daily, we presume, by many millions of our fellow-creatures; and yet, among the many earnest hearts who utter it, few perhaps are those who realize its full import. “Lead us”—a desire so enlarged as to embrace the whole brotherhood of humanity, and therefore binding us by its very utterance to beware of tempting others to aught of evil; and yet may we not oftentimes, by our very heedlessness, draw aside from the path of truth and uprightness those whose errors may spring rather from weakness than from willful wickedness?

It is now some years since we were passing a summer at Vevay, where, amid the mingled loveliness and majesty of the surrounding scenery, we found each day new sources of enjoyment and admiration. Sometimes we indulged in the dreamy delight of sauntering along the vine-clad slopes, or basking upon the sunny lake; but more frequently our excursions led us to the mountain path, so familiar, doubtless, to many of our readers; and where the difficulties of the way only impart an added zest to the enjoyment of the traveler. These excursions were suddenly put to an end to by the illness of one of our party. The youngest and most joyous amongst us was brought, by a malignant fever, to the very verge of the grave. Happily, the disease did not prove fatal, but it was followed by a season of depressing languor and exhaustion, more difficult to overcome than the malady itself. A change of air was recommended for the invalid, and Berne was named to us as the most suitable place to which we could remove her for a while. Accordingly, we prepared for a speedy change of residence; and, being much pleased with a Swiss servant, who had during the time of illness been most assiduous in her tender and watchful care, we resolved to take her along with us. No objection was anticipated to this plan on the part of Jeannette Roux, as she seemed to be very warmly attached to our youthful invalid; and, although her husband and two children were residing at Vevay, we knew that her little ones were well cared for by an elder sister; and as for her husband, he also was in the service of an English family. So during the slightest movements as to Jeannette's willingness to accompany us during our temporary absence from Vevay, I called her into the drawing-room, and acquainted her with our wishes.

A deadly pallor at once overpowered her usually bright and ruddy features. Her knees trembled, and she grasped the nearest chair for support. “Thank you, Adam, thank you; but I cannot go with you.”

“Why not, Jeannette? I thought you were attached to us all, and that you would be sorry to part from Miss Lisa while she is so weak and likes so much to have you about her?”

“So I am, very, very sorry,” replied she, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. “I would like to go over the world with Miss Lisa, but—I cannot.”

“You know, Jeannette, that your children will be taken good care of while you are away, and that your absence from Vevay is not likely to be a long one, so it is not, I presume, on their account that you decline accompanying us.”

“Oh no, madam; I will tell you the truth about it. You have all been very kind to me, but you don't know,” added she, covering her face with her hands, and bursting into an agony of grief, “you don't know what a guilty wretch you have before you.”

At this moment her whole frame trembled violently, and the stout, hale woman sank on the floor before we had time to support her. After the use of some simple cordial, poor Jeannette was so far revived as to sit upright on a chair, whence we would not suffer her to rise, although she made many efforts to do so. Still was her face concealed by her outspread hands, and her whole form was convulsed with the violence of her sobs. We knew not what consolation to offer, as the cause of her deep emotion was altogether a mystery to us. At length the struggle ceased. She sat for a few moments in perfect stillness while we stood silently around her, perplexed at what was passing before us. One deep sigh escaped her, and rising up with an evident effort from her seat, she clasped her hands together in the attitude of supplication, and with her eyes bent on the ground, stood before us pale and motionless as a marble statue. “Oh, madam, I will tell you all, but then you will despise and hate me.”

We interrupted her with assurances that this was not possible, but she seemed neither to hear nor heed to our words. Still she stood in the same pale, statue-like rigidity, and with her eyes fixed on the ground, related to us the following story:

“You know my husband, ladies—how handsome and how good he is. We were neighbors in our childhood, went to the same school, and played on the same village green. Before I was seventeen I promised to marry him; but we were so poor that our parents said we must wait a while until we had earned a little money to begin our housekeeping; however, after a little time my mother's heart melted and she persuaded my father to let us marry. ‘Pierrot,’ said she, ‘they will be more likely to work hard when they are married; so, like a good man, give your consent.’ My father, though somewhat rough to others, was gentle enough to my mother, and she usually got her own way with him. So we were married,” continued she, with a deep sigh, “and we thought ourselves the happiest beings in the world, when soon afterwards we were both hired in the service of a rich English lady and gentleman who had just arrived at Berne. It was a very easy place, as our master and mistress passed most of their time in making excursions, and we were left much to ourselves. Our master used occasionally to carry home from the bank large bags of dollars and lay them on the drawing-room table, and often we saw him and the lady take out several at a time in a careless way just when they wanted them. One day André said to me, ‘Oh Jeannette, how happy we should be if we had only a few of those dollars which our master seems to care so little about.’ Poor André meant no harm in saying this, for there is not a better or more pious man in Switzerland than he is; but as his words reached my ear, a wicked thought crept in along with them, and all that day, even when I was hard at work, it occurred to me again and again how easy it would be to take some of the dollars out of the bag which lay upon the table, and how my master would never know it or feel himself the poorer for it. That night, I could not say a prayer on going to bed; my mind was too busy about other things. Next morning, on going into the drawing-room, I saw the gray linen bag upon the table, with a string tied carelessly around it. I thought it was no harm just to open it and look at the money. Oh! madam, if I had only then turned away from the temptation—if I had only then cried out to God for help!—added she, burying her face once more in her hands, and bursting into an agony of tears. After a few moments pause, she raised up her head again, and continued her story in the same low yet intense tone as before.

“I approached the table, untied the bag, took one of the dollars in my hand, looked at it, and replaced it in the bag. A voice seemed to warn me to leave the spot. I drew back for a moment, but again my husband's words recurred to my mind, and I thought how happy a little of this wealth would make us both. I returned to the table and hastily opened the bag again, took out one dollar, and then another, tied up the bag and went away. The next time I was alone with my husband I told him what I had done. He seemed shocked, and for the first time in his life spoke angrily to me, and desired me to go and replace the money in the bag. I returned to the drawing-room to do so, but the bag was gone. I told André, who said that it could not now be helped, so I must only keep the dollars.

“For a few days I was miserable. I felt that God was displeased with me, and that I had no right to pray to him now. Besides, my husband seemed to look less kindly on me than before, and I expected every moment that my misdeeds would be revealed to him. I gradually grew satisfied—no, not satisfied, but hardened. I even persuaded my husband that these could be no great harm in taking a few dollars from those who were so rich that they did not even miss what had been taken from them; I reminded him of his own words, and wrought on his mind until he became my companion in guilt. Once and again we robbed our master in the same way, and were, one day, counting together our ill-gotten gains when we were arrested by the police, who carried us and our stolen dollars before the magistrate. We were confronted by our master, who stated, that his suspicions having been awakened, he had marked the dollars in his bag, some of which were found in our possession. We confessed our guilt, and entreated for mercy. He, too, was so good as to ask our pardon, but it was refused. Oh, madam, how can I tell you all that followed! our forcible separation, our imprisonment, disgrace and banishment from our native canton—the misery of my poor mother, too, who was nearly brought to death's door by her sorrow for our crime—oh, it is terrible, even now, to think of it all.

“My father had lately died, else he would surely have cursed me for bringing shame upon our family. I was spared that misery. As for my poor mother, she could not bear to live any longer among her own people, so she came here; and she lived long enough (thank God) to witness our penitence, and to give us her blessing before she died.

“And now, madam,” continued Jeannette, slowly lifting her eyes from the ground, “can you wonder at my refusing to accompany Miss Lisa to Berne? Oh no. As long as she remains here I will gladly serve her, night and day, if she will condescend to accept the services of such an unworthy wretch; but I cannot go to Berne with her.”

The words of kindness and encouragement which followed this affecting scene, need not be detailed here. Suffice it to say, that on our leaving Vevay, we parted from Jeannette with deep regret. Circumstances prevented our return to Vevay, so we saw her no more, but have since heard of her becoming the faithful and tried servant of a friend who resided for some time in that neighborhood, and who, before leaving it, saw her settled at home with her husband and children in a neat cottage, where she seemed perfectly contented with her humble position in life.

Many messages of regard and of good-will have passed between us; and we have had the satisfaction of learning from our friend that in all domestic matters Jeannette was honest to a scrupulous degree, and that if, by chance or carelessness, money was left about, she would bring it back hastily to its owners, “adding it in their hands with a sort of impatient earnestness which ill accorded with the usual calmness of her character. Jeannette had learned her own weakness, and although stronger now than before her fall—for she had learned the secret of a higher and surer strength than her own—yet she wisely sought to avoid entering into temptation.

We, too, have learned a lesson from her history, and we would entreat others also to beware of placing temptation in the way of those whose circumstances may render them peculiarly accessible to its assaults.

The British government has presented a gold medal and telescope to Captain Lapham, of the ship *Hein R. Cooper*, and a gold medal to Captain Williams, of the ship *American Congress*, for their courageous and humane efforts in rescuing from a watery grave the crew of the British ship *Boomerang*; also, a gold medal to Captain Knowles, of the ship *Chariot of Fame*, for like conduct in the case of the British bark *Romulus*.

KISSING.

ONE of the neatest things we ever read that alluded to the connection between “willing lips,” is that related by the Widow Lambkin, of whom Dr. Meadows took so much toll when they crossed the bridge on a high-road, reminds me (says a down-east friend) of one of our Maine young fellows, who thus describes his battle, and final victory, in a fair fight for a kiss of his sweetheart:

“Ah, now, Sarah, dear! give me a kiss—just one—and be done with it!”

“I won't! so, there now!”

“Then I'll have to take it whether or no.”

“Take it, if you dare!”

So at it went, rough and tumble. An awful destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squashed in half of no time. At the next bout, smash went shirt collar, and at the same time some of the head-fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair like a flood in a mill-dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One plunge of Sally's elbow, and my blooming bosom ruffles wilted to the consistency and form of an after dinner napkin. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck-lacking began to sever, parted at the throat, away went a string of white beads, scattering and running every way you could think of about the floor. She fought fair, however, I must admit; and when she could fight no longer, for the want of breath, she yielded handsomely; her arms fell down by her side—those long, round, rosy arms—her hair hung back over the chair, her eyes were half shut, as if she were not able to hold them open a minute longer, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air. My goodness! Did you ever see a hawk pounce on a robin? or a bee on a clover top? Even so I settled; and when she came to, and threw up those arms, and seized me round the neck, and declared she'd choke me if I ever did so again, and had a great mind to do it now, I just ran the risk over again, and the more she choked me the more I liked it; and now she puts her arms around my neck, and puts her lips in the way of mine every day, and calls me her John, and don't seem to make any fuss about it at all. That was a very sensible girl, and she makes a good wife, too, as I am not ashamed to say anywhere.

Quite different, but not less satisfactory, was the first salutary experience of Dominie Brown. He had reached the mature age of five-and-forty without ever having taken part in this pleasant labial exercise. One of his deacons had a very charming daughter, and for a year or two the Dominie had found it very pleasant to call upon her three or four times a week. In fact, all the neighbors said he was “courting” her, and very likely he was, though he had not the remotest suspicion of it himself.

One Monday evening he was sitting, as usual, by her, when a sudden idea popped into his head.

“Miss Mary,” said he, “I've known you a long time, and I never thought of such a thing before; but now I would like you to give me a kiss. Will you?”

“Well, Mr. Brown,” replied she, arching her lips in a tempting way, “if you think it would not be wrong, I have no objections.”

“Let us ask a blessing first,” said the good man, closing his eyes and folding his hands: “For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us thankful.”

The chaste salute was then given and warmly returned.

“Oh, Mary, that was good!” cried the Dominie, electrified by a new sensation. “Let us have another, and then return thanks.”

Mary did not refuse, and when the operation had been repeated, the Dominie ejaculated in a transport of joy:

“For the creature comforts which we have now enjoyed, the Lord be praised, and may they be sanctified to our temporal and eternal good.”

History says that the fervent petition of the honest Dominie was duly answered; for in less than a month Mary became Mrs. Brown.

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

“It is a solemn thing to be married,” said Aunt Bethany. “Yes, but it's a deal more solemn not to be,” said the little girl, her niece.

A well-known wit says: “No Yankee is satisfied with the truth unless you can prove to him that it is worth eight or ten per cent.

There are two reasons why we don't trust a man; one because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

“When I goes shoppin’,” said an old lady, “I allers asks for what I wants, and if they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it's cheap, and can't be got at any place for less, I most allers takes it without chaffering about it all day, as most people does.”

A NOVEL IN A FEW LINES.—Miss Margaret L. Cooper, of Covington, La., had a lover whom her friends threatened to shoot; so she dressed herself in boy's clothes and travelled all the way alone to Monticello, Mississippi, where she met and married him, and his name is John Rogers.

Where can you always be sure to find “happiness?” Answer: In the Dictionary.

A French soldier, whose lower jaw was shot away at the storming of Sebastopol, has been supplied with a jaw made of silver, which he says is worth a dozen of the old one, as he can take it off and pawn it whenever his pocket money is exhausted.

“My dear Jerusha Ann, may I see you home from singing school to-night, and keep the dogs from biting you?”

“No, Jonathan!” pettishly answered the down easter, “I don't want you—I'd sooner the dogs would bite me.”

“Perhaps you didn't hear what I said?” asked Jonathan, stepping up to her.

“Yes, I did. You asked me if you could see me home?”

“No, I didn't,” howled Jonathan. “I asked you how your mother was!”

In some of the papers we notice a “seamless skirt,” for ladies, advertised. Good! Anything that will make them seem less free to gentlemen and to ladies, too, who have to pass through hoop-frequented streets.

One of the miseries of human life is being a compositor on a newspaper, and having to insert the marriage of the girl you love with a man old enough to be your father. He is rich and you are poor.

The editor of a paper out West, who has just failed, says it died with all the honors of war, and retired from the field with colors flying—the sheriff's flag fluttering from two windows and the door.

Politeness is like an air cushion—there may be nothing in it, but it eases your joints wonderfully.

It has often been observed that a lady will say, while trying on a pair of shoes—“they are a mile too large.” A man who never owned an X in his life, will offer to bet \$10,000 on an election. We know a young gentleman who swears that every single lady in Bastrop is the prettiest girl he ever saw, and a Bombshell politician who declares that each of the legal gentlemen belonging to his party is the ablest lawyer in Texas. Every little whifflet who takes the stump is the best orator they ever listened to. Well, every crow does think his own bird the whitest.

Not long since we heard a man declare that he had helped cook a thousand Fourth of July dinners. Who doubted him? Methuselah lived a long time, but he was beaten “a few days” by our townsman, who cooked Independence dinners for a thousand years.

Nature delights in opposites. The day after a storm is always calm and lovely. A little woman wishes a giant for a husband, while the “fat girl” sets her heart on a dapper little fellow of the size and flavor of a cent's worth of allspice. Young, the author of “Night Thoughts,” was one of the most cheerful of men, while one of the saddest dogs in London was Grimaldi the clown. “Home, Sweet Home,” is a beautiful little song, and yet it was written by a man who was never happy unless in the midst of noise and bustle and excitement.

HINGE AND SCREW MACHINES.—Among the specimens of rare mechanical genius which have recently been chronicled is a machine, costing not over \$500, and invented by a working man, which takes hold of a sheet of brass, copper, tin, or iron, and turns off complete hinges at the rate of a gross in ten minutes—hinges described as being neater than those made by any other process. Also a machine that takes hold of an iron rod and whips it into perfect bit-pointed screws with wonderful rapidity, and by a single process. This latter is also the invention of a working man; and both of the machines are superior to anything of the kind in the world, for no other known process can compete with them in the manufacture of those articles. A vice has also been invented that can be opened or closed in one-tenth the time required to open or close a vice operated by a screw, and is more durable in its use and simple in its operation; by the action of the screw levers the movable jaw is always secured in a parallel position to the stationary jaw—being a desideratum with mechanics.

POLAR ATTRACTION IN IRON VESSELS.—It is a well known fact that the local or induced polar attraction in iron vessels has been the cause of vitiating the terrestrial magnetic action of the compass, and thereby has led to the loss of an infinite number of ships on account of steering in the wrong course. To overcome local attraction on board of iron ships has long occupied the attention of eminent scientific men in all parts of the world; and there has been a standing committee in Liverpool, called the “Compass Committee,” appointed by the British Scientific Association, which object has been to collect information on the subject, and, if possible, to discover a remedy for the evil. Hitherto their efforts have been unsuccessful to discover an effectual and universal remedy. Various remedial plans have been tried, and are now in use; but all, it is stated, are more or less defective. Recently, however, a gentleman in Boston is said to have discovered a true remedy that may be relied upon, under all circumstances, for correcting the compass. A description or detail of this discovery is not yet given.

STRUCTURE AND PROPERTIES OF THE DIAMOND.—The primitive crystalline form of the lump of charcoal, termed a diamond, is “a regular octahedron,” the learned tell us; and it was only accidentally discovered by Louis Berghem, of Bruges, in Europe, that by rubbing two of them together the surfaces would be polished and thereby made sparkling gems, although losing one half of their original size by the process. The diamond is so rich with prismatic colors that it can be seen at a distance, and Sir Isaac Newton conjectured it was a combustible body long before it was by experiment, ascertained to be capable of being burned, viz., in 1694, by Florence de Saclay, because he observed its great power to refract light. Diamonds are of many colors, and not, as is generally supposed, only white.

PRECIOUS MOUTHFUL.—A young gentleman of this city called at an oyster stand, a day or two since, and ordered a "dozen in the shell." The order was attended to in a moment, and when he attempted to swallow the first oyster, he felt some hard substance in his mouth, which he took out and placed on the stand beside him. After the whole were disposed of, he examined the hard substance, which he supposed to be a pebble, and discovered that it was a large and valuable pearl. Various jewelers estimate its value at from \$18 to \$40.—*Syracuse Standard.*

WIDOWS.—They are the very mischief. There's nothing like 'em. If they make up their minds to marry, it's done. I knew one that was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house, (he was a widower,) and clasp her little hands, and fly around, till the man was half distracted for fear she would be killed; and the consequence was, she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunder storms had rattled over their heads.

BOOK BORROWING.—There is a too popular prejudice that a book is not to be bought, but—borrowed. We know many well to do people, moderately honest, as the world goes, whose intellectual energies have never been directed toward legal swindles, and whose physical fingers have not yet attempted the abstraction of a stranger's pocket book, and yet who, strange to tell, consider it a sort of moral duty to beg the loan of any volume they desire to read from any upright individual who may have purchased it. "My dear Mrs. Perkins," says the biblical borrower, "have you got Jane Eyre? Dear me, I do wish to read it." And she finds out that Mrs. Perkins has got Jane Eyre, but begged it from Mrs. Jones, who probably wheedled it out of the possession of Mrs. Smith. Now, poverty we hold to be a complete justification of book borrowing, but if that cannot be pleaded, it should be declared a crime, punishable without benefit of clergy. There is our friend Pipkin—everybody knows Pipkin, and everybody knows Pipkin's fortune would take the smartest paying teller in New York all day to count it out in one-hundred-dollar bills. Pipkin keeps five or six horses, and five or six men, and five or six females, (servants, of course,) and lives in a house five or six stories high. Pipkin has a box in the opera, where you can see him five or six nights in the season, yawning at the recitatives, and nodding dreamily over the plaintive melodies, out of which nodding condition he can only be aroused by one of Verdi's grandest orchestral efforts. Pipkin has a library—of course—not a large collection, no rare books,—but very fine, portly volumes, ranged evenly on shelves behind glass cases. There is no earthly doubt that he has a library. Well, Pipkin did us the honor to drop in, not long since, and give us his salutary two soft fingers, and tell us that it was a fine day, and, in fact, tell us the same thing two or three times. Then we began on literature. "By-the-by," said our distinguished visitor, "I read your review of—." We felt flattered. "Rather a smart book, I should think," he observed. "A very able and interesting book," we responded. "Ah!" said Pipkin, as if seized with a sudden inspiration, "you won't want it any more; I should like to read it, if you have no objection to lend it." We knew very well what we said; it wasn't what it should have been. So Pipkin has the book; and he will read it, and his wife will read it, and her friends will read it, and then it will be passed over to the servants, and we shall never get it again. Not but what Pipkin is an honest man—he would give us a check, in a minute's notice, for a thousand dollars, if he owed us that amount; but a book—well, a book is like anybody's umbrella, intended to be stolen, beyond the law's protection. There is another case—a very careless, liberal young fellow, who divides his leisure hours between books and billiards. He makes no more to do about spending a couple of dollars for billiards than we do about buying the morning paper; he sometimes lounges into a cigar store and fills his twenty-dollar case with a dollar's worth of cigars; and yet we hear him say now and then: "I'd like to read the book; but hang it, I can't afford to buy it." We attempted to argue the case once, but were floored in a minute. He demonstrated in the clearest manner possible, that a fellow who had to take two girls to the theatre that very night, and who had paid as much as twenty dollars for billiards the last week, could not, under any reasonable consideration, be justified buying a volume, price two dollars. What could we say to that? It is all very well for you to imagine you could refute a young fellow like that, but you are confoundedly mistaken. Now, this demands a reform. Our Maine law, or water-cure, or spiritualistic, or abolition, or fire-eating friends, might very well spare a few hands and lungs to advocate this important reformation, and never feel the loss. Any one with a good voice and a little practice will do; change a few words in their speeches, and all the raving, stamping, and tearing of hair will come in capitally at the usual places.

"PRETTY" PRAYERS.—A modern book, describing a clergyman of no small note in our day, praises the man for—among many of his "gifts"—eloquence in public prayer, citing the following dainty specimens: "We thank thee for all those budding promises which are yet to burst into flower." "How long shall those promises stand as sentinels upon the borders, and not so much as armies of the living God?" "We grieve that our days are so inharmonious; our hearts are continually going in and out of eclipse; yesterday jostles to-day, and tomorrow will carry them both away captive." "As when in summer we go forth in the pastures, and there is nothing that we may not pluck—flowers, or of fruit, or of beauty—so that in all the richness of thy royal nature there is nothing we may not take; all is ours, and we are God's."

THE BIBLE IN THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.—There is now, so far as the authorities of the government are con-



SCENE FROM GREEK MYTHOLOGY, FROM A DRAWING BY H. HEIDEL.

cerned, no obstruction to the circulation of the Scriptures throughout the Ottoman empire. The agent of the American Bible Society, writing from Constantinople, says: "We have placed the open Bible in various tongues in the windows, announcing to the multitude of every nation who through this crowded street, that each in his own language can buy the Bible." The same agent reports that he has applications for the Scripture from Trebizond, Erzeroum, Masian and Tocat.

AN OLDEN TIME NEWSPAPER.—At the Printing celebration at Portsmouth, N. H., last week, the first New Hampshire paper was re-printed on the occasion. It was the "New Hampshire Gazette," dated October 7, 1756, "with the freshest advices, both foreign and domestic." The sheet measured sixteen inches by ten, and was "Printed by Daniel Fowle, where his paper may be had at one dollar per annum, or an equivalent in bills of credit, computing a dollar this year at four pounds old tenor."

A LUXURY FOR ANIMALS.—It is related of Rev. Sydney Smith, that when on his farm, each cow and calf, and horse and pig, were in turn visited, and fed and patted, and all seemed to welcome him; he cared for them as he cared for the comforts of every living being around him. He used to say, "I am for all cheap luxuries, even for animals; now all animals have a passion for scratching their backs; they break down your gates and palings to effect this. Look! there is my universal scratcher, a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and low post, adapted to every height from a horse to a lamb. Even the Edinburgh Reviewer can take his turn. You have no idea how popular it is. I have not had a gate broken since I put it up. I have it in all my fields."

THE GREAT COMET OF 1855.—German astronomers are divided in their opinions as to the reappearance of the great comet in 1856, and their learned discussions on the subject take up a great deal of room in the limited columns of their newspapers. It was known that Peter Fabricius, a famous Austrian mathematician of those days, had written a very erudite dissertation at the time, and published his own observations of the comet, but the work itself had been lost. A French translation, however, printed in 1557, has just been discovered by the bookseller Herr F. Köhler, of Leipzig, amongst his old books, and he is now reprinting it for general use. It is written in the form of a set of letters addressed to the Abbot of the Monastery at Lilienfeld, in Austria, and contains a series of illustrations, one of which represents a segment of the starry firmament, on which is marked the course of the comet according to the mathematician's own observations.

ARREST OF A FUGITIVE LONDON FORGER.—A communication was received, early in September last, by the Chief of Police, from Mr. Hodgson, Chief Superintendent of the Police of the City of London, to the effect that three men had been recently convicted in that city of counterfeiting the water mark on Bank of England notes, and subsequent to their conviction it was discovered that Frederick Carl Ullrich, the engraver, had broken jail and escaped to this country—that he had previously been in the United States, and while here had carried on the counterfeiting business, both in bank-notes and coin, with great success, and that he would probably have with him counterfeit plates of the Prussian and Saxon Banks, and also of the Bank of England. The Chief of Police placed the matter in the hands of Sergeant Bowyer, and that officer, with Policeman White, took immediate means to arrest the engraver. They ascertained, finally, that he arrived September 29th, in the ship Ticonderoga, and arrested him in the fourth story of a house in Centre street, in the act of engraving a \$2 counterfeit plate of the Rockville Bank, Connecticut. He had a genuine \$2 note beside him, which he was copying, and had nearly finished the plate. He was immediately taken before Justice Connolly and locked up to await examination. The prisoner is a German, and states that he is only 19 years of age, and has been a private in the British service.



SCENE FROM GREEK MYTHOLOGY, FROM A DRAWING BY H. HEIDEL.

WHALING EXTRAORDINARY.—A Yankee skipper is at present in Manchester for the purpose of getting two rifles of a very peculiar character made by Mr. Whitworth, the eminent mechanical engineer; they are each 40 lbs. weight, and are intended to shoot whales that cannot be approached and killed in the ordinary method. The barrel is only twenty inches long, rifled polygonally to describe one turn in length. The projectile is a shell of three pounds weight, six inches long, fired from the shoulder with two and a half drams of powder, and having a charge inside of four ounces. The skipper states that he killed three whales last season out of forty fired at with a bomb, in the shape of an arrow twenty inches long, and having india-rubber wings to guide its flight. The rest spouted blood, but got away, owing to the length of the bomb detracting from its destructiveness. They are 100 feet long, and weigh 200 tons. The ship still waits at Cork.—*London Times.*

PHENOMENON.—A horse-chestnut tree at the corner of Chardon street and Bowdoin square, Boston, is now leaving out and in blossom, for the second time this season.

NEWSPAPERS.—It seems, after all, that the United States is hardly the greatest country for newspapers, if it is correct, as is stated, that the Swiss cantons, with a population of only 800,000, have 263 newspapers, twelve of which have been established within the past year.

MILITARY.—LIGHT GUARD FUNERAL.—The Light Guard, Capt. Edward Vincent, paraded on Tuesday afternoon, 14th October, to attend the funeral of the late ex-Lieutenant Horatio N. Hewitt, an old and very popular member of the corps. Lieut. Hewitt has been connected with the New York Light Guard ever since 1832, and has faithfully done his duty for the whole period—a great portion of the time as a warrant and commissioned officer. His demise has occasioned much sincere regret among the corps, and his old companions in arms turned out in large numbers to pay him the last honors.

A STRANGE INCIDENT.—A few days since, a lad named Adam Gilley, aged fourteen years, was kicked in the forehead by a horse he was attempting to lead. The accident took place within forty rods of his residence. The "os frontis," from the centre to the right temple, was driven in on the brain to more than an inch deep, yet the lad retained his consciousness and returned home. Dr. N. K. Freeman, of West Farms, Westchester, N. Y., promptly attended and operated—taking out twelve pieces of bone, and enough of the matter of the brain to fill a teaspoon, the boy retaining his senses during the operation, and strange to say, in five days' time, he was out again attending to the horses.

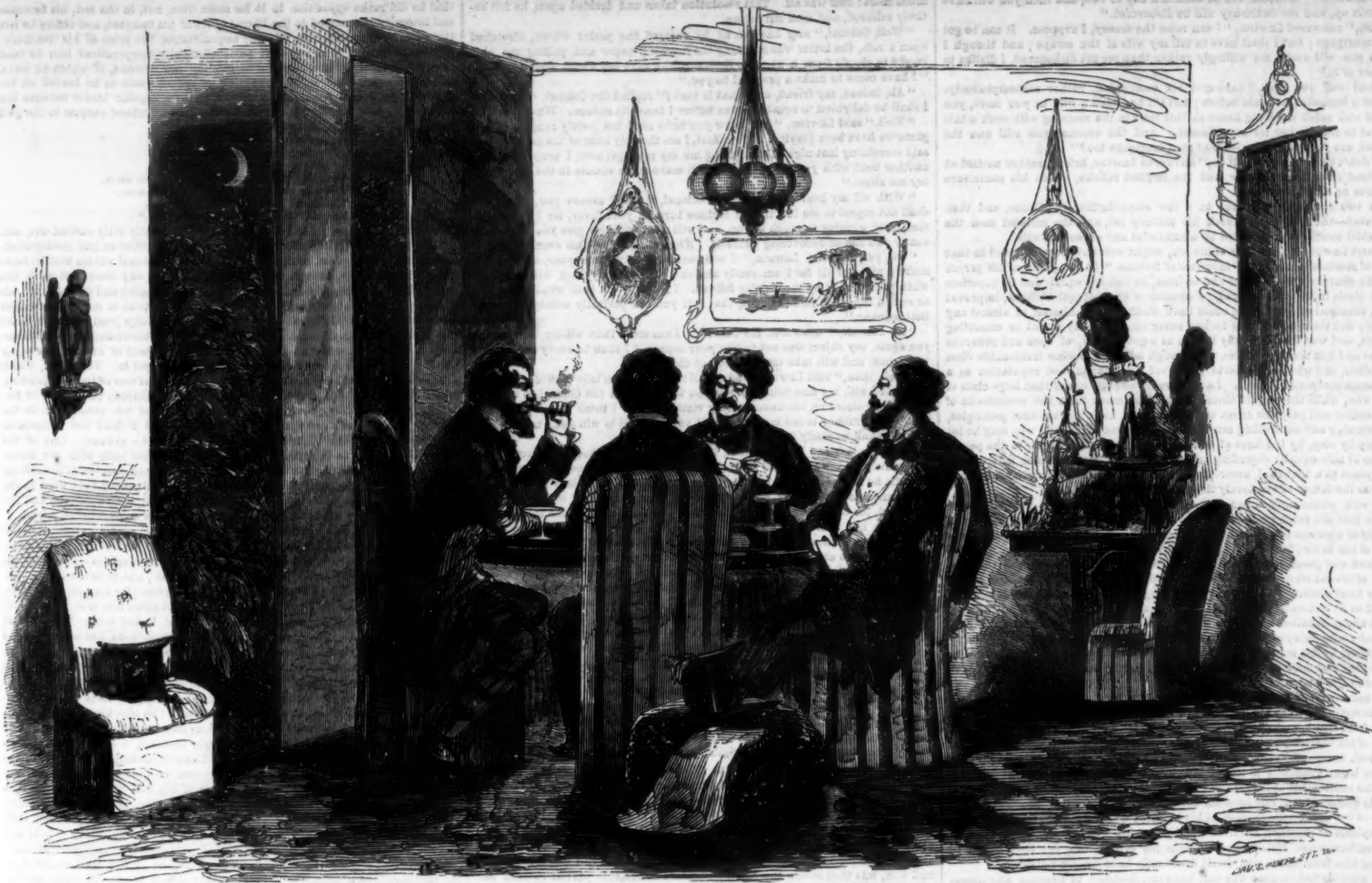
CELEBRATION OF FATHER MATHEW'S BIRTH-DAY.—The members of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society, clothed in full regalia, assembled on Tuesday evening, 14th October, in the large room, No. 68 East Broadway, to celebrate the 69th anniversary of the birth of that celebrated Apostle of Temperance, and also the 6th anniversary of the society. The large room was crowded, and many persons were unable to obtain seats, half of the company being ladies. Robertson's excellent band was in attendance, and played a number of beautiful pieces during the evening. The meeting was presided over by Mr. George Fleming, the President of the society, who opened the proceedings by a eulogium on the Rev. Father Mathew, stating that he was one who not only advocated Total Abstinence in his own country, but had traversed the Atlantic ocean to carry his doctrine into this glorious Republic. The exercises were varied by singing, speaking, etc.; and the "Star Spangled Banner" was well sung by Mr. Robert Wilson, ex-President of the society. In the course of the evening a silver medal was presented to Mr. Jeremiah Perry, for his exertions in procuring members for the society.

THE REPORTED ILLNESS OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—Most alarming rumors of the serious illness of the Emperor Napoleon have been widely circulated in France ever since his departure from Paris for Plombieres; and the fact of his not having taken any part in the fetes the 15th of August, together with his speedy return to retirement at Biarritz, after a sojourn of a few days at Paris, has given a fresh color and consistency to these reports. It is said that his malady is a softening of the spinal marrow, producing at times a loss of his mental faculties and the indulgence of the most extravagant hallucinations. A recent article in the leading column of the *Constitutionnel* concerning the supposed madness of Socrates, maintaining that the supposition was unfounded, because many great and wise men believed in visions and supernatural agencies without being mad, has been construed by many as an attempt on the part of the semi-official journal to account for the strange fancies which the Emperor is said to entertain.

AN EXPEDIENT.—A dashing and fashionable widow up-town says she thinks of suing some gentleman for a breach of promise, in order that the world may know she is in the market.

WASTE OF CANNON BALLS.—Some Yankee mathematician characteristically calculates that if the cannon balls fired by the allies into Sebastopol, during the renowned thirteen days, were rolled into rail bars, weighing sixty pounds to the yard, the bars would extend three hundred and sixty-two miles, or, if laid as a railroad, would make a single track from Philadelphia to the Ohio river at Pittsburgh, with all the necessary turnouts. Such is an instance of the useless destruction of property concomitant of war. How much better to cultivate the arts of peace and advance the final amelioration of man!

A NEW SCHEME OF PROSELYTISM.—A monk whose name is Spencer, a member of a noble family in England, is making a pilgrimage through Hungary, his object being to establish praying societies, whose special task it will be to pray in chapels, that the English nation may be converted, and return to the bosom of the "true church."



THE GAMBLERS.—SCENE FROM THE SLAVE SMUGGLERS.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER.

THE SLAVE SMUGGLERS;

OR,
THE BELLES OF THE BAY.

A LEGEND OF LOUISIANA.

CHAPTER I.

"He was a Greek, and on his isle had built
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades.)
A very handsome house from out his gulf,
And there he lived exceedingly at his ease."—BYRON.

PERHAPS there is no portion of the sea coast of the United States, that presents a more uninteresting and uninviting, or dreary and desolate appearance than a large portion of that of Louisiana. Here, the waves of the Atlantic, instead of dashing with resistless force and deafening sound against walls of rock, such as border the iron-bound coast of New England, or breaking more gently on the firm white beaches of the Middle States—lose themselves in the immense salt-marshes, which almost entirely encompass the sea board. It is through such marshes that the mighty Mississippi, the father of floods, through three mouths rolls his turbid waters to mingle with the clear blue waves of the Mexican Gulf; and by them, farther south, the numerous bays and lakes that indent the coast, are surrounded, being connected with the Gulf by bayous which have frequently the appearance of artificial canals, cut through the vast and reedy fields. Nothing can be more solitary, secluded and devoid of every attribute of life—than these marshy wastes; and the traveller, passing by or through them, might well imagine himself surveying the fabled fields of the dead, so perfect and unbroken are the solitude and desolation. And he would certainly never dream that, at no great distance from him, beautiful bays and lakes, with banks clad in perpetual verdure, lay sparkling in the sun, hid from his view by the dismal and monotonous scenery around them.

The Southern coast of Louisiana abounds with these secluded sheets of water; and into them the rivers and bayous of the interior empty, finding their way to the sea in the manner described. Many of them are of considerable size and are studded with small islands, which have been, from time to time, the resort of pirates, smugglers and freebooters of every description, who found in their numerous concealments, secure depots for their plunder, and impenetrable retreats in case of pursuit.

In the southwestern part of the state, and at no great distance from the Sabine, the boundary between it and Texas, is situated one of these lakes or bays, about twenty-five miles in length, and five or six in breadth. It is of shallow depth, and a small river, which rises in one of the western parishes, empties into it at the upper end. The lower portion of it is, as usual, surrounded with marshes, through which a pass of five or six miles in length connects it with the Gulf of Mexico. The remainder of the lake is encircled with prairies, which extend on each side to the pine forests, except at the mouth of the river referred to, where the timber which crowns its banks extends down to the shores of the lake, in which are several islands, one of which I shall particularly describe.

At the foot of the lake, near its southern extremity, and directly fronting the entrance of the pass leading to the gulf, this island is situated, and on it, at one time, stood a building which might well have excited the surprise and curiosity of any reflecting person who was unacquainted with its history or the history of its occupants; for, though the situation of itself was a lovely one and the scenery around not wanting in attraction, it was entirely isolated, no vestige of other habitations being visible in any direction. Besides, there was nothing in the appearance of the country around that could prompt even a probable guess of the motives of the dwellers on that lonely isle in selecting such a spot either for the display of as much taste as was evinced in the construction of the house and embellishment of the grounds.

As in that building and on the island some of the prominent actors in the story I am commencing for a time resided, and many of the incidents narrated in it occurred, a brief description of both is necessary. The island somewhat resembles in shape an irregular triangle, one corner or angle of which, jutting out towards the mouth of the pass, forms its extreme southern end. From this point two of the sides gradually expand towards the east and west, leaving the third side or base of the triangle fronting the north. Viewed from the mast-head of a vessel approaching the island through the pass, it would seem to contain many hundred acres of land; but, in reality, only a very small portion of it is *terra firma*.

At the distance of somewhat upwards of a mile from the southern point a deep bayou or creek makes in from the lake on each side of the island, and, meeting near the centre of it, they flow off in a united stream towards the north dividing it into two parts. Of these the smaller or southern portion is high dry land, gradually rolling from the centre to the shores of the lake, and terminating in a broad and shelving beach, running round the entire point,

composed of firm white sand, and thickly strewn with an endless variety of the most beautifully-shaped and delicately-tinted shells, and a profusion of glassy pebbles of every hue and size. The bank of the bayou on the south side is also firm and sandy, but more precipitous than the shores of the lake.

The remaining portion of the island, or that part north of the dividing bayous, is much the largest, but consists entirely of a marsh composed of tufts of porous or spongy soil covered with a growth of tall flags or reeds and long coarse grass. These tufts are seldom more than a yard or two in extent or diameter, and through and around them the flood-tide from the gulf flows several feet deep, leaving at the ebb beds of black mud and pools of water, through which the hideous alligator, the crocodile of America, glides; and various gigantic specimens of the crane tribe, whose enormous and unsightly beaks caricature their otherwise graceful appearance, stalk and wade in quest of their prey. It is through this marsh that the bayou before-mentioned flows off in a northerly direction, and is apparently lost in its rank and luxuriant vegetation. I shall have occasion again, in the course of my story, to return to it, and will then more particularly describe it and other matters hid at present like it in the recesses of the marsh.

On the smaller or firm portion of the island, and within a few hundred yards of the point is a magnificent grove of live oaks, the only timber on it, or indeed of any size for many miles around, and from which it derives its name of "Oak Island." This grove is so near the centre of the point, and the trees composing it are of so uniform a size and distance from each other, that it has the appearance of having been artificially formed; but, if so, it must have been planted by the hands of some race of men long since passed away, as at the time I speak of the trees composing it must have been several hundred years old. Their lower branches had been trimmed off, giving to each a rounded form, which permitted a free circulation of the pure and invigorating air of the gulf, whilst their proximity to each other formed a shade impervious to the ardent rays of a southern sun.

Embosomed in this grove, from whose dark green foliage its pure white walls gleamed out in delightful contrast, was the building alluded to. It was of large size and constructed in the old French or Creole style, being raised upon brick pillars some eight feet from the ground, and occupying a space of some sixty feet square, of this, however, a considerable portion was taken up by the galleries or verandahs, which entirely surrounded the house. From the upper corners of these galleries the peaked or square hipped roof ascended to a point, terminating in an iron rod, which supported a gilded ball and a weathercock or vane. Double sash doors, protected by moveable Venetian blinds, reaching from the floor to within a few inches of the ceiling, supplied the place of both windows and doors. The spaces between the brick pillars which supported the outward sides of the galleries were filled up with lattice work, on which flowering vines and shrubs of various kinds were trained.

The house fronted the entrance of the pass, and before and on each side of it a lawn or yard extended beyond the limits of the grove, which was adorned with every variety of shrubbery known in the South. The walk, which led from the steps to the gate of the lawn, was bordered by a hedge of roses; and a hundred different specimens of the same beautiful tribe bloomed on every side, interspersed and varied with flowers of every other species, hue and odor. A large garden, adjoining the lawn and separated from it by a neat paling, was stocked with every variety of fruit, both tropical and that of a more temperate clime. Orange and lemon trees, whose branches were laden with golden fruit, or covered with snowy blossoms, whose delicious fragrance filled the air, stood near the peach, the plum, the pomegranate, and the broad leaved and spreading fig; whilst the walks of the garden were canopied by arbors, over-spread with the climbing vine of the grape.

Numerous out-houses, such as are usually seen clustering about a Southern residence, stood near, and, at some distance from the rest, a neatly constructed stable surmounted by a dove cote or pigeon house, around and on which hundreds of its party-colored tenants wheeled and circled in graceful flights, or sat and uttered their low and musical cooings. All these offices and the paling or picket fence of the lawn or garden were painted or lime-washed of the same spotless white as the main building, giving to every part of the premises an air of order and taste. Behind the stable a field of some forty or fifty acres was inclosed with a post and rail fence, in which a crop of corn, stripped of its leaves, stood hardening in the autumnal sun. This field and the yard and garden were the only enclosures on the island, the remainder of it being covered with the same species of grass which is found on the prairies bordering the lake, dotted over even in the fall and winter with flowers of divers colors and forms.

Cropping this rich pasturage, or reposing and ruminating under the shade of clumps of cotton woods and willows, evidently planted for the purpose, a few fine cattle and sheep might have been seen, and in the yard a variety of dogs, hounds, pointers, and spaniels or water dogs ranged about, or lay basking in the sun. In the mouth of the bayou, protected from the high winds of the open lake, a beautiful yacht and a smaller sail or pleasure boat were moored to the bank. Moving about the yard or garden several negroes of both sexes might also have been observed, and occasionally in the galleries the figures of a lady and gentleman of middle age and of two girls apparently just entering into womanhood.

I have been thus minute and particular because I wish to impress upon the

mind of the reader, that the whole appearance of the place I have described better befit the neighborhood of some Southern city, as the residence of a rich planter or retired merchant, than the wild and lonely location which had been selected for the creation of this "oasis in the desert;" and yet, had he stood on the shores of the lake, or on the deck of a vessel entering it from the pass in October, 1821, the time I have chosen for the commencement of my story, such a scene as I have endeavored to paint would have then met his eye. I say then, for no such scene can now be observed. The island and the grove of oaks yet remain; but, with the exception of a pile of burnt and mouldering bricks and mortar, every vestige of a human habitation has disappeared; and the deer now roam undisturbed, where once the foot of beauty trod; and the owl hoots and the crane screams in the grove which once resounded with the melodious voices and joyous mirth of the young, the happy and the gay.

CHAPTER II.

"Master, be one of them,
It is an honorable kind of thievery."—SHAKESPEARE.

IN a handsomely furnished parlor of a hotel in the city of Mobile, on a night in the month of May, 1816, several gentlemen sat round a card table deeply absorbed in play. Through the lofty windows open to the floor, the cool night breeze from the bay came laden with the perfume of orange blossoms, mingled with the odor of a thousand other fragrant flowers and shrubs. On a myrtle that grew near, a mocking bird, the nightingale of the South, had perched and was pouring forth a diversified and gushing melody of sweet notes, as if rejoicing in the beauty of the night, illuminated by the silvery rays of a full and unclouded moon. But neither the still loveliness of the scene, the scented and refreshing breeze, or the clear warblings of the feathered songster seemed to be observed or enjoyed by the party of players. This consisted of five individuals, only two of whom it will be at all necessary to describe. The first of these, who appeared to be the host, as he frequently pressed upon the others the wines, liquors, and other refreshments, with which an adjoining table was spread, was a well dressed, gentlemanly man of about forty years of age, whose dark complexion and yet black hair proclaimed him of foreign extraction. The other was a strikingly handsome young man, some six or eight years younger than the other, with an air of anxiety and uneasiness strongly depicted upon his countenance. The play was high, and though losing continually, the younger man staked extravagantly and desperately, as if determined to force fortune to his side or test the truth of the saying that she always favors the brave. But all was in vain; he was invariably unsuccessful, and at the close of the sitting, long after midnight, he had not only lost a large sum of ready money, most of which had been won by the dark gentleman, who was addressed by the title of Colonel, but was also indebted to him for a still larger amount, for which he gave him an acknowledgment of I. O. U. This the other seemed to receive rather unwillingly, observing that it made no difference, as he would soon give him an opportunity of taking his revenge.

Smiling somewhat bitterly, the young man left the room, followed by one of his companions. After they had reached the street and proceeded some steps, the latter exclaimed:

"Well, Bob, you have made a misa of it. Instead of winning back your previous losses, you have lost as much more, besides what you owe him. Why, man, you are positively crazy to bet as you do and against that fellow too, who always beats you!"

"Do you think he plays unfairly, Frank," asked the other, whose name was Robert Lawton, "or takes any advantage of me?"

"If you mean does he cheat you, no," replied his companion. "I have noticed him closely since we have been playing, and he handles the cards fairly enough. But he has an advantage of you, and he uses it, as every other man would who played to win."

"What is that," inquired Lawton.

"It is this," said the other, "you are deeply in his debt; he sees you are reckless and excited, whilst he is careful and perfectly cool; you bet wildly and madly; he meets you and wins four times out of five, and so it will be to the bitter end, if you are mad enough to continue."

"Mad enough," said Lawton; "why you talk like a parson, and as if you never played yourself?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "I do play; but I make it a rule never to go beyond my means and never to owe anything. Besides I am a bachelor, with no one to please or keep but myself. Excuse me, Bob, you and I are old friends, and I should not be a true one if I did not warn you of the danger you are running. Since we have been playing with this Colonel, who calls himself a Louisiana sugar planter, but whom I believe to be something else, you have lost largely, and I have noticed that he seems to play at you particularly and not care about winning from any of the rest of us; now how, in the name of Heaven, can you afford this? You know I am aware of your circumstances, and have been since we were boys together. Bob, you surely have not been insane enough to risk any of the public funds entrusted to your care?"

"Yes, Frank, I have," replied Lawton, impulsively. "I have been insane enough, as you say, to do that very thing. Since old Munston has been away, I have received a part of the duties, and have lost to this Colonel fifteen several thousand dollars."

"Well," replied his friend, after a pause, "and what in earth are you going

to do about it? Munston will be back in a day or two, and then you will have to settle up, and the deficiency will be discovered."

"Oh," answered Lawton, "I can raise the money, I suppose. It can be got on a mortgage; but I shall have to tell my wife of the scrape; and though I know she will assist me willingly rather than see me dishonored, I dislike to tell her of it."

"And well you may," answered his companion, rather contemptuously. "I am a bachelor, as I said before; but if I had such a wife as you have, you would not catch me going home at this time in the morning with such a tale as that to console her for my absence. And the amount you still owe the Colonel, are you going to raise that on a mortgage too?"

"I don't know what I shall do," answered Lawton, briefly, rather nettled at his friend's tone and manner, and the implied rebuke, which his conscience told him he richly deserved.

The two companions walked on a few steps farther in silence, and then separated—the bachelor to seek his solitary cot, and the married man the matrimonial couch, long tenanted by a sorrowful and expectant wife.

Robert Lawton, at one time of his life, might well have been included in that class of mortals termed the "favorites of fortune." In the graces of his person and the charms of his manner and address, he had few equals and no superiors in the circle in which he moved. Possessor of fine natural abilities, improved by an excellent education, he could have distinguished himself in almost any career; but these advantages he had never applied to any useful or ennobling pursuit, and was therefore only known as a good fellow, of open and generous temper and fine social qualities, and though addicted to some fashionable vices and follies, one who had hitherto preserved an unblemished reputation as a gentleman and man of honor. Lawton was, however, one of that large class of men, who, while they would shrink with abhorrence from the commission of any positive and palpable crime or misdemeanor, have yet no fixed principles, no governing and controlling sense of honor and rectitude, and who may be led on, step by step, by the force of circumstances and associations, to the perpetration of acts equally degrading and dishonoring. He had been married for some years to a beautiful, accomplished and most amiable and virtuous woman, and was the father of two lovely little girls.

His wife, whose maiden name was Rosa Kenyon, had been warned by her friends that she ran a great risk of her future happiness in entrusting it to the keeping of a person of as wild a disposition and unsettled habits and character as those of her lover; for, though at that time Lawton had contracted no positive vices and was possessor of considerable property, they justly feared the propriety of his future course, undirected by any settled principles, and unguarded by any fixed sentiments of morality and religion. But love laughs at lectures as well as at locksmiths. Rosa was an orphan, and both herself and fortune, which about equalled that of her lover, were entrusted to the care of a bachelor uncle, who doted on her, and was easily converted to the belief so religiously entertained by his niece, that Lawton's faults were the mere follies of youth, which time and matrimony would eradicate, and he was thus induced to give his consent to their union.

For some years after this event, her expectations, if not entirely fulfilled, were nevertheless very far from being entirely disappointed. Her husband was rarely from home, and never engaged in any of the wild and reckless frolics and follies of his bachelor days, but seemed devoted to her and their two little daughters, both born within three years of their marriage. After that time, however, Lawton began gradually to tire of his quiet and monotonous life, and to thirst after the excitement of his former courses. His evenings were now more frequently spent abroad, and he often returned at a late hour, bearing evident traces of the night's dissipation on his haggard countenance. But not a word of complaint or reproach fell from the lips of his wife, for she fondly thought that gentleness and forbearance towards his errors were the best means of winning him from them, and would eventually have the desired effect.

This amiable forbearance was not, however, destined to produce any immediate good results. Instead of evenings, Lawton began to pass whole nights from home, and his wife soon became painfully convinced that these hours were passed at the gaming-table. At first she attempted to reason with him; but finding it useless, and that her affectionate and gentle entreaties and admonitions were received with impatience and anger, she ceased them, and exerted herself to repair, as far as possible, the injury which her husband was inflicting upon her and her children by the closest economy and attention to matters which should have been his exclusive care.

Things went on this way for some time longer—Lawton's insane infatuation still continuing—until not only all his own fortune, but the greater part of his wife's, had been swallowed up in the vortex created by it. Luckily for her and the children, the house in which they lived, and its large enclosures and gardens, had belonged to her parents, and this, with some family servants, had, by the providence of her uncle, been settled upon her in such a manner that they could neither be sold nor mortgaged without her consent. Her husband had not cared to ask for this, both because he did not wish to let her see to what straits he was reduced, and because he knew she valued the property far beyond its intrinsic worth—the house as her birth-place and the residence of her parents, and the servants, with whom she had grown up in all the familiarity common in the South, more as attached friends than as servile dependants, and that it would be extremely painful to her to run any risk of parting with either. The hire of such of these servants as she did not need had formerly formed a portion of her pocket-money, but of late it had been the chief support of herself and children.

At length Lawton's affairs became so much involved, that he found it difficult to procure the means of keeping up a genteel appearance, and he gladly accepted a situation offered him in the custom-house; but the relief afforded him by the salary attached to it, however, was only partial. Extravagant alike in feelings and habits, even the stern lessons of necessity had failed to teach him either prudence or economy. He was overwhelmed with debt, and daily smarting under the endless mortifications entailed upon him by the change of circumstances brought about by his own thoughtless folly and criminal indulgence in a ruinous propensity.

It was whilst he lived in this humiliating situation that the agent of the celebrated Lafitte—the Pirate of the Gulf, as he was called—arrived in the city for the purpose of making confederates in the contemplated enterprises of his chief. This person was, as was essential that he should be, a man of great tact and address, good education and pleasing manners and appearance. He was liberally supplied with money, and instructed to spare no pains or expense in carrying out his instructions, which were to try and make accomplices amongst those who, from their position in society, would be above suspicion, (which Lafitte knew, from previous experience, was by no means practicable,) and also to endeavor by every possible means to gain over some officer of the customs wherever they were established.

It was not long after his arrival before this man had learned every particular of Lawton's character and affairs, and he at once marked him as his own. Being introduced to him in the character of a wealthy planter travelling for amusement, they soon became intimate, and Lawton and others became nightly guests of the Colonel, as he had dubbed himself at his rooms at the hotel—where they were entertained with the most unbounded hospitality on the part of the host. Play, of course, was the chief amusement of these parties, and, at the first of them, Lawton won considerably—the pretended Colonel seeming to have no desire of winning from his guests, but only to play, as he said, for amusement. In a few nights, however, the tables began to turn—at least as regarded Lawton, who now lost heavily—his companions still winning from the Colonel a portion of what he had lost. Vexed at this, and priding himself, as most unsuccessful gamblers do, on his play, he redoubled his efforts; and, as his companion told him, betted wildly and desperately, lost his ready money, and got deeper and deeper in debt to his host. Night after night witnessed the same result, until, as has been seen, Lawton had lost a large sum of the public money entrusted to him, and was indebted in a still larger amount to his treacherous entertainer.

On reaching his room after leaving his companion, the unlucky gambler was not sorry to find his neglected wife wrapped in slumber; for, though he neither feared nor expected her upbraidings, he felt that her watchfulness itself would be a reproach. Late as was the hour, he felt no disposition for sleep, and he began to revolve in his mind how he should break the subject of his difficulties to the unconscious being reposing so calmly by his side. The more he thought of it, the greater became his repugnance to make the humiliating avowal—a repugnance which, though mixed with selfishness, arose, nevertheless, in a great measure from the thought of grieving his wife—whom, notwithstanding his neglect, he still loved—and he tried to think of some other method of extricating himself from the dilemma in which he was placed. The conversation between him and his friend occurred to his mind, and the remarks of the latter regarding the fair play of the Colonel, and the singularity of the circumstance that none of the rest of the party had lost. With the infatuation of a gambler, it instantly occurred to him that, alone or single-handed with his fortunate opponent, he could yet recover himself. This idea soon became a conviction, and he resolved on the following day to propose the game to the Colonel. He still had some hundreds of the funds confided to his care, which would serve for a stake; and, even if he lost that, which was almost impossible—as his luck must turn, and he knew himself a match for any man who played fairly—why, his wife would only have to mortgage her property for that

much more: that was all. This resolution taken and decided upon, he felt entirely relieved, and soon fell asleep.

"Well, Colonel," said Lawton, as he entered the parlor where, stretched upon a sofa, the latter was scanning the morning paper and puffing the blue smoke in clouds from a genuine Havana, the next day about eleven o'clock, "I have come to make a proposal to you."

"Ah, indeed, my friend, and what is that?" replied the Colonel, "I am sure I shall be delighted to accede to it even before I know its nature. What is it?"

"Well," said Lawton, "you know you have used me pretty roughly in the game we have been playing, and, in fact, I am the only loser of the party. You said something last night about giving me my revenge; now, I propose having another bout with you, provided you will make some excuse to the others and try me alone."

"With all my heart," replied the Colonel, "and I assure you, Lawton, I shall not regret to see the tide of fortune turn in your favor, for I never contemplated winning so much of you, and will most willingly give you the opportunity you ask of recovering yourself. When shall it be—this evening?"

"Oh, yes," replied Lawton, "I will come round after supper, and we will make a night of it; for I am really anxious to see if my luck will not turn when undisturbed by those noisy fellows. I mean to win back what I have lost or send a thousand more after it, that is if you are perfectly willing to play in that manner."

"My dear sir," answered the Colonel, "I am more than willing, for I assure you again, my object was not to win your money. I shall be ready at the time you name, and will take care we are not disturbed."

"Well, then," said Lawton, "adieu till then, and then take care of yourself."

"That I will, my fine fellow, and of you too," replied the Colonel to himself, as the door closed on his unsuspecting victim; "and I think I have you safe now. Your money is not my object, but you are, and to win you I must win it, and so I shall be ready for you."

As Lawton's friend had supposed, the play had so far been conducted perfectly fairly by the pretended Colonel, whom I shall continue to designate by the title he had assumed. But it would not have been so had not Lawton's recklessness obliterated any necessity for his using the skill which he really possessed, for he was an adept in the art of play and could make the cards or dice obey his will. His only object being to entangle Lawton, he cared nothing about winning from the others. Now, however, he determined to trust nothing to chance to accomplish his end of getting his expected visitor completely in his power. Accordingly he procured soon a pack of cards, and, taking them from their covers he marked them so ingeniously, that, whilst he would know every one as it was dealt, the marks would be entirely undiscernable to his opponent, whom he would thus have completely at his mercy. The cards were then carefully re-enclosed and put by for use.

The day passed slowly on to Lawton, whose impatience for the approach of evening was so great that he could scarcely attend to the business of his office; for he fully believed, that, on the ensuing night, he was destined, not only to recover his losses but also to win a large sum from the rich Louisianian. True, he was several thousand dollars behind; but what of that? The Colonel evidently cared nothing for money and would stake that amount on a single card if he thought it best. In short, he felt as perfectly sanguine of success as any other infatuated and incorrigible gambler before him ever did.

At last the tardy sun went down. The appointed hour arrived, and the unequally matched players sat down to their game—one eager, impatient and full of hope, the other calm, cool and certain of victory. For the first two or three hours but little change comparatively was made in the position of either, the Colonel not caring to bring matters to an issue too precipitately. The amount of money before Lawton at the commencement of the game had increased several hundred dollars, and of course, the Colonel, who had displayed all he had won, was that much the loser. Exhilarated by this partial success and the champagne he had drunk, Lawton's spirits rose high and his hopes became more extravagant than ever; but they were soon lowered, for from that time the game went as the Colonel willed. Note after note passed over to his side of the table, until at last only one solitary fifty dollar bill remained before his opponent. In a few moments this also was staked and lost, and Lawton saw his last dollar pass into the possession of his successful and unconquerable antagonist.

At this final and withering blight to all his high wrought hopes and visionary expectations, the head of the unfortunate gambler sank upon the table between his outspread hands, and, for the first time in his life, he felt completely subdued and hopeless. His losses, hitherto, though large in the aggregate, had occurred at intervals, and had never reached in the same time anything like the amount he had now sunk in a few nights. The money, too, formerly had been his own, while that which he had now lost had been entrusted to his honor. As long as any other alternative had remained, the sacrifice he designed requiring of his wife, seemed light, or at least one which might not be required, but now that no other resources were left to him from public dishonor than the impoverishment of his wife and children, he groined in the agony of bitter and unavailing regret.

"What is the matter, my friend?" said the Colonel, softly, while he shuffled the cards, "shall we go on?"

"What is the matter?" said Lawton fiercely, as he raised his head, and then seeing an expression in the face of his companion, which induced him to change his tone, he continued: "I'll tell you what is the matter, Colonel. In the last two weeks I have lost to you a large sum of money which did not belong to me, and which was entrusted to my care; and I have no means of replacing it, without calling upon my wife to mortgage the little remnant of her fortune. Besides, I owe you a still larger amount, which I have no earthly means of paying."

"This is unfortunate," replied the Colonel, after a pause. "But there may yet remain to you some other way of extricating yourself from your difficulties without resorting to the unpleasant means you speak of."

"What other way can there be?" inquired Lawton, anxiously; "you do not mean this?" pointing to the cards.

"No, indeed," replied the Colonel, dryly, "I do not think you would ever recover yourself in that manner; but there is another way—a simple and sure one; by which, if you choose, before you leave this room, you can replace all you have lost, cancel your debt to me, and assure yourself of a competency for the future—provided you will not let a mere prejudice, prevent you from embracing it."

"Let me hear what it is," said Lawton, "and no such scruples, as you have mentioned, will prevent me from embracing such an opportunity."

"Before I do so," replied the Colonel, "you must swear to me that, should you reject my proposal, you will never reveal to any one the nature of it. And I warn you, at the same time, that it is no light matter, and that, if you violate your oath, you will subject yourself to a speedy and certain vengeance. Are you willing to take the oath on such conditions?"

"I am, I do," answered Lawton, eagerly, excited by curiosity and hope.

"Well, then," said his mysterious host, "did you ever hear of the celebrated Lafitte, and have you any idea where he is now?"

"I have heard of him frequently," replied Lawton; "and always understood, that after the battle of New Orleans he returned to his native country—France."

"That is a mistake," said the Colonel; "he is now on an island in Galveston Bay, where he has built a new rendezvous, and is preparing to embark in smuggling on a large scale to different parts of the United States. This city is one of them. I am his agent; and the proposal I have to make to you is to join us."

"I join you!" exclaimed Lawton, perfectly aghast at this audacious confession and proposal. "I do you know that I am an officer of the revenue myself?"

"I know all about you, Mr. Lawton," replied the Colonel seriously, "and all about your own affairs, public and private; at least as far as any one knows; and that is my reason for selecting you to aid us. I know that you are, as you say, an officer of the government of the United States, and that you have sworn fidelity to it; very well! But have you not also taken another oath? Have you not sworn to support, succor and sustain your wife? Now, which oath is most binding? and which ought to be? Most persons, perhaps, would say the public one. But I think differently. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and a man's family is a part of himself; and, here, you are about to involve them in debt and distress, to replace the money you have lost, when, by embracing my proposal, you can recover it, cancel your debt to me, and secure to them a handsome competence for the future. And what crime do you really commit? You break your oath, it is true; but men, and women too, for that matter, do the same every day, and are none the less thought of. You are not defrauding an individual or an association, and the public will never feel or know it. Smuggling will go on even in this very place, whether you take part in it or not; so that, if you refuse, you will only be injuring yourself, without benefitting the government."

It would be needless and perhaps tiresome to detail the lengthened and specious arguments which the agent brought forward to win Lawton to his purpose, or the opposition which the latter at first made to entering into the nefarious and, on his part, doubly dishonorable compact. Suffice it to say,

that he did make opposition to it for some time, but, in the end, his firmness and integrity succumbed to the liberal offers of his tempter, and before he left the room, he received from his wily acquaintance the price of his treachery, and bound himself in a way that most effectually compromised him to take part in the contemplated plans for defrauding the revenue, of which he was a sworn and trusted officer, by permitting smuggled goods to be landed on his days of duty from a vessel which was to ply as a regular trader between the city and Havana, and which was to receive her contraband cargoes in the gulf from Lafitte's armed cruisers.

CHAPTER III.

"When envy's sneer would coldly blight his name,
And busy tongues are sporting with his fame;
Who gladly perils fortune, fame and life,
For man, the ingrate!—the devoted wife."

This plan, thus concocted and defined, was subsequently fully carried out, and for two years the illicit traffic went on flourishingly, unknown and unsuspected, except by those engaged in it, of which there were several others besides Lawton in the same city, though none but him in any way connected with the revenue service. Many valuable cargoes had been landed and disposed of; his share in the profits of which had been so great that it not only enabled him to live more in his former style, but also to indulge freely in his favorite and ruling propensity. He accounted for this favorable change in his circumstances to his wife, who had never known the full extent of his difficulties, by attributing it to some lucky speculation he had engaged in. The world, which always sides with the prosperous, was glad to find that one of its old favorites, whom it had once been about to discard, was again climbing the ladder of fortune, without troubling itself to inquire who or what was aiding him in the ascent; but before he had reached the highest round a fatal and unforeseen accident occurred which again precipitated him to the ground. One of the subordinate actors in the conspiracy, who was entrusted only with the knowledge of Lawton's connection with it, having become exasperated at his refusal to comply with some extortionate demand, in a fit of drunken rage went to the collector of the port, and revealed the whole plot; and, before Lawton had the slightest intimation of his danger, he was arrested and committed to prison.

His horror and despair at finding himself so suddenly placed in this ignominious position may be better imagined than described. He thought of his affectionate and devoted wife and his young and innocent daughters, on whom his disgrace would entail such deep distress and shame; and bitter were his feelings of remorse and keen the reproaches of his conscience for his folly and crime. Notwithstanding the convincing proofs his wife had given him of love and devotion, he felt some fear and doubt as to what would be her course towards him in the present crisis. He knew how deep and sincere were her contempt and detestation for anything dishonest or dishonorable, a feeling which, however contradictory or inconsistent the assertion may appear, he also shared with her to a considerable extent. True, he had broken his oath and betrayed the trust reposed in him by the government, and yet he would have scorned a dishonest or dishonorable act towards his fellow-man; so nice are the distinctions our passions and our interests often deceive us into drawing.

In admitting to his bosom, even for a single moment, a doubt of his wife's fidelity and constancy in his hour of trial, Lawton showed how little he was capable of appreciating the feelings of a true-hearted and conscientious wife, for in a very short time after his arrest the door of his cell was opened and she rushed into his arms. Her very first words as she clasped him to her heart, "My dear, dear unfortunate husband," proved to him that she was not only acquainted with the crime of which he was accused, but was ready to pity and excuse him and share the consequences. It was then that the heart of Lawton smote him bitterly for his long and cruel neglect of one who deserved to be, and should have been, the most cherished object of his existence, and he inwardly made a vow that for the future he would endeavor to atone to her for the past.

I shall not attempt to describe the particulars of the painful interview between the husband and wife. Suffice it to say, that Lawton fully acknowledged to his sorrowing and deeply mortified partner the full extent of his transgressions, and received from her only expressions of sympathy and assurances of undiminished love and fidelity. Not one word of reproach did she utter; nor did she attempt to moralize on the folly and turpitude of his conduct, or his neglect of her advice and entreaties, which had produced such disgraceful results; for she felt that it was not only her duty, but her dearest privilege, to be the comforter and consoler of her husband in his deep though merited affliction. After remaining with her husband until a late hour, Mrs. Lawton left him at last only at his repeated request, to return to their children, assuring him that no effort on her part should be spared for his release, even at the cost of all her remaining property.

That the mind of the unfortunate prisoner was greatly and unexpectedly relieved by his interview with his wife may be readily imagined, even by those who have never felt the want of such consolation and sympathy themselves. But there was still another and more mortifying ordeal to pass through. That had taken place in the privacy of his cell, in the presence of the being who

"Can love the more and soothe and bless
Man in his utter wretchedness."

The other was to be endured in public, exposed to the gaze of every eye and subject to the remarks of every tongue. Lawton had been arrested at a late hour of the day, on an affidavit of the collector, and had undergone no preliminary examination before being committed to prison. The charge against him was therefore to be publicly investigated in the court-house, where, he had no doubt, most of his former friends and acquaintances would attend, incited by their curiosity to hear the particulars of the crime of which he was accused, and his heart sunk within him as he thought of that mortifying scene.

The next morning Mrs. Lawton again visited her husband, accompanied by her two little daughters, to whom, with a wife and mother's pardonable feelings, she attributed the cause of their father's imprisonment, rather to misfortune than to crime. Upon entering his cell they burst into tears, but were soon pacified by his caresses, and consoled by the hope he held out to them of his being speedily released—a hope which he himself really entertained, having no doubt of being able to procure any amount of bail that might be demanded. Perverted as his principles were in many respects, his heart was still feelingly alive to the distresses of others, and he would unhesitatingly have extended to any of those whom he looked upon as friends that assistance and support which he now confidently expected from them. A short time, however, only was necessary to convince him how completely he had deceived himself, and how weak was the tie called friendship unstrengthened and uncemented by confidence and esteem. Before Lawton's family had remained with him any length of time, a lawyer whom he had sent for arrived, and they took their leave, promising to return again in the evening when his examination was over.

A brief conversation with his legal adviser, to whom he was perfectly frank and explicit in the statement of his difficulties, was sufficient to convince the prisoner that he had laid himself liable to heavy penalties, and that the bail which would be required of him would be proportionably large, if, indeed, any would be taken; and it was with spirits considerably depressed that he accompanied the sheriff and his lawyer to the court-room where his examination was to take place. As he had anticipated, it was crowded to excess, and, as he passed through the dense mass, which opened to admit him and his companions, the involuntary and hasty glance which he threw around him discovered to him many of his most intimate associates gazing eagerly and curiously upon him. For a moment his eye quailed and his step faltered, but in another pride and manhood came to his support, and he proceeded with a firm step and unblenching cheek to the seat which he was to occupy, though he bitterly felt the degradation of his position.

The investigation of the charges against him then commenced, and the fact of his connection with Lafitte in his smuggling operations, and his connivance at them in his official capacity, was fully proved, not only by the evidence of the traitor, in which not all the ingenuity and cross-questioning of his counsel could detect a flaw, but also by many circumstances unnoticed before, but now fully corroborating the charge; and Lawton was committed by the examining magistrate to take his trial before the United States District Court at its first session—the amount of his bail being fixed at twenty thousand dollars. The informer was also required to give bail to appear at court and prosecute the charge.

(To be continued.)

CRUEL PUNISHMENT AT SEA.—In a case tried before the United States District Court, on Tuesday, Sept. 30th, it was shown that the carpenter of the ship Typhoon, for some slight disobedience of orders, was handcuffed, gagged and tried up so that he merely touched the tips or extremities of his toes to the deck of the ship, and so was kept for the period of seven hours without any coat on, while it was raining violently. That, after this, the complainant was taken to the Hospital, and there left in rags for the residue of the voyage.

A sharp compositor of a brilliant daily paper in this town, attempting lately to set up a familiar line of poetry, made it read thus: "Death does a shining mark."



MRS. JESSIE FREMONT.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, FROM A RECENT PAINTING BY T. BUCHANAN READ—EXHIBITED FOR A FEW DAYS AT WILLIAMS AND STEVENS'.

SUPPLEMENT TO
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SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE MERRY GENT," ETC.
Continued in No. 7.

CHAPTER LXXII.—Continued.

Whilst waiting for the speaker, the valet, who, as our readers are aware, had assumed that position only for a purpose, had turned over in his mind all that had been said, and convinced himself that the tale of the servants having been frightened out of their beds by old Nan's cries of murder would not bear the test of examination; for the quick-witted Roderick must have noticed that they were all of them dressed as usual; and resolved to tell the truth, but with such a coloring as might divert suspicion from himself.

"The fact is, sir, we all sat up in the housekeeper's room to watch the keeper."

"To watch the keeper?" repeated his master, knitting his brows.

"You can't imagine, sir," continued Bender, in a confidential tone, "what a singular fellow he is. Would you believe it! he never sleeps in a bed, but sits up all night in the servants' hall. Sometimes he walks up and down for hours, tossing his arms in the air, and muttering all sorts of strange words; and if at last he does off in a chair, it's only for a few minutes: with a loud cry, or a groan, he is up again in an instant, and worse than before."

"The idiot!" thought Roderick.

"I didn't believe a word of it till the butler and Mrs. Tidy assured me it was true, and then we all agreed to sit up and watch him. It was my intention to tell you everything in the morning," added the speaker, "for I felt that you ought to know it."

"And so you all watched him," said the possessor of Crowhall, speaking with great deliberation. "Well, what did you see?"

"The keeper asleep in the chair, and he looked horribly."

"And what did you hear?" demanded his master, earnestly.

"He cried 'Murder!' sir," replied the man, "and seemed to struggle with some one in his dreams: doubtless he imagined he was being murdered."

The word was repeated by that terrible old woman whom you saw at the window. The women screamed, you came, and—that's all, sir."

"It seems, then, the keeper, as you call him, is no great favorite in the servants' hall," observed Mr. Hastings.

"Not one of them likes him," answered the valet; "his manners are so coarse, and he speaks of your honor in such a familiar way, as if he were hand and glove with you. Mrs. Tidy and the butler feel quite jealous of his favor."

"And you?"

"Not a bit more than the rest," replied the concealed detective, with well-affected frankness. "I should be sorry to say a word to deprive a man unjustly of his bread. It's my opinion—the fact is, I suspect—but never mind," he added, as if he had suddenly changed his mind; "it wouldn't be right to say it."

"I insist upon hearing it," exclaimed the gentleman, eagerly; "what is it you suspect?"

"That the plate isn't safe. We all saw him at supper examining the hall mark on one of the great tankards, and feeling the weight of it in his hand."

Roderick smiled, and felt perfectly satisfied in his own mind that the dislike to Bill arose only from a vulgar feeling of jealousy on the part of his servants. In fact, so cleverly had the impression been conveyed, that it would have been difficult for him to have adopted any other.

"That will do, Bender," he said; "you may leave me."

On the night the occurrence we have just described took place in the servants' hall the unhappy mistress of the mansion was indulging in her restless walk, muttering broken words and gesticulating to herself, when the cry of murder raised by old Nan beneath the windows excited her attention. She paused and listened.

The word was repeated, accompanied by a mocking laugh.

"I am going mad—mad!" shouted the wretched woman, falling on her knees, and passing her fingers through her long hair, which sorrow, not age, had changed to gray. "Is it a warning that the murderer's step is near? Are my minutes numbered? Must I die alone—the scorn, the mockery of Roderick?"

—the unregretted and unavenged."

The wretched woman continued to listen eagerly, but no further sounds were heard, and the terrors which had shaken her gradually disappeared.

"If I dared only pray or weep," she murmured, "it might bring relief to my worn brain and aching heart. I will try. Bend, stubborn knees," she added, sinking into an attitude of supplication; "the words and tears may come."

Mabel had not remained very long in this frame of mind before she was startled by the sound of the key turning gently in the lock of her prison chamber, and Roderick entered the room in time to see her start to her feet. A cold smile of mingled satisfaction and derision rested for an instant on his features. He felt that his system was working the effect he wished.

"I disturb you," he said.

"You do indeed," replied his wife, with bitterness. "The angel of repentance was hovering over me, and the presence of the fiend has driven it away."

"Humph! poetical and romantic," sneered the ruffian; "pity there is not an audience to admire you. The acting is excellent—the make-up perfect. But let us understand each other. You can guess the purport of my visit."

"To murder me, to —"

"Fshaw!" interrupted her gazer; "why should I commit a crime so useless—so imprudent? No, Mabel, no; your death must be a natural one—a death that will stand the investigations of science, the analysis of the chemist, the scrutiny of the surgeon's knife. You may die a maniac," he added; "from your sullen wayward temper and strong passions, I think it not unlikely; but you will not be murdered."

This fearful speech was uttered with terrible distinctness. Every word smote like a death-knell on her ear, creating images calculated to shake the strongest nerve.

"Coward!" she exclaimed, "cool, insulting coward! God!" she added, clasping her hands suddenly, "is it possible that I once loved this thing of clay, this accursed dross, this incarnation of a tiger's spirit in a human form? Oh, what a mask has fallen!"

"The mask," retorted Roderick, stung by her sarcasm, "was in your own vanity. What man could love the woman who unsexed herself by crime—watched with calculating eye and unblanched cheek a brother's agonies? Ay," he said, raising the lamp and looking round the room, "this is the very bed on which he died; you must have pleasant dreams in it."

The hypocrite knew whilst he uttered this that the head of his wife had never once pressed its pillow.

There was a terrible logic in his words—not a syllable but inflicted a pang more keen from the lips that uttered them; and the features of Mabel, which had flashed with scorn and anger, gradually became pale and rigid as marble; her eyes only retained their expression of hate—intense, inextinguishable hate.

"It is perfectly useless for us to exchange reproaches," he continued; "we know each other too well. I brought you here neither from love for your person nor the desire to harm you. On two conditions the door of your chamber shall be opened, and you may quit Crowhall when you please."

"Name them," replied his wife, with desperate calmness.

"First," said her husband, "that you return me the letters that I wrote to you previous to our marriage."

Mabel smiled.

"And the rest of the papers which you stole from the casket in my cabinet; they were with —"

"The correspondence of your paramour, and related to certain passages between yourself and Sir Mark in Paris," interrupted the captive.

"Exactly."

"Have you nothing more to exact?" she demanded.

"Yes, one thing else—that you discover to me the situation and the secret entrance to the basement room."

"Where those letters which so accurately forecast the death of Walter, the jewels of my family, and the proofs of the desert you practiced on your dupe Raymond and his victim are concealed," observed Mabel, in a mocking tone.

"You must bid higher, Roderick, to obtain them; the price is not sufficient."

"What must I offer?" demanded her destroyer.

"The peace of mind which you have broken," replied the unhappy woman, with frantic vehemence, "the innocent heart of my girlhood's days, my belief in Heaven, my confidence in human nature, the peaceful sleep, the happy dreams, banished for ever from my pillow."

"Foe, you rave!" exclaimed the master of Crowhall in an angry tone.

"True," said his wife, "stone cannot understand me. Take back your offers. I shall keep my secret. Keep it in madness," she added, resolutely.

"The heir will come at last—the race of the Herberts is not yet extinct—and the prize you have so foully won will be wrenched from you. You will die a beggarly felon yet."

Fearing to trust himself longer in her presence, lest her reproaches should drive him to a deed of violence detrimental to his scheme, Roderick quitted the room, which he locked carefully after him.

"Heaven help me!" sighed Mabel, pressing her hands upon her burning brow. "My reason is deserting me."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE seed which Roderick Hastings had so skillfully sown was not cast on a barren soil. Bill Spuggins pondered on it during the following day. From the first he had clearly seen what his employer expected from him, and made up his mind to the horrid task.

His fears of Nan decided him.

"Strangling will be best," he thought; "it's so much cleaner and—yes—it shall be by strangling."

With this conclusion he retired to his chamber, where he took care to leave his light burning when he quitted the manor house.

The night was clear and cold, for it was now the commencement of October, and the leaves rustled crisply beneath the murderer's tread as he walked with hasty strides down the broad avenue. He had fortified his courage with brandy; yet, when he first beheld the massive tower of the church, a strange feeling began to creep over him, for, like most ignorant and cruel men, he was exceedingly superstitious. He recollected the terror with which the servants spoke of Nan, the vague hints they had thrown out of her more than natural powers.

As he thought of these things he felt more inclined than ever to turn back; but the dread of Roderick, and the suspicion that the old woman had discovered his secret, restrained him. Safety, he argued, must be bought at any price, but he could not help wishing the affair were over.

For nearly an hour he sat meditating these things, under the shadow of the church wall, waiting impatiently for his victim, whom, just as the clock struck one, he saw gliding like a shadow along the pathway which led to the east end of the nave; and he began coolly to tuck up his sleeves in order that he might have his hands at perfect liberty.

When the aged woman was sufficiently near to render flight impossible, he sprang upon her, and grasped her by the garments.

Nan uttered a sound which resembled the cry of a hare surprised upon her form, more than the voice of a human being.

"It's useless to struggle or shriek," whispered the ruffian; "you are in hands that seldom let go their hold."

"Why would you detain me?" demanded Nan Willis, calmly.

"Oh, I'll not detain you long," was the reply.

And his grasp glided from her shoulder to her throat.

"One word—only one," muttered the wretched woman, "and I pardon you. Does—does Roderick know of this violence?"

Bill uttered a loud laugh.

"Speak man, as you value your soul; a moment—an instant—tell me—"

The pressure of the assassin's fingers on her wrinkled throat became so tight that the rest of the sentence became inarticulate. Suddenly they were relaxed, and she began to recover her breath; her assailant staggered and fell senseless on the ground.

There was a convulsive heaving of the chest and all was over. A slight puncture from the weapon which the lone creature invariably carried with her, and with which, as our readers may recollect, she had once threatened Amen Corner, had sent Bill Spuggins to his final account.

"Dead!" she exclaimed; "dead! and my fearful doubt unanswered. Were I convinced that Roderick—but, no! no! Monster as he is, my life at least must be sacred. I will see if he obeys my summons; if not, let him look to it."

So saying, she hastened to the secret entrance of the vault beneath the church, where she disappeared.

That very day Cullingham feast had been held, and a numerous party of the inhabitants of Crowhall who had been on a visit to their friends were returning home, merry from the wine-cup and the festivities they had joined in.

Amongst the rest the brothers Grayling, Michael Bunce and Jacob Buntam. Turning from the highway they entered the park—it was the nearest way to the village—when the lawyer's clerk suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise and terror: his companions, who were stung, ceased.

"Why, what is the matter, Jacob," demanded the landlord of the Rising Sun.

"There! there!"

All looked in the direction of the church, to which he pointed—the mysterious light which was supposed to forebode death to the family of Herbert was streaming from the sacred pile. All had heard of the strange sight before, for the tradition was generally known; but not one had ever witnessed it, and they stood gazing at it, speechless with fear.

Despite the remonstrances of his companions, who pronounced them fool-hardy, the Graylings resolved to pursue the path and alarm the village; the rest made the best of their way to the Hall, the nearest place of refuge at hand.

The servants had retired to rest, and it was some time before they could obtain admission.

Whilst relating their tale of wonder to the terror-stricken domestics, Roderick made his appearance. His countenance was ghastly pale; it was evident he had not been in bed.

"What is the meaning of this alarm?" he hurriedly demanded.

Half a dozen voices attempted to explain, but it was some time before they could make him understand that the mysterious death-light had again appeared in Crowhall Church.

"Can there be truth, then, in the tradition?" he thought. "Has Nan passed to her account?"

Under any other circumstances he would have doubted the reality of the phenomenon, attributed it to the imagination, scoffed at their fears; but with the evidence still visible before him this was impossible.

"This is," he exclaimed, mastering his surprise by a violent effort, "a trick which I am determined to expose. Bring me my pistols, Bender. Arm yourselves," he added, turning to the male servants, "and follow me."

When they reached the churchyard, they found the two Graylings and several farmers standing in a group by the stile watching the light, which seemed to leap and fall alternately, and cast a variety of parti-colored shadows from the stained glass windows upon the pathway and tombstones.

"Here comes the squire," said one of the rustics; "it becan't be that's dead."

"He's not a Herbert," observed a second; "it's only for the real old blood that the sign is seen."

"Who keeps the keys of the church?" demanded Roderick.

Some replied that the rector, Dr. Gore, had them; others, Nicholas Pim.

"I am determined to investigate this trickery," added their landlord, "and procure the keys; I will reward those handsomely who accompany me."

The hypocrite well knew that not one of the fear-stricken men who heard him would venture beyond the churchyard wall for the fee-simple of the parish.

Not one of them stirred.

Freshly two figures were seen crossing the path; one of them carried a lantern, although the light, which still continued to burn brightly, rendered it unnecessary.

"There! there!" shouted several of the women, pointing to them.

Roderick cocked his pistols.

"For Heaven's sake mind what you are about, sir," said Bender, who appeared almost as cool and collected as himself; "it is Dr. Gore."

He was right; the worthy rector had quitted his bed, and followed by Nicholas Pim, came to investigate the mystery himself.

"Which of you will accompany me into the church?" inquired the clergyman, speaking in a calm tone.

There was a general cry of "Don't go, sir; don't venture."

"I would not ask your presence," continued the venerable man, "were there other than mortal danger to contend with; but Nicholas is old as well as myself; the ruffians will escape. Does no one offer?" he added, after a pause. "Then we must proceed alone."

"Hang me if these shall, doctor," exclaimed the elder Grayling, stepping over the stile; "I will go with thee."

"And I," said his brother, joining him; "and here be squire."

The master of Crowhall felt that it was time to show himself, and, advancing from the group of servants and tenants, he declared his readiness to accompany the clergyman, and stated that he was inquiring for the keys of the church when he came up.

"I accept your offer, Mr. Hastings," replied the clergyman, coldly; "under the present circumstances it would neither be wise nor courteous to decline it. What keys have you brought, Nicholas?" he added, addressing the clerk.

"Those of the south porch, your reverence," replied the old man.

"Proceed, then."

The party had reached the entrance of the church when Nicholas Pim, who walked first with the lantern, discovered the body of the convict lying stretched across the path. He started back and pointed to it.

"There has been murder here," said Dr. Gore, in a tone of deep emotion.

"When will the crimes which have so frequently desolated our village cease, and the perpetrator be brought to punishment? Do we know the unhappy victim?"

Two of the farmers raised the body and placed it upon one of the tombstones. Roderick recognized the features in an instant.

"The fool has failed, then," he thought; and the light, which was still gleaming through the windows of the church, was no longer a mystery to him.

"There is no blood on the body," said the parish clerk; "but the features are terribly distorted."

The rest of the lookers-on declared the corpse to be that of a stranger.

"Comparatively a stranger," observed Roderick. "The fact is, the unfortunate man has been several days at the Hall."

"A visitor?" asked the rector.

"No," replied the former, slightly confused, for he felt that the explanation was an embarrassing one. "The fact is, the health of Mrs. Hastings requires a certain degree of retirement—I regret to add, restraint; and this person, who had considerable experience in such unhappy cases, was employed by me to superintend—to direct—the female servants in their treatment of their mistress."

"And have you no idea what brought him here?"

"Not the slightest."

"He left the servants' hall directly after supper, sir," said the valet, addressing his master, "to retire to his room, as he stated."

"The body had better better be removed to the church," observed the clergyman; "as to the cause of his death, a jury will have to decide."

Just as Nicholas Pim had unlocked the door of the south porch, the light in the interior of the building flickered for an instant, like a candle expiring in its socket, and became extinguished.

Roderick felt relieved; he knew that he was safe.

On entering the edifice all present were struck by the presence of a faint odor, not unlike the smell of garlic; it was diffused so equally throughout the building that it was impossible to say, although they searched in every part, from what exact spot it proceeded.

The vestry was next examined: nothing appeared to have been disturbed; the white surplice and scarlet hood of Dr. Gore, together with the black stuff gown of the parish clerk, were hanging against the wall.

"I cannot make out their object," observed the rector.

"The church plate, sir," suggested the valet, respectfully.

"Absurd!" said his master. "Men who come with the intention of plunder would never invite attention to their proceedings by alarming the entire population of the village. If what we have seen to-night has been produced by human agency, plunder has not been the object."

Daylight now began to dawn, and the examination of the place was renewed and carried on yet more minutely than before. Those who had remained at the stile took courage, and the number of persons in the church increased every instant.

Amongst others Nan Willis made her appearance, calm and collected as usual. There was a shudder amongst the females from the Hall, and several voices exclaimed that, if any one could explain the mystery, old Nan could.

"And what should she know about it?" demanded the aged woman, sharply.

"Do you think these withered fingers strangled the strong ruffian who lies yonder?" she added, pointing to the body of the convict, which had been brought into the vestry.

"Why do you call him ruffian?" inquired the rector, with surprise.

"Look in his face, sir," answered Nan, in a milder tone, "and read what lines passion and crime have written there."

The clergyman, who had been struck by the ignoble features of the dead, made no further remark.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

The joy of meeting pays the pangs of absence;
Else who could bear it?—How.

It was a very busy day in most of the banking-houses in the city. Two Indian mail and an American one, nearly a week overdue, had arrived; and Mr. Barnard was deeply engaged in his private room with letters of advice, notices of remittances, bills drawn, honored, or protested, by his foreign correspondents.

In short, in all the multifarious transactions of his honorable profession, when Mr. Quill, the head clerk, knocked gently at the door.

It was the second time he had done so without obtaining a reply; so, using the privilege of his confidential position and long services, he walked in.

"That you, Quill?" demanded the banker.

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you not knock?"

"Knocked twice," replied the old man, who was remarkable for being quite as sparing in his words as he was correct in his figures.

"Well, what is it?"

"Telegraphic despatch from Liverpool."

Mr. Barnard bounded from his seat, and hastily tore open the envelope which the speaker held out to him.

"It contained but few words: 'Arrived safely at eleven o'clock, A.M.,' and was signed Willd."

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed fervently; "thank Heaven! order my carriage! I must return home instantly."

During his drive to Harley street the worthy banker imagined that he had sufficiently schooled himself not to let the least trace of the joyful tidings of which he was the bearer appear upon his visage, but, like many persons in a similar position, he only deceived himself; for no sooner did he enter the drawing-room, where Marion and Mrs. Herbert were occupied in arranging fresh flowers in a marble vase upon the table, than his daughter, after regarding him for an instant, threw herself into his arms, exclaiming—

"Speak, father: is it life or death?"

Struck by her words, and still more by the tone in which they were uttered, her companion stood motionless as a statue.

"Do I look like the bearer of evil news?" replied the affectionate parent, kissing her. "We do not dress the face in smiles when the words we are about to speak will wound those we prize. Safe, Marion—he is safe!"

Mrs. Herbert let fall the flowers she had been busy with, and clasped her hands in silent thankfulness. Here was the happiness which finds no relief in words; tears are its sole interpreters.

"You have heard from him?" said the fair girl; "perhaps he has fixed the period for his return. Oh, do not fear to name it; you do not know the heart of—"

"Better," said the old gentleman, with a smile. "There, don't look so pale," he added, "he is in England. Is this the strength you boasted? Is this your promise, Marion?"

"They are tears of joy," sobbed the child.

"My dear Mrs. Herbert," said the banker, "accept my sincere congratulations. Deeply as you have been wronged, cruelly as you have suffered, the moment is at hand which will repay you all."

"All," repeated the happy mother, as she received her former pupil from the arms of Mr. Barnard. "I shall have two children then."

The butler entered the drawing-room to inform his master that one of the clerks from the bank had arrived in a cab, and requested to see him, and added something about another telegraphic despatch from Liverpool.

The old gentleman quitted the room for a few instants, and when he returned it was with a countenance radiant with smiles.

"Joy—joy!" he exclaimed; "he will be here to-night!"

He was a happy man that night as he marched up and down the platform picturing to himself the meeting between mother and son—the lover and his daughter. Perhaps in his reveries some recollections of his own youth were mingled. Half a dozen times at least did he look at his watch and hold it to his ear to assure himself that it had not stopped. He could not comprehend it—the minutes seemed to drag more than ever.

At last several of the officials made their appearance on the platform, hurrying to and fro; then there was a bustle with the porters and cabmen—the latter would not keep their rank; next a rush of friends awaiting the arrival of the passengers.

The scream of the engine was heard. "Stand back!" cried the station-master. How the heart of the banker bounded; he felt it knocking against his ribs. First the signal lamps appeared like fiery meteors in the distance; then the whizzing of the train, and the measured puffs of the steam, as if some giant had run himself out of breath.

Tears dimmed the old man's eyes as it rolled past him and stopped.

"This way, sir," exclaimed the well-known voice of Willd, the detective, who had alighted from a first-class carriage, and kept his hand on the door.

The next instant Mr. Barnard grasped the hand of his hero.

"One word," faltered Dick, "only one—for mercy's sake—"

"Well, my dear boy, quite well," gasped his protector, divining the question he would ask. "Thank Heaven, you are restored to us."

"I have never lost sight of the gentleman from the moment he landed," observed Willd, with a quiet smile. "I am afraid he thought my attention to himself and his friends rather troublesome than otherwise; if so, you must plead my excuse, sir."

"Quite right, my dear boy," said the old gentleman, addressing his future son-in-law. "We are all under very great obligations to this excellent person. Call on me in the city in two days," he added, turning to the officer, "and we will settle our accounts."

By this time the rest of the party had alighted from the carriages and gathered round the speakers: George Chasoun with the penive, quiet Martha; Pet and her brother; Farmer Giles and his family; the Webbs and poor Wharton, who appeared dreadfully pale and agitated.

No sooner did Mr. Barnard understand who they were, than he requested the obliging detective to conduct them to an hotel as near as possible to Harley street, and see that they were well attended to.

The officer readily consented; and added, that there was one amongst the party whom he felt himself bound particularly to look after.

This observation was accompanied by a glance at Wharton, whom he had recognized.

Dick by this time understood the character of the speaker, and whispered a few words in the ear of the banker.

Here a confidential communication took place between the speaker and the detective.

"You may rely on me, sir," replied the latter.

"Certainly, my dear boy, certainly," said the latter.

Our hero took a hurried farewell of his friends, promising to see them again on the following day.

Sam wrung his hand cordially, and even Pet smiled as she wished him happiness.

The magnificent Euphrasia would doubtless have added her blessing in a speech from one of her favorite dramas had the impetuosity of the lover given her time to indulge in one of her romantic displays, but he was in the carriage before she could proceed further than "My beautiful, my brave."

As they drove towards Harley street Mr. Barnard had barely time to reveal to his protégé the discovery of his surviving parent in the person of the governor, and prepare him for the meeting.

"God bless him!" sobbed Martha; "and the kind, generous man who befriended my poor boy. If I could but live to see him restored to his rights—but I suppose that is hopeless now," she added, with a sigh. "How well he bears it."

"Hopes!" ejaculated old Giles, in a tone of sturdy conviction; "I should like to see the man that will keep him out of it. It won't be Squire Roderick Hastings, as he calls himself."

During all this conversation the Reverend Mr. Gray had kept unpleasantly close to poor Wharton, who felt fascinated like the trembling bird under the rattlesnake. Every instant he expected the hand of the officer to be laid upon him and his disgrace proclaimed aloud.

Willd, who perfectly comprehended his feelings, called his subordinate to him.

"Gray," he said, pointing to the innocent convict, "you are mistaken."

"Impossible, sir."

Mr. Willd regarded him for an instant with an air of great dignity. "Do you mean to insinuate," he demanded, "that I am in error? I gave you credit for more common sense. Look at him again, sir; examine him well; and you will find that you have been deceived by a sort of a slight kind of resemblance. For many weighty reasons I should be sorry, in this instance, if you were correct."

"I am mistaken," exclaimed the former, comprehending at last what was expected from him. "How could he be so blind? I fear I must have annoyed the gentleman."

"Not unduly," observed his superior, dryly. "You had better apologise to him. I should," he added, seeing that Gray hesitated, "were I in your place. You can keep an eye on him all the same."

Gray had too much tact not to perceive in an instant what was expected from him—that he was expected to be blind only for a time, and for a purpose, doubtless well understood by the speaker. He therefore advanced without hesitation and made his excuses to Wharton, who fully expected that he came to arrest him for returning from transportation before his time.

An hour later and the travellers were safely housed in one of the best hotels in the neighborhood of the mansion of Mr. Barnard.

When the carriage arrived with our hero in Harley street, he stepped from it as buoyantly as though disappointment or sorrow had never crossed his path. He had a confused recollection of the gray-headed old butler muttering something which sounded like welcome. The next instant he found himself in the well-remembered drawing-room, and Marion in his arms.

"Not a word, Dick, not a kiss!" exclaimed the agitated girl, gently disengaging herself from him. "The love of a mother has a prior claim."

She pointed to the half-open door of the second apartment, in which Mrs. Herbert was seated.

"Bless you, my own dear, generous Marion," whispered the youth.

We regret to add, despite her very sensible prohibition, the happy lover did press his lips to hers ere he hastened to receive the blessing of the long-tried widowed heart of his only surviving parent; to hear himself called by the endearing name of son; to hold her to his manly breast and kiss away the tears of silent joy.

"My boy! Walter!" were the only words Mrs. Herbert could utter. In that moment her past trials were forgotten; she had suffered with resignation the affliction of Providence, and its mercy had at last rewarded her.

It was some time before either the banker or his daughter ventured to intrude on the feelings of such a meeting. When at last they glided silently into the room they found the long-severed parent and child seated side by side, Mrs. Herbert shedding tears of joy upon the neck of her son.

"Forgive me, Marion," she murmured. "I have been selfish in my happiness, but it is so long since I have known the feeling. Oh, I must have been blind not to have recognised his father's features in my boy's. I can trace them now," she added, "now that the veil is torn aside, and Heaven has restored me to me."

"Your recognition, dearest mother," replied our hero, "is all I dare to hope for. The proofs I sought through so many dangers are—"

"Safe in my own nest in the bank, my dear boy—I beg your pardon, Sir Walter. I should have said," interrupted the banker, finishing the sentence for him.

"Do you think I would leave a stone unturned, and your rights in jeopardy? No sooner did your friend Mr. Spuggins land in England, than he was arrested, and sent to Newgate. The rascal, I have since heard, has escaped, but the papers are in my possession; and will bring Roderick Hastings to justice, though it cost me a million."

"My dear, kind benefactor, what do I not owe you?" exclaimed his adopted son.

"You will owe me a richer gift yet," said Mr. Barnard, significantly; an observation which covered his daughter's cheeks with blushes.

Mrs. Herbert took the arm of the speaker and requested him to assist her to her chamber. She felt the necessity of being alone, of communing with her Maker, of pouring forth her heart in prayer, of asking for strength to bear the happiness vouchsafed her.

We know not how the father of Marion employed his time; but certain it is that for more than an hour the lovers were left by themselves, though we doubt not but the minutes scarcely appeared seconds as they counted them.

As our readers may very naturally suppose, Mr. Elton was not long kept in ignorance of the return of the long-sought heir of Crowhall; and never, in the course of his long and honorable career, had that gentleman felt more delighted at the prospect of employing his professional experience in unravelling the tangled web of crime.

"I predicted," he said, shaking our hero warmly by the hand, "I knew that the fine-spun schemes of Roderick would be defeated; for no man who watches the course of events but sees the action of an overruling Providence, which in its own good time appals the guilty and confounds the wise. Who could have thought," he added, "that Walter Herbert had left a son? Had poor Sir Harry known it, it would have rendered his death-bed less bitter."

"I place myself entirely in your hands," replied Dick.

"Right, my dear boy," said Mr. Barnard; "you cannot make a better friend."

"At any rate, I am a sincere one," observed the lawyer; "for to the late Sir Harry Herbert I was bound, not only by the ties of gratitude, but strong personal friendships. It is a sacred duty to me to right his heir."

That same afternoon a consultation of eminent counsel was held in the private room at that "where the papers were produced." The gentlemen of the long robe had long since been furnished with copies; but for the originals, from the day they came into his possession the worthy banker had never consented to part with them, but had them transcribed under his own eye, they being far more important in his estimation than the piles of gold and notes in the same receptacle.

When his protégé read the certificate of his mother's marriage, he could not refrain from an exclamation of surprise. The name of the clergyman who had signed it was Wharton.

He silently pointed it out to his benefactor.

"It is singular," remarked the old gentleman, recollecting the name of the young man whom his influence with the detective had saved from arrest at the railway station.

"You must have no secrets from your counsel, Sir Walter," observed the Solicitor-General, who had the conducting of his case.

"But this secret is mine," observed our hero, gravely, "and might compromise the safety of one who has strong claims to my sympathy and gratitude; and yet," he added, struck by a sudden hope, "your advice might aid him to unravel the cruel plot which blighted his fair name, and sent him from his country an innocent man, but a convicted felon."

"Is it possible you speak of Edward Wharton?" he was tried two years since for embezzlement, and was the last officer. "His father, who is my most intimate friend, has just returned from India, broken-hearted at the dishonor of his name—the loss of his only son. He has consulted me on the means of unravelling the mystery, for he feels assured of the young man's innocence—an opinion which I am inclined to share," added the speaker, "from circumstances which have since come to light, affecting the integrity of Saunders, his guardian and employer."

Dick related all that he knew respecting the escape of his companion, and concluded by expressing his firm conviction that he was the victim of some deep treachery.

"Send for Willd," exclaimed Mr. Barnard, emphatically. "Clever fellow—if there's roguery in the case, he'll ferret it out."

"Am I to understand," demanded the Solicitor-General "that the young man is now in England?"

"I am sure you do not ask me such a question as a law officer of the crown," observed our hero.

"I ask it as the friend of his heart-broken father," replied the legal functionary, who had been carefully examining the signature to the marriage certificate—the clergyman who celebrated the union of your parents. As for the young man himself," he added, "he has nothing to fear. My influence with the Government is sufficiently great to secure him a pardon."

Time and sorrow had so changed the features of Mrs. Herbert that George Chasoun failed to recognise the widow of his former master till she spoke. At the first sound of her voice he appeared troubled, when a crowd of recollections pressed upon him.

"Is it some extraordinary delusion, Sir Walter," he said, "or do I really behold—"

"My mother! my own dear mother!" replied our hero. "What need I care now for title or wealth, since Heaven has restored her to me? Martha, Sam, Pet, can you not conceive my happiness? But why do I ask? I am sure you do, and rejoice with me."

"For all your kindness to her son," said Mrs. Herbert, taking the hand of Martha, "my words are inadequate. George," she added, in a tone of deep emotion, for the sight of her husband's faithful servant and humble friend brought back in vivid colors the brief happiness of her wedded life, "I see you have not forgotten me."

"Not your voice, lady," replied the honest fellow; "I could swear to that; but memory had played me false with respect to your features."

"True, my good friend," observed the lady, with a melancholy smile; "Remember, it is more than twenty years since we met."

With our hero was conversing with the rest of his friends, Marion had introduced herself to Pet, who, conscious that the banker's daughter was aware of her painful history, had timidly withdrawn herself as far as possible from observation. With all the delicate tact of her sex, the fair girl introduced herself to the mother's friendship by caring for her child.

"The sweet little fellow!" she exclaimed; "how you must love him. I think I should have known him anywhere from Dick's description."

The boy looked up in her face and smiled.

"You must not remain at the hotel," continued the speaker, "but take up your abode with us. Not a word, unless it be yes; both my father and myself will be delighted to receive you."

"I know everything," interrupted her visitor; "and it is because I do know everything, how cruelly you have been betrayed, and how nobly you conducted yourself under unmerited wrongs, that I come to entreat you to make my home yours, and to regard me as a sister."

"I am not ungrateful," sobbed Pet; "indeed I am not ungrateful. If I hesitate it is for your sake. What would the world say to such an ill-assorted friendship?"

"The world!" repeated Miss Barnard, with a smile; "thank Heaven, my happiness depends not on its good or ill opinion; I would not sacrifice one feeling, when my heart tells me it is right one, to secure its approbation. So say that you will come, or must I call Dick to use his influence to decide you?"

"Your own goodness has done that," was the reply.

Delighted with having achieved her point, Marion took both the hands of Pet in hers and kissed her on the cheek.

"I am sure we shall be friends," she exclaimed joyously—"sisters; for Dick, I know, regards you as a sister. And this dear little fellow here," she added; "I don't ask your permission to love him, but take it without asking."

It is impossible to describe how happy Sam felt. He was nervously sensitive where his sister was concerned. The least slight or indifference shown to her was a pang to his manly heart. He watched their conversation, guessed its import, and when he saw the kiss, the seal of future friendship, he grasped the hand of Dick and whispered in his ear—

"She is indeed an angel!"

Martha, Pet, and her infant accompanied them to Harley street.

CHAPTER LXXV.

The circle narrows round him. That which once was a mansion of an aristocrat could break, is now a hand of steel—a prison hand, from which he cannot issue.—OLD PLAT.

RODERICK HASTINGS felt that his position was every day becoming more critical. Mabel, despite the restraint and cruel indignities to which she was subjected by her former waiting-woman, Theresa, who had arrived at Crowhall with Mrs. Montessor, her husband's acknowledged mistress, instead of yielding, as her persecutor hoped would be the case, to despair and madness, gradually recovered her calmness and self-possession. It is true she suffered, but it was with the endurance of the stoic, if not the patience of the martyr.

The inquest upon the body of the keeper had been adjourned after the first day, at the request of Dr. Gore, in order to give time for a surgical examination of the body, which was conducted by Dr. Marsh, assisted by several neighboring practitioners. The most extraordinary rumors were rife in the village, and the excitement was at its height.

The day at last arrived on which the inquest was to be resumed. The rector and several country magistrates were already assembled in the club-room of the Rising Sun, when Roderick, attended by his agent, Lawyer Ellegood, made his appearance; he had been summoned as a witness by the coroner.

The magistrates returned his salute coldly as he took his seat at the table, and he observed with feelings of anger that not one of the numerous tenants on his estate who crowded the room saluted him, or gave him the least sign of respect.

Amongst the crowd of women old Nan was present; calm, but observant, leaning for support upon her crutch-like stick.

The first witness examined was Dr. Marsh. When asked the cause of the death of the deceased he unhesitatingly attributed it to apoplexy. There was not the least trace of violence upon the person of the deceased. He and his colleagues had carefully examined the body—analyzed the contents of the stomach. The brain alone had been found affected. There they discovered an effusion of blood—in short, all the signs of the disease to which he attributed his death.

The rest of the medical witnesses expressed the same opinion.

On hearing this Nan and her son involuntarily exchanged glances. The countenance of the old woman was sad in the extreme; on that of Roderick appeared a mocking smile.

There was evidently a feeling of disappointment on the part of all present on hearing the conclusion to which the surgeons had come. The character of

Dr. Marsh stood too high for any one to suppose that he had been tampered with, but many asked themselves whether he might not have been deceived.

"In your examination of the body," said the coroner, "you say that you discovered no marks of violence?"

"None."

"Nothing that could in any way account for death by external means?"

"Nothing. The only mark approaching a wound was a slight scratch upon the chest, which had scarcely penetrated deeper than the skin."

Roderick rose from his seat and was about to depart, when the coroner requested he would remain.

"I thought," replied the master of Crowhall haughtily, for the manner in which he had been received still rankled in his mind, "that the affair was ended."

"Not yet," said the officer, blandly. "The verdict of the jury has not been given; and although there is no doubt but it must be one of natural death, still it is necessary to identify the body of the deceased, whose name, seeing that he was in your employ, must be well known to you. Clerk," he added, "swear Mr. Hastings."

The oath was administered, and the examination commenced.

"You were acquainted, I believe, with the deceased?" said the coroner.

"Yes."

"He kind enough to state his name."

"James Hart."

"You know that to be his name?"

"Yes—that is, I suppose so; at least, it is the only one I ever knew him by. He was recommended to me as a trustworthy person by one in whom I confide. The fact is—You have doubtless heard, gentlemen, of the severe domestic affliction which has fallen upon me in the illness of Mrs. Hastings. I need say no more."

The hesitation, the abrupt pause, and the confused manner of the speaker, so different from his usual self-possession, struck all who heard him. It was increased by the sudden appearance of Mr. Elton in the court, accompanied by Gray, the detective, Giles, and the rest of his friend.

"And that is all you know respecting him?"

"All."

Here Dr. Gore, who had been shaking hands with Mr. Elton, whispered a few words in the ear of the coroner.

"Call Edward Gray," said the latter.

The detective stepped forward and was sworn.

"Have you seen the body of the deceased?"

"I have."

"And you recognise it?"

"For that of a convicted felon named Spuggins, whom I lately arrested for returning from transportation before his time. He was committed to Newgate, but contrived to escape. There is every reason," continued the witness, "to believe that since his evasion, he added to his former crimes that of murder committed on the person of his wife, of which fact I shall be enabled to produce evidence should you think proper to adjourn the inquest."

Every eye was fixed on Roderick, whose countenance became livid with pain.

"I have no reason or wish," he exclaimed, "to dispute the testimony of this person. What he has stated may be true or false. To me it is immaterial. All I can say is, that he was recommended to me under the name of James Hart. I never knew him by any other."

"Did you ever visit him when he was known by any other?" demanded the coroner, whose questions were still prompted by Mr. Elton.

"I advise my client not to answer that question," said Ellegood, suddenly rising. "It is evident that a feeling of hostility exists against him, and an attempt is being made to convert this inquest into a means of drawing from him admissions to be used on some future occasion. I contend that the circumstances under which he became acquainted with the deceased, Spuggins, or Hart, whichever his name may prove to be, have nothing to do with the present affair, and are beyond the competency of this court to take cognizance of."

"Not in case the witness should have perjured himself," observed the coroner.

"You must prove it," replied Lawyer Colley, tapping his head with his forefinger; "you must prove it. If the deceased was indeed the character described, who can swear to his real name? It might have been Spuggins—Hart—he might have had a dozen aliases. You must first show a motive."

"Which might not be difficult," said Mr. Elton, with a scornful smile.

"But, as you say, this is not the occasion on which the question can be decided. Mr. Hastings will soon have occasion of placing his conduct, if he can do so, in a proper light. There will be another inquest at Crowhall."

"On whom?" demanded Mr. Ellegood.

"The body of the late Walter Herbert," was the reply.

"When you find it," thought Roderick.

And the ruffian congratulated himself on the prudence which had removed the body of his victim for ever, as he thought, beyond discovery.

The evidence of the medical men was too decided to permit the jury to return any other verdict than that of natural death. It was received in silence, the only mark of dissatisfaction permitted till the possessor of Crowhall quitted the room, when a general hush saluted his departure.

The visit to the vaults was, as our readers are aware, without result. The next day a handbill was posted in the village, headed "Sacrilege!" and offering a reward of five hundred pounds for the discovery of the party or parties who had removed the body of Walter Herbert from the tomb of his ancestors.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Tales of past sorrows and past wrongs, inflicted and avenged.—OLD PLAT.

RODERICK HASTINGS felt perfectly aware of the danger which menaced him not only in his fortune, but, what was far deeper, his personal safety; that the crown he had so long possessed was at hand; and he resolved to meet it bravely. The lost heir had been found; and the proofs of his birth he doubted not were at hand; and that no means would be left untried by our hero and his friends to strip him of his ill-acquired wealth.

The loss of Crowhall appeared, therefore, almost certain; but with respect to the charge of murder he considered himself comparatively secure—thanks to the precaution he had taken of removing the body of his victim: till that should be discovered he might defy detection.

The death of Amos Carter he regarded as an additional guarantee of his safety.

On quitting the Rising Sun, where the inquest had been held, he was served with the usual notice of action by one of Mr. Elton's clerks. He received it with a haughty smile, and handed it to his agent, Lawyer Ellegood, who perused it attentively.

"Humph! Well! well!" muttered the old man. "At the suit of Sir Walter Herbert, commonly called Richard Tarleton. All your plans, Mr. Hastings, have not succeeded; and some of them appear to have been rather questionable."

His companion quietly shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you intend to do?" continued the speaker.

"Defend my rights to the last," was the reply. "I am not a boy to be frightened out of any fortune, or so credulous as to believe in every idle claim."

"Is it an idle claim?" demanded the agent.

Before Roderick could reply, Jacob Bantam came running up, and his master eagerly inquired what news he had gathered.

"There is a report that—that Walter Herbert was murdered," gasped the clerk, who was completely out of breath with the exertion he had made to overtake them, "and the magistrates have given orders to exhume the body."

The lawyer regarded his client, to watch the effect which the intelligence produced on him, but the countenance of the latter was unmoved.

"Great nerve," thought the old man, "very great."

Strange to say, the supposition that Roderick's self-possession arose from the consciousness of his innocence never once presented itself to his mind.

It was in vain that the wily agent attempted to draw from him an avowal of his fears; but his client was too well on his guard to admit him to his confidence; for, though he had great reliance on his skill, he placed but little on his integrity. He determined, therefore, to avail himself as largely as possible of the former, but trust nothing to the latter; added to which he knew the timid nature of the man he had to deal with.

large drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead, which he tapped several times with his forefinger.

"You can't have been such a villain," he faltered at last. "So prudent, you meant to say," observed the schemer. "Villain is a harsh word; especially," he added, with an ironical smile, "when you reflect on the services which I have rendered to the mortgage to your partner. You had better write to him, and ascertain the fact if you doubt my word; you will find it as I have stated."

"Robbed!" exclaimed the old man frantically. "Robbed of the fruits of a life of industry and—"

"Rascality," interrupted Roderick. "We are both in the same position. 'I'll have security,' continued the agent, suddenly grasping the arm of the speaker. 'You have plate—your wife's jewels—force the dotting fool to give them up. The insurance on her life, I must have that, too.'"

"Nor plate, nor jewels, nor security," said Roderick, quietly disengaging himself from his grasp. "I am surprised you should think so meanly of my understanding as to propose such a thing to me. The only hope of procuring the wealth you have so schemed and slaved for is by adhering to my fortune—something me to battle the claims of this new found heir—this Dick Tarleton."

"I believe you are right," replied the old man, wiping the damp dew from his wrinkled brow. "Let us but once defeat him, and I will take measures to render the young serpent harmless for the future."

"How so?" demanded his client, who little expected such an unlooked-for determination from his adviser. "By death!"

"Pah!" exclaimed the lawyer, "I meddle not in such matters. By I death if you will. We must indict him and his friends for a conspiracy; obtain a conviction, if possible; if not, drive him from England. Let me see, now, the man who brought the boy up. Yes, yes! I see it all; not a moment must be lost. Have you no witnesses?"

The question was asked in that peculiar tone which indicated the reply expected.

"They may be found," said Roderick.

"Creditable ones, of course?"

"Of course," repeated his client.

"Men who will swear that they had been tempted to join in the conspiracy to falsify on you a supposition, that," added Roderick, "I must to London; but I must have money—money—it is the sign of the law. I can do nothing without it. I have risked too much already to advance a single shilling."

The request appeared too reasonable for Roderick to hesitate. A large supply was produced, and they parted, allied, but with hatred on one side and mistrust on the other.

"The old rascal would have sold me to my enemies," thought the owner of Crowhall, as he resumed his walk towards the manor-house, "but for the hold I fortunately have secured upon his avarice. I have played my cards badly. The game has been within my grasp, and, like a fool, I have dropped the winning card. I have made an enemy of Nan, too. Would that her demands had been less preposterous, for there is a devilish cunning in her nature more than a match for all the lawyers' quibbles; but to acknowledge her! the ridicule, the shame! O never—never! True, I might dissemble."

As he came to this conclusion he was startled by the word "paricide!" pronounced in a deep tone by some one near him. He raised his eyes, and recognized the subject of his meditations standing directly in his path.

"What a cry!" he demanded.

"Paricide," repeated Nan, solemnly. "In heart though not in deed."

"Are you mad?" demanded her son, in a tone of well-affected indignation; "or has some fiend prompted you to make an accusation too horrible to be repeated? I am a bad man, that you know; have not scrupled to tamper with life—to you I do not deny it; but who trained me in the fact, instilled into my boyish mind religious hatred to all who bore the name of Herbert?"

"True, true," muttered the aged woman, "I hatched the serpent—sowed it at my breast. No wonder that it turned and stung me."

"Is it my fault," exclaimed Roderick, "that you eternally reject the fortune I would willingly have shared with you? that you would only accept that which was impossible, the acknowledgment of the tie between us? I may have been harsh, hasty, negligent, unkind—I admit it; but paricide! you must have been mad to entertain such a thought."

Nan eyed him closely; but his countenance never changed, neither did his eyes shrink from hers. Conscious that his secret wish and thought were known only to himself, he courted rather than avoided her scrutiny.

"And the wretch—your instrument, Roderick—your—who sought my life in the churchyard, where he met his doom?"

"Sought your life?" repeated the hypocrite, in a tone of indignation and surprise. "Are you dreaming?"

"Would I had been!" murmured Nan, mournfully; "would I could believe that the last tie which bound me to earth had not been broken. I felt his fingers round my throat, closing like a serpent's coil; but my heart never failed me; my pulse beat as calmly as it beats now. It was the act of a moment, and the assassin fell a corpse at my feet."

"It was your hand, then, that—"

"Mine!" shrieked the woman; "mine! look at me; who would think, to see these withered limbs, this feeble frame, such strength was in them! that the iron grasp of the human tiger would relax, and his hand become nerveless as that of a new-born child opposed to mine? that the slightest blow from the aged crone whom the world shuns, and children hoot and scoff at as she creeps a solitary thing through the green lanes and fields, is death—death?"

As she concluded the boast of whose truth she had given such a fearful proof, a low, hissing laugh escaped her, and she stood watching the effect which her words had produced upon her hearer.

Although Roderick never doubted for an instant that his wretched instrument had met his fate at the hands of Nan, he was at a loss to comprehend the means. The evidence of Dr. Marsh and his medical witnesses convinced him she possessed means of destroying human life swift and sure which science could not trace, and he passionately desired to possess himself of the secret. Master of that, he might defy the danger which menaced him, and sweep Mabel and our hero from his path without fear of detection. But, to win it, it was necessary first to remove from her mind the conviction that he had prompted or been cognizant of the attempt upon her life.

"The villain!" he muttered.

"Which?" demanded Nan, sarcastically.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, and oh how the words rang through the frame of the old woman! "Mother! look at me; who would think, to see these withered limbs, this feeble frame, such strength was in them! that the iron grasp of the human tiger would relax, and his hand become nerveless as that of a new-born child opposed to mine? that the slightest blow from the aged crone whom the world shuns, and children hoot and scoff at as she creeps a solitary thing through the green lanes and fields, is death—death?"

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victim?" she added, with a look which led him to suppose her resolution not to assist him further in his dark schemes was wavering.

"My only ones," he replied.

"You swear it?"

"By Heaven," he exclaimed, in a joyous tone. "The only ones—"

"Hold!" said Nan Willis, sternly; "do not add perjury—useless perjury—to your long list of crimes. There is one victim you have not yet named, whose death would surely follow."

"Whom?" demanded Roderick, coloring deeply.

"Monster!" replied his parent; "the mother who bore you? Think you the tigress does not know her young? the serpent the venom of her brood? or that I am weak enough to believe your pride would ever stoop to own me? Had you professed less, I might have been deceived, though not have yielded. Go," she added, with a mocking laugh, "the dead are not more deaf to your promises than I am. I know you. The secret you desire to obtain never shall be yours; it lies with me."

Baffled in his attempt, and cursing her obstinacy, the ruffian hastened towards the manor-house.

CHAPTER LXXVII

The tap—whose rage doth read
Like interrupted waters; and o'erleap
What they are used to bear.—SHAKESPEARE.

The usually quiet village of Crowhall resembled a hive of bees which had suddenly swarmed. Never in the memory of man had such excitement been known. The tenants of the estate felt indignant at the thought of having had their rents raised, their cattle seized for the slightest arrears, and law expenses incurred through the oppressive conduct of one who, it now appeared, had no legal right to the property. They had long lost all respect for their relentless landlord and his equally worthless agent, against whom they now began to indulge, not only in invective, but menace.

One farmer particularly wished to be informed if they were not Englishmen. Another called for three groats for Roderick Hastings, which was responded to with such heavy good-will that it startled the magistrates who were still sitting in the club-room at the Rising Sun.

"And three cheers," exclaimed old Giles, raising his hat, "for the real heir Sir Walter Herbert!"

It was not the recollection of his former residence amongst them alone which made the old man so popular, or the wealth he was reputed to have amassed in Australia, but the power he possessed of gratifying their insatiable curiosity. Whenever he moved a crowd surrounded him; they were never tired of listening to his account of the death of Amen Corner, the murder of Cusack, the flight of Spuggins, and the discovery of the rightful claims of our hero. They had so much to ask, and, fortunately, he had quite as much to tell.

William Giles was equally sought by the young men; and as for the good dame and Susan, the women never quitted them for an instant. Again and again they were compelled to repeat the tale of our hero's sufferings and persecutions.

Patience was in the seventh heaven of wonderment and delight. In the first place, she would see her old friend Martha again; in the next, the boy she had so loved for his gentleness and endurance had proved to be a real born gentleman, the heir of the Herberts, a name which in that part of the country was never pronounced without expressions of regret and affection.

"It is very well to cheer," she said, addressing the group of men nearest to her; "but if I were a man I'd do something more."

"And what would you do?" demanded the farmer.

"Drive that rascal Hastings from the hall, and take possession of it in the name of its true owner—that's the real way to show your loyalty to your landlord."

Many had thought of such an attempt, but none had ventured to propose it. Their minds needed but a spark to set them in a blaze. The proposal was received with acclamation.

"Is it not a shame," continued the landlady of the Rising Sun, "that my lady should be kept a prisoner in the house where she was born?"

"It is! It is!" cried the men.

"We'll have her out," added old Giles.

Arming themselves with such weapons as they could lay their hands on, the crowd directed their march towards the manor-house.

Even Nicholas Pim and Michael caught the general enthusiasm and joined the party; the old man's heart was so elated at the thought of doing something to serve the cause of his dear boy; as for the landlord, a hint from his wife was sufficient; he would have faced any danger to please her.

Roderick was not without his spies in the village. Intelligence of the intended attempt was speedily conveyed to him, and when they arrived in front of the mansion they found the windows closed, and every entrance carefully barred.

The first idea, we might say, of Roderick Hastings, on hearing of the meditated attack, was that his rival had arrived at Crowhall, and, impatient to obtain possession, had incited the tenantry to take by force what he well knew the law must eventually give him. Were he slain in an attempt which was evidently illegal, it would rid him of his fears at once.

Calling hastily for his rifle, which he carefully charged, he hastened to the northern wing, whose windows commanded the approach to the mansion, and concealing himself behind one of the curtains, waited crouching like a tiger impatient of its prey.

He had not long to wait. The crowd speedily arrived, headed by farmer Giles, William, George Chason and the Greylings.

Not even Elton muttered the ruffian, in a tone of disappointment; "the cunning lawyer and the prudent heir—step in the background."

At the foot of the chamber stairs he saw Mrs. Montessor.

"If he enters, Adela!" he said.

"Roderick," replied the guilty woman, "I am terrified. What means this tumult? There are rumors that murder has been committed; that a claimant has appeared to your estates. Do not be rash; for Heaven's sake, do not be rash."

"Pshaw! interrupted her seducer. "It is a plot contrived by discarded servant and the former agent of the property."

"Nothing more," said Mrs. Montessor, regarding him fixedly.

"Nothing more," he repeated.

By this time blows from the slaves of the farmers began to rain heavily on the doors of the great hall, and the speaker considered that it was time to show himself. Hastily throwing open the window, he presented himself to the gaze of the excited mob, and haughtily demanded the meaning of their conduct.

His appearance was received with a loud yell.

"Possession," shouted several.

"In the name of Sir Walter Herbert," added William Giles, "the true heir of Crowhall."

These words were received with a tremendous cheer, and it was some time before the owner of their wrath could again make himself heard.

"Listen to me," he cried. "There is no such person. He is an impostor set up by a designing villain whom the law will eventually punish. You know that I am a man not to be trifled with. Back to your homes. The first who forces an entrance does so at the peril of his life."

He levelled his rifle as he spoke, and several of the farmers, awed by his resolute demeanor, drew back.

"Where is this pretended heir?" added the speaker. "Why does he not show himself? Let him stand forward."

"That you may murder him as you murdered his father?" interrupted George Chason.

She was discharged; and, but for the terror of Mrs. Montessor, who clung to Roderick's arm, the shot, in all probability, must have been fatal; as it was, the bullet passed harmlessly over the head of his intended victim.

"I have other arms," shouted the ruffian, producing his pistols.

The farmers swore that if he shed the blood of one of them they would anticipate the decrees of justice and hang him on the highest tree in the park—a menace which caused the murderer to hesitate; for, in the midst of his passion, he was quite prudent enough to calculate the consequences to himself. The death of any one of them would cause him to be detained till an investigation of the circumstances under which it occurred could be held; and his intention of immediately demanding his presence elsewhere.

"You are beneath my resentment," he said, closing the easement.

Hastening to the servants' hall, he directed his valet, Bender, who showed remarkable coolness on the occasion, to see that four horses were harnessed to the carriage, which he directed to be brought to the back of the mansion.

It was his intention to fly to London, and force Mabel to accompany him. Not even the fear of death, he resolved, should induce him to part from her.

The assassins were still further encouraged to proceed in their attempt to obtain possession of the manor-house by Mabel, who, trusting her arm through the barred window of her prison chamber, waved her handkerchief and shouted wildly.

In this state of excitement when Theresa, her former waiting-maid, so long a spy upon her conduct, and now her keeper, entered the room, and ordered her to prepare for a journey.

The supposed maniac took no notice of her words, but continued to encourage her deliverers, till, nettled at her obstinacy, the woman attempted to drag her from the window.

At this outrage the proud and passionate Mabel turned, and with a strength lent by indignation and scorn, released herself from her grasp.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, "dare you lay hands on me in the house of my ancestors? Base, low-born instrument of a villain yet more debased, your power over me is at an end."

"We shall see that," replied Theresa, sneeringly; "I but obey my instructions. You are mad, and know not what you utter."

"Mad," murmured the prisoner; "oh that I were; for there is oblivion in madness: it has no past, no future. But madness and prayer have been alike denied me."

"You refuse to descend?" said her attendant, pale with rage.

"You have my answer. Leave me."

"I will leave you," answered her keeper, "and return with one who will know how to make his way obeyed."

So saying she left the room, locking the door after her.

Meanwhile Roderick's orders had been executed; the carriage was at the back of the mansion, and everything ready for his departure. Mrs. Montessor had already taken her seat in it, when Theresa appeared, unaccompanied by his valet.

"Where is my wife?" he impudently demanded.

about the church and manor-house than the monks ever did who formerly inhabited them."

"Have you any idea what became of his papers?"

"Not the least," exclaimed Nicholas, with a look of astonishment.

"Have you?" added the questioner, turning suddenly round and addressing himself to Nan Willis.

The woman rose from her seat as if seized with a sudden terror, and without one word of reply hastened from the churchyard.

"I see it all," said the officer.

"See what?" demanded Nicholas.

"What you must have been blind not to have perceived long since," replied Mr. Wild, as he walked away in the direction Nan had taken,—"that the deadliest enemy of the Herberts has been living in the midst of you."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

The law is past death
To those that without heed do plunge into it.—SHAKESPEARE.

The long-looked-for day on which the great cause of Herbert versus Hastings was to be heard, at last arrived. Westminster Hall was thronged with crowds of idlers unable to obtain admission to the court, which from an early hour had been crowded by the friends and witnesses on either side, to say nothing of the men who made interest to obtain seats upon the bench.

Amongst the latter were Mabel Hastings, Mrs. Herbert, the banker, and his daughter. The former was dressed in deep mourning, and appeared closely veiled.

Within the bar appeared the leading counsel on either side; sergeants learned in the law; silk gowns with formidable briefs and heaps of papers contained in blue and crimson bags; directly under the judge's clerks were seated the attorneys on both sides in the defence and the getting up of the case. Roderick did not appear; but our hero, accompanied by Mr. Barnard, Sam, George Chason, and a host of witnesses, were present. Precisely as the clock struck eleven his lordship took his seat.

It is far from being our intention to inflict upon our readers the opening speeches, examinations, and cross-examinations of witnesses; the first of whom was the Reverend Mr. Wharton, who, being sworn, duly deposed to having celebrated the marriage between Walter Herbert and his wife.

Step by step the birth of our hero was proved. The artifices which had separated the husband and wife; the consigning of the infant to George Chason's care; his being received by Martha, and brought up with her other nurse-children.

Never, perhaps, in the memory of the oldest practitioner in the court had so long and severe cross-examinations been witnessed as those to which George and his sister were subjected. But nothing could shake their evidence—simply because it was founded on truth. They had nothing to conceal, retract, or explain.

It was not till the fifth day that the trial was concluded. Beaten on every point, the counsel for Roderick twice proposed an arrangement, which was indignantly refused.

The verdict, as might be anticipated, was in favor of the claimant, and was received with a murmur of satisfaction which the reproof of the judge failed for some moments to repress.

Mr. Barnard silently pressed the hand of our hero, whose heart was too full for words. His mother's fame was vindicated; the name and title of his father assured to him. The beings he most loved were eagerly waiting to welcome and congratulate him. What could he ask for more?

As he quitted the court, Giles and his son William, who were waiting for him, Sir Walter shook hands heartily with each.

"Wasn't I right?" exclaimed the old man, in a tone of triumph. "Won't there be rare doings at Crowhall? The tenants are half mad with impatience to see you. They have already burnt Roderick Hastings' heart, his rascally agent in effigy. If the show their faces there, ten to one but they do it in person. When will you be there?"

"As soon as possible, my kind friends," replied the baronet; "but you forget I am not in legal possession yet."

"But I am," answered the sturdy yeoman; "and have been since the day we drove the villain from the hall. Mr. Elton talked to me about law. I know nothing about law," he added, "but my heart told me what was right."

That very night, late as the hour was, the old man set out with his son for his native village; he had determined to be the first to impart the glorious intelligence to his neighbors, and he kept his word.

Our readers can imagine the happiness of the party assembled in Harley-street; even Pet forgot her sorrows, and smiled as she welcomed her old play-fellow on his return.

The meeting between the baronet, his mother, and Marion, took place without witnesses. Mrs. Herbert wept tears of joy as she first folded her son in her arms, then placed his hand silently in that of Marion, who tried in vain to speak her congratulations.

"Rank and wealth are indeed mine," he whispered. "But ah, there is a yet dearer gift, priceless above them all—the love that I won whilst poor and nameless. 'Tis you who most teach me to merit that,—temper my rough nature with that angelic sweetness which first subdued my heart." His rascally agent in effigy, the happy part started from London. At Newark they were met not only by the tenants on horseback, but by many of the principal gentlemen of the county. From Newark to Crowhall the procession was one continuing ovation. The farmers never seemed to tire of cheering.

On their entrance to the village the worthy rector, whose infirmities prevented him from taking a very active part in the demonstrations, met Sir Walter, who alighted the instant he saw the venerable man, and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Wonderous are the ways of Providence," murmured the clergyman; "and how blind are the guilty! Accept my blessing and congratulations."

Nicholas Pim, who stood behind the speaker, half blinded by his tears, could not speak his joy, the words stuck in his throat.

What a different reception from the one given to Roderick and Mabel!

But where was Nan Willis all this time? We think we hear our readers ask. Alone in her cottage, the door barred against all visitors; for she dared not trust herself to the curious gaze of the villagers, lest they should read in her troubled looks the contending emotions which shook her aged frame.

"He triumphs bravely," she muttered, with a sarcastic smile upon her withered lips, when the shouts of the procession first caught her ear. "The work of years is unravelled; why should I regret it?" she added, after a pause.

"Had he I nourished at my breast, proved worthy of my love, I would have maintained him in his place against a hundred heirs."

"Again! again!" she repeated, at each fresh acclamation. "What a weak thing is the human heart. Roderick is a beggar now, and the thought of his misery and disgrace effaces the recollection of his ingratitude."

Anon, she became more calm; she remembered the promise she had made our hero when he visited her, and her heart softened.

"After all," she thought, "mine and my mother's wrongs have been well avenged; two lives for one, to say nothing of Mabel's blighted happiness. Let the heir enjoy his own; as Roderick has sown so must he reap. But let his enemies beware whilst I live how they pursue him further. I only ask his safety. Let them grant me that, and take the rest."

These and similar reflections passed through the busy brain of Nan Willis during the day which witnessed the return of Walter Herbert to Crowhall. Towards midnight she grew more composed, and was on the point of retiring to rest, when she heard or fancied she heard a footstep in the little garden in front of her cottage.

Creeping cautiously to the window, she listened.

"I could swear to that tread from a thousand," she thought. "The young tiger, disappointed of its prey, has returned to the den of its dam."

There was a gentle tap at the door of the cottage.

"Tis he!"

The signal was repeated.

"I'll not open," she muttered. "I'll not break my plighted word to Walter Herbert. Whatever be the result of this night's work, my heart and hand shall be equally clear of it."

The greatest trial of her resolution was when she heard the word "mother" pronounced in well remembered accents in the garden.

"Dear mother!" repeated the hypocrite, for it was no other than Roderick Hastings, who had arrived secretly in the village, in the hope of obtaining Nan's assistance to his dark projects.

Betray him he well knew she never would.

Doubting her own weakness, the unhappy woman placed her hands to her ears, as if to shut out the sound of the voice which had once been so dear to her.

Nearly an hour elapsed before she ventured to stir from her position, and the lamp in the room had gone out. Gliding to the casement she unfastened the shutter and peered forth just time enough to notice the dark shadow of a man rapidly disappearing in the lane.

The name of her son was on her lips, when, with a resolute air, she closed the shutter and cast herself into the chair she had quitted.

Nan's good angel had once prevailed.

It was a fortunate circumstance for the heir of Crowhall that the rejoicings of the tenantry in front of the manor-house continued till daybreak: who knows else what might have happened!

CHAPTER LXXIX.

O death, all eloquent you only prove
What dust we deem us, when 'tis man we love.—POPE.

ALAN, the aged steward, was in his pride when on the following morning he conducted Sir Walter, his mother, and his guests over the ancient mansion of his fathers. Not a room but had some tradition connected with it, or a portrait but recalled to the faithful domestic some family or historical anecdote. The recollections of the narrator resembled the page of some quaint chronicle, full of rich imagery of other times; a legend of war and love, trials, dangers, and adventures.

"This," said Alan, as they proceeded in the examination of the manor-house, "is the knight's chamber, and has generally been occupied by the head of the family. My poor master, Sir Harry, after the death of his lady, never once entered it."

The old man sighed, and, at the request of the baronet, related the cruel artifices by which Roderick Hastings and the guilty Mabel had blighted his domestic happiness.

"No wonder," thought our hero, "that my uncle could not endure the sight of it."

As he, however, had no occasion to hold it in similar aversion, he at once gave orders to have it prepared for himself.

Not this apartment, Walter," said Mrs. Herbert, with a shudder. "I know not why, but there is an evil omen in its stately gloom."

"Even this," replied the young man, with a smile. "A new era, I trust, is about to dawn upon the family: one of happiness, domestic love, and unbroken confidence. Besides," he added, "there is scarcely a room, it appears, in the house to which some dark legend is not attached, and I have not the least intention of being deprived of the use of the best part of my mansion. I shall sleep here to-night!"

As a matter of course, no further opposition was offered. The ladies in reality had nothing to object; still they could not vanquish a singular presentiment that the choice was an unfortunate one. Whilst looking from the oriel window over the porch, and admiring the magnificent prospect before them, the spectators noticed a boy, wearing the livery of the post-office, galloping along the avenue.

"An express!" exclaimed Mr. Barnard.

They watched the messenger till he alighted at the hall. Wondering secretly, perhaps, for which of the party it could be, the speaker felt well assured that the letter or despatch of which he was the bearer could not be for him. He had left strict directions with his faithful cashier not to trouble him on business matters for a week at least; and to Mr. Quill the orders of his employer were like the laws of the Medes and Persians—things which altered not.

In a few minutes they were joined by their host, whose countenance bore evident signs of a "fancie."

"What has occurred?" demanded Mrs. Herbert, anxiously.

"Nothing, dear mother; that is, nothing serious; for I am not hypocrite enough to feign a sorrow I do not feel. My aunt Mabel lies at the point of death. When I last saw her I pledged my word that I would obey her summons, and she has sent for me."

He handed the letter to Mr. Barnard, who read it aloud—

"They tell me I have but a day or two to live," wrote the guilty woman. "I do not regret it; for what have my wayward passions and mad career left me to cling to? Before I die I must see you, having much to communicate. Remember your promise, and lose no time in coming to me."

The same evening the baronet, accompanied by Mr. Elton and his friend Sam, started for London.

"Thank Heaven," murmured Alan, as he saw his master depart, "he will not sleep in the knight's chamber."

Had the old man been questioned as to his reasons, he would have been puzzled to explain them; it was one of those vague impressions which the strongest minds are liable to, and which, with all our boasted reason, we cannot shake off.

In the quiet seclusion to which she had retired Mabel awaited her dissolution; the natural firmness of her character had not deserted her, but it was firmness without hope. On seeing her husband stripped of his ill-gotten wealth, her vengeance was appeased; she had nothing now to live for.

The third day after the despatch of her letter had already dawned. The wretched woman watched the first ray of the sun as it penetrated her lonely chamber with a sickly smile: she had a foreboding that her trials were nearly over.

The sound of a carriage was heard in the street; it was something unusual at such an early hour, and the pale cheek of the speaker flushed with sudden excitement.

The noise ceased: the vehicle had stopped at the door of the house.

"Is that Roderick's carriage?" said the dying woman. "I need neither food nor physician now. Leave me," she continued, addressing the physician; "I have something else to think of than this worthless frame."

The servant entered the room, and whispered the name of "Sir Walter Herbert."

"I will try what your nephew's influence may avail," observed the medical man, quitting the apartment, "since my persuasions are useless."

Despite the representations of the landlady, Mabel insisted on quitting the bed and being dressed.

Although prepared in some degree for the change, the baronet could not quite repress his emotion when he entered the room at the sight of the wreck before him. Often when a child he had watched her in the park, and wondered at her stately beauty.

"Thanks, Walter," she said, extending her emaciated hand to him. "You may take it, for you are too generous to feel enmity with me now."

"I can forgive all who have ever injured me," replied our hero.

"All but Roderick!" exclaimed his aunt, knitting her brows; "living or dead, you must if I ever pardon him. True, he is beggared, but that is not enough to atone for his crimes and my wrongs. Pursue him to the grave! There, I am calm—calm as the pause which precedes the tempest's breath. The words of passion shall I not startle you again?"

Strange to say, she kept her word; and for more than an hour conversed with him without once alluding to the subject of her hatred.

"I sent for you," she continued, "to ask your forgiveness—to beg you will not curse my memory. The jewels of our family I have preserved from the rapacious grasp of the destroyer. You will find them in the muniment-room, together with the title-deeds and papers connected with the estate."

"I have not seen the apartment you name," observed the baronet; "and even Alan appears ignorant of its existence."

"The entrance is known only to myself," replied Mabel. "The secret has never been entrusted to any but a Herbert."

"I shall make no secret of it," said her nephew. "There have already been too many mysteries in our family."

"There have, indeed," sighed his aunt; "and perhaps you are right. At least you are the head of the family, and soon will be the only member of it left."

After explaining to him the secret entrance of the muniment-room, "You will find there," she said, "the correspondence of the man whom I once madly loved, to whose ambition I sacrificed the ties of nature, self-respect, all but what the world calls honor. Read his letters, Walter; judge the effect they must have produced upon a young and ardent imagination, a mind trained in solitude, ignorant of the world—then judge me."

My strength fails me," she resumed, after a pause. "Beneath my pillow you will find a casket; reach it to me."

The baronet rose from his seat, and complied with her request.

"Keep it," said Mabel; "I would not touch it again."

"What does it contain?" demanded our hero.

"Records of Roderick's crime. You need not open it now, wait till I am dead."

One of her nephew's first cares on reaching London had been to send for the Reverend Mr. Wharton, whose exhortations he trusted might make an impression on the hardened spirit of the dying woman. He felt that he was too young himself to act the monitor, to probe the moral wounds of her proud, vindictive soul, and wisely delegated the task to a more fitting person.

There was a gentle tap at the door of the apartment: he opened it, and the clergyman made his appearance.

"I will leave you now, aunt, for awhile," he said, "in the society of this good man. Listen to his advice, draw consolation from his prayer, attend to his sacred ministry; he will aid you to prepare for that awful change—"

Several hours elapsed before the baronet was summoned to the chamber of his relative. When he entered the room he noticed with satisfaction that her features were calm. A peaceful serenity seemed to have taken possession of her long agitated mind.

"I die in peace," she murmured, closing her eyes.

After a few moments' pause she opened them again, as if recalled to earth by some sudden recollection.

"Walter! Walter!" she exclaimed.

Her nephew knelt by the side of the chair and took her attenuated hand in his.

"Do not, promise me, sleep in—"

There was a deep-drawn sigh, and all was over. The caution or request, whichever it might be, remained unspoken. The words made little impression on our hero at the time, but in after life he frequently remembered them.

After leaving the necessary directions, the party drove to Harley-street, where he intended to remain for the night, and in the morning return to Crowhall.

It was not till a late hour that Sir Walter thought of the casket, which he opened in the presence of the lawyer and his friend. It was principally filled with letters, written at various periods by Roderick Hastings to his victim.

All that passion could indite or hypocrisy invent to lead the heart astray breathed in every line. A considerable portion of the correspondence had taken place at the time the writer occupied his chambers in the Temple, and, alluded, in measured, ambiguous terms, to one barrier to their union being soon removed. We need not say that barrier was the life of her younger brother.

"I am sick at heart, reading these devilish compositions," said our hero, closing the lid of the casket. "Take them with you, Elton, and examine the rest. I have no secrets from you."

The lawyer accepted the charge, and when he quitted them took the papers with him.

By six o'clock the next day the carriage was at the door. Just as they were about to step into it, Mr. Elton drove up in a cab; he appeared unusually excited, and smiled as he grasped the hand of each.

"You must part off your return," he said.

"Impossible!" exclaimed both the young men.

"You must," repeated the lawyer; "a circumstance has occurred so singular, so unlooked-for, that for once I claim the right to direct—"

"You have received letters from Crowhall?" interrupted the baronet, turning pale.

"Not one; but, even if I had, they could only bring good news. To look like the messenger of evil tidings? Joy, I tell you, joy! Come with me into the library, and I will explain all."

Re-assured by his words, and still more by his manner, the two friends followed him into the house, where a long conversation ensued, papers were examined, and dates compared.

Instead of starting as they intended, orders were given to the servants not only to remove but unpack the luggage.

"Will you require the carriage, Sir Walter?" inquired the butler, who could not comprehend the meaning of the sudden change.

"Yes."

"At what hour?"

"Exactly at nine, not a moment later."

The friendly lawyer drove back to the Temple in great haste, but returned to Harley-street by the appointed time. Sir Walter and Sam had in the mean-

time changed their travelling costume for a more suitable attire. The countenance of the latter was radiant—not with anger, but happiness; that of his friend appeared equally joyous.

"We have no time to lose," observed Elton, looking at his watch. "I have made inquiries; the ceremony is to take place at ten."

All three were so absorbed by some engrossing thought, that not one of them thought of directing the coachman where to drive to.

"What are we waiting for?" demanded the baronet, impatiently, of the footman, who still remained at the door of the carriage.

"Where to, Sir Walter?" said the man, touching his hat.

"Saint George's Church, Hanover-square," cried the three gentlemen in one breath. The butler, who heard the direction, could not make it out. Had his young mistress been in town he would have suspected a wedding—but that was quite out of the question under present circumstances.

"Heaven bless him, for a noble gentleman," he said, "whatever is the meaning of it, and his friend too, though they do say he was nothing better than a street tumbler. Saint George's, Hanover-square!" he repeated several times to himself. "I'd give a month's wages to know what it is all about. I've a great mind to follow them."

Probably our readers feel almost an equal amount of impatience. As they cannot follow the example of the speaker, take a cab and drive to the church for an explanation, we will at once proceed to put an end to their surmises by describing the scene which took place there.

CHAPTER LXXX.

WHEN the friends arrived at the church, it was evident, from the long line of carriages in the square, that a fashionable marriage was about to be celebrated. The coachmen and footmen were all in their smartest liveries, wearing white favours and enormous wigs.

Sam was the first to alight, and, without waiting to see if his companions followed him, he made his way through the crowd of friends, portly bearded, and smoking pew-openers, till he reached the altar, where Sir Mark Raymond had already taken his place by the side of a trembling girl, whose features were whiter than the bridal veil she wore, or the flowers of the strange wreath upon her brow.

The paleness of the bride was not the paleness of emotions soon to be chased by the flush of joy, but the hue of despair; for, as our readers are already aware, the heart of the victim revolted at the sacrifice. Her father—her stern, unrelenting father—stood near, ready to offer up his only child at the shrine of ambition. There was a smile upon his lips; his daughter's were colorless.

Within the rails of the altar were the officiating bishop and his attendant chaplain. The prelate was just about to commence the sacred rite, when the intruder, whose excited manner and sudden appearance caused no little consternation amongst the ladies, exclaimed, "My lord, I forbid this marriage!"

The bride faintly, and the conclusion his words produced may be better imagined than described.

"Patience," whispered Sir Walter. "Patience, my dear fellow, for Pet's sake."

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Andrew Grossette.

"It means," replied the indignant brother, "that Sir Mark Raymond has already a wife living, although he has thought proper to solemnize her."

"Liar!" shouted the baronet, inflamed with passion.

The bishop looked anxiously at his clock.

"A thousand pardons, my lord," continued the hypocrite; "but my feelings overcame not only my consideration of your presence, but my recollection of the sacred edifice beneath which we stand."

"If you have any valid objections to offer," observed the prelate, with quiet dignity, addressing himself to Sam, "it is my duty to receive them. But this is not the place for such a discussion—you had better attend me and the bridegroom to the vestry, where the father of the bride will accompany us."

"I, too, my lord, must have my witnesses," replied the dancer, who had recovered his self-possession.

"Certain," said his lordship.

"I name Sir Walter Herbert and my legal adviser, Mr. Elton."

At the name of our hero a dark, malignant scowl rested on the features of his former schoolfellow.

"I know," he said, "whom I have to thank for this studied insult."

"However strange these proceedings may appear to your lordship," observed Mr. Elton, as soon as the parties were assembled in the vestry, "you will, I am sure, agree that they were inevitable, when I inform you that it was at a late hour last night, or, more properly speaking, an early hour this morning, that the proofs of the validity of a previous marriage contracted by Sir Mark Raymond in Paris with the sister of this gentleman came to light."

"It was no marriage," interrupted the libertine.

"Of that your lordship will be the best judge," continued the lawyer, handing him several papers.

"She was merely my mistress," added Mark, with a sneer, which fell hortless now upon the ears of Sam.

The countenance of Andrew Grossette began to brighten; he had heard the tale of Pet's pretended marriage, as it was considered, from Mr. Barnard, and looked upon the interruption as arising from the malice of her brother, as he mentally designated it. His daughter would be a lady after all.

"This certificate appears authentic," observed the bishop.

"Let me explain," interrupted Mark, collecting himself. "To satisfy the scruples of the girl's real or pretended brother, it was agreed between us that a mock ceremony should take place."

"In your own name?" inquired his lordship.

"No," replied the deceiver, with a smile of triumph; "in that of George Selwin."

"Then, sir, it is my duty to inform you," exclaimed the prelate, "that you are really married. The party who performed the mock ceremony, as you are pleased to term it, was a clergyman of the established church. The certificate designates you as George Selwin, generally known as Sir Mark Raymond, Baronet, and is witnessed by one Roderick Hastings."

"The villain! Why, he is who—"

"Precisely," said Mr. Elton. "A false one, as you thought, but a real one, to answer his own purposes. His calculations were levelled at your fortune. Had this second marriage taken place, you would have been completely in his power. That such were his motives we have abundant proofs. I trust, my lord," he added, bowing respectfully to the bishop, "that we have sufficiently justified what at first must have appeared an unwarrantable proceeding. If Sir Mark Raymond requires any further information, he knows my address, and can communicate with me either personally or through his solicitor."

"You have done your duty, sir," warmly and courteously replied his lordship.

"Of course," he said, addressing Andrew Grossette, "the marriage is at an end!"

The disappointed citizen, casting a furious look on his intended son-in-law, quitted the vestry, and leading his daughter, who had recovered from her swoon, to the carriage, drove off without a word of explanation to the crowd of curious and inquiring guests.

"Fortunately we were in time," observed our hero, on their return to Harley-street. "How I long to see Pet! I can imagine her joy and your just triumph."

As Mr. Elton anticipated, he had not returned to his chambers many hours before he received a visit from Sir Mark Raymond, who came attended by an eminent solicitor and a barrister of high standing. The blow his pride and vanity had received was a severe one, and wounded him far more deeply than the injury to his reputation as an honorable man. He could smile at that.

But the sting of ridicule, the sneers of the world, the exposure of the press—these were the anticipations which rankled in his breast.

His advisers applauded him for what they were pleased to term his generous resolution to acknowledge Pet as his wife, and quitted him.

"Reconciliation! repentance! pardon!" muttered the libertine; "she shall pay me dearly for this humiliation. This mushroom baronet, and his friend, my precious brother-in-law, imagine that, in proving my marriage, they have crushed me. Fool!







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THE MONARCH

“WHEN FIRST THE DAY-STAR’S CLEAR, COOL LIGHT,
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